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THE CHURCH & SCHOOL HYMNAL

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PREFACE

THE Church and School Hymnal is an attempt to supply a comprehensive book of hymns for the children and young people of the Church. It is offered to Clergy, Superintendents, School Masters and Mistresses, and other Leaders of Children with a hope that it may supply a growing want and be a real companion to Children's worship in Church and School.

The article on "Children's Hymns" in Julian's great "Dictionary of Hymnology" shows that special hymns for children in the public worship of the Church of England were practically unknown until the eighteenth century; but when Sunday Schools were established, fresh collections were made and new hymns written. In a preface to a Hymn Book for Children (1790) John Wesley says :—

"There are two ways of writing or speaking to children, the one is, to let ourselves down to them; the other, to lift them up to us. Dr. Watts has wrote in the former way and has succeeded admirably well, speaking to children as children, and leaving them as he found them. The following hymns are written on the other plan; they contain strong and manly sense, yet expressed in such plain and easy language as even children may understand."

The Committee who have compiled this new book have done neither of these things; they have neither tried to talk down to children, nor endeavoured to drag them up to the adult. They have attempted to compile a book of which the words will be quite suitable on children's lips, pandering neither to precocity nor to unreality. Many hymns for children have hitherto been self-centred or sentimental, or full of unreality, and we had no right whatever to put them upon children's lips.

47421

PREFACE

For a long time past a new collection of hymns has been needed for the children of the Church of England. The "Children's Hymn Book" first appeared in 1881, and the "Church Sunday School Hymn Book" in 1880, but neither of these meets the needs of the present day. The spirit of reform in Sunday School work has meant a demand for trained teachers and superintendents, for new and better apparatus and furniture, and inevitably also for a new hymnal. The growth of musical appreciation and musical instruction in the day schools has led to the demand for the best music in children's worship, both week-days and Sundays. Several collections of children's hymns have been issued in more recent times, but in them the whole literature of children's hymns has not been surveyed, nor full advantage taken of the developments in modern church music. We trust that in this book both these things have been done.

The work is the production of a joint Committee appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Church of England Sunday School Institute working in co-operation with the proprietors of "The Children's Hymn Book." Representatives were appointed by both societies, together with other experts who were co-opted on to the Committee. The Committee have been at work upon the book for nearly two years, apart from the work which had been done by individual members long before that.

This has not been an easy task. It was inevitable that the number of hymns in the book must be restricted if the book was to be produced at a low price. It was necessary to think of Sunday Schools as a whole and to remember constantly that a high price would place the work beyond the means of large and poor schools. This fact must be constantly borne in mind when certain hymns are not found here, hymns which would seem, at first sight, to have a right to appear in a comprehensive collection. It was decided upon a book of about 300 hymns; and although the Committee have read through thousands of hymns from many sources, both old and new, they have tried to make the wisest and best selection. As a matter of fact the number of hymns sung by children in church or school is in practice extraordinarily limited. It is doubtful whether many schools in England use 100 different hymns in the course of the year.

No one will find all the hymns he would like to have, and every one will regret the loss of certain "favourites." But we would make it clear that such omission was unavoidable, if the book was to be kept within reasonable limits, and to remain inexpensive.

We would also like it to be fully understood that the book is the result of a co-operative effort, and no one particular school of thought is represented to the exclusion of others, be it in words, in doctrinal statement,

or in music. It is an attempt to gather into one volume for children the best expression of the Church's faith and practice that can be found in the English language. No one, of course, is compelled to use every hymn in the book, and we hope that there are enough for the clergy and others to make their own selection; all we ask is that the book shall not be judged by this or that particular hymn but upon its merits when taken as a whole.

With regard to the *Words*, we have gone back as far as possible to the original words of the authors. Only special circumstances have prevented the adoption of the original phrasing; and if we have departed from it, such variation has only been made after the most careful consideration. Our experience is that, as a rule, when any hymn has been altered, it has generally been altered for the worse; a commonplace substitution has been made for something bold and fresh in the original.

We have endeavoured also to simplify the punctuation and to make it consistent throughout; if there are inconsistencies, it is probably due to the fact that we were not always able to alter copyright hymns.

In many cases the hymns have been shortened in length by the omission of verses; but we do not think we have done violence to the context in such cases. By this means we were able to include more hymns; and it is better for children's worship to have more and shorter hymns than fewer long ones.

If there are not many hymns for particular Saints' Days, it is partly because of space, and partly because we could not secure suitable words. A few hymns like "Rock of Ages," and "Jesu, Lover of my Soul," have been admitted; not because it was felt that they were children's hymns, but because of their special historic or familiar associations, and because they have, perhaps, the most established place in the adult worship to which our children must eventually come.

It will be found that a fair proportion of hymns are new, and have been written at least since 1900. Some are more in the nature of lyrics than hymns, but we believe they are desirable and will be welcomed.

No attempt has been made at grading in the main body of the work. This has been left for those who use the book. A few hymns are obviously meant for adolescents and for use in senior Catechisms and Bible-classes. A small selection of hymns for very little children will be found at the end of the book. It is hoped that the special Indexes will be helpful in the choice of hymns; and these should be carefully studied, also "How to Use this Book," p. xiii.

With regard to the *Music*, a Sub-Committee has had special charge of this, and they have had the assistance and advice of Mr. C. Hylton Stewart, Organist of Rochester Cathedral. In addition to this, most of

the tunes have been approved by others who had particular knowledge of work among children. Our aim in this respect has been to give children the opportunity to offer music to God of the very best of which they are capable. Here again, the Committee may be accused of discarding "old favourites," and often there is attachment to familiar tunes even more than to words; but it will probably be found that the favourites are not really old, and that there are other tunes far more fitted to replace those which, though popular for the time, are weak and poor both in melody and harmony. An effort has been made of late years to reach a higher standard of congregational music in our churches; and this is being extended to our children. It will be found that the tunes in this book are not really difficult for children to sing; a few only are not so easy and are meant for special use; and although some of the English traditional melodies may appear to be difficult at first sight, they can be learnt by children quite readily. Children, too, have hardly any association with hymn tunes such as are found among adults; therefore we can build upon fresh foundations and educate them to a much higher standard of music than is sometimes possible with an ordinary congregation.

The first aim of the Committee has been in every case to secure a good melody—bold and simple; for very seldom will these hymns be sung by a choir in four-part harmony. Some tunes are marked "Unison" because in no case can they be sung in harmony. They are all intended for children, and to be sung by children; and they do not depend upon the support of an accompaniment. An organ or a piano is most desirable; but it is not absolutely essential. For the same reason, the pitch of the tunes has been kept as far as possible within a moderate compass. It will make the possibilities of the hymn book wider if due note is taken of the cross references with regard to tunes; for a better known tune is often suggested in this way which may be more helpful in a particular school or church.

A few tunes of lesser worth have been admitted into the book, even though the general feeling of the Committee was against their inclusion; but it is extremely difficult to draw a hard and fast line between those which are worthy and those which are otherwise; and it must be frankly conceded that individual tastes are bound to differ. In such cases it will generally be found that a better alternative tune has been provided; though it must not be assumed that if there are two tunes to a hymn that thereby one is considered definitely superior to the other. The "Amen" is printed with the music when it is an integral part of the tune. Where it is not, we have printed it separately in the case of old hymns; but with quite new hymns we have acted on the principle of not giving an "Amen" at all unless the

last verse is of the nature of a prayer or an act of praise. The "Amens" have been provided for those accustomed to them, not because we thought them specially advisable.

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C. J. Beresford.
W. Hume Campbell.
W. K. L. Clarke.
L. Crosslé.
George Gardner.
Edmund W. Sara.
F. Stanley Service.
Mary Trefusis.

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The Committee welcome the opportunity of acknowledging their indebtedness to compilers of previous hymnals, especially the English Hymnal, of which considerable use has been made, and the Public School Hymnbook, whose labours have brought traditional English tunes to the notice of the present generation.

No effort has been spared to trace the owners of copyright hymns & tunes. If nevertheless rights have been infringed unwittingly, the Committee crave indulgence.

LONDON,
1926.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

A General list of Contents of this book will be found on the following two pages. It will be noticed that the hymns are classified so that they can readily be found.

For convenience, hymns have been grouped under the Seasons of the Church's Year (pages xvi to xx) and under other headings for special occasions, together with "General" hymns (see List of Contents, pages xiv and xv); but many of the seasonal hymns may also be used appropriately at other times.

Reference should also be made to the lists of other hymns which appear at the end of each category; for instance, only two hymns appear under "Whitsuntide," but a list is given on page 93 of many hymns suitable for that season in other parts of the book.

The hymns under "Saints' Days" (pages 94 to 115) include some for special days which are not otherwise noted; see, for instance, the hymn for "Holy Innocents" (No. 82), the "Nativity of St. John the Baptist" (No. 72), "St. George" (No. 75), "English Saints" (No. 80); and the list for Michaelmas (page 115).

The "General" hymns (pages 213 to 398) are carefully subdivided, though of course some of them could quite easily be placed in more than one category. The subject of each subdivision will be found in the General List of Contents (page xv), and these hymns cover the ground generally, both of faith and practice.

Attention is drawn to the various Indexes which will be useful to any one who wishes to find a hymn suitable for the Gospel for any Sunday or Holy Day (pages xvi to xx), or hymns connected with special Bible Passages (pages xxi to xxv), or with Bible Stories (page xxvi).

Another Index gives a special collection of hymns for the Eucharist (page xxix). The list of hymns given as suitable for Little Children (page xxvii) is not exhaustive; but it contains all those in the section commencing with No. 303, together with many others. In some cases suggestions are made to omit certain verses, thus rendering them suitable for young children.

The use of the Cross References for Tunes is strongly recommended to those who desire to use other tunes which may be better known than those given for hymns Nos. 87, 102, 131, 210, 263, 275, &c.

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HYMNS FOR USE ON SUNDAYS AND HOLY DAYS OF THE CHURCH'S YEAR

(These hymns have been chosen mainly with regard to the Holy Gospel of the day.)

		Hymn N
1st Sunday in Advent	All glory, laud, and honour	
	Come, Thou long-expected Jesus	
	Hark! a herald voice is calling	
	Hark the glad sound!	
	Hosanna! they were crying	3
	Lo! He comes	
	O come, O come, Emmanuel	
	Ride on, ride on in majesty!	
	Riding, riding	3
	To Jesus Christ the children sang	3
	When of old	2
2nd Sunday in Advent	Come, Thou long-expected Jesus	
	God has given us a book	2
	Hark the glad sound!	
	Lord, Thy word abideth	2
	May the Gospel of The Lord	2
	O come, O come, Emmanuel	
3rd Sunday in Advent	Christ is gone up	
	Hark! a herald voice is calling	
	On Jordan's bank	
	The earth, O Lord, is one great field	
	Ye servants of the Lord	29
4th Sunday in Advent	Hark! a herald voice is calling	
	Hark the glad sound!	
	Lo! He comes	
	On Jordan's banks	
Christmas Day	A child this day is born	29
	A virgin most pure	29
	As St. Joseph lay asleep	8
	Child Jesus came to earth	2
	Christians, awake	
	Come see this little Stranger	
	God rest you	29
	Good Christian men rejoice	29
	Hark! the herald-angels sing	
	I saw three ships	29
	In the bleak mid-winter	3
	Jolly shepherds	29
	O come, all ye faithful	3
	O little town of Bethlehem	3
	O'er Bethlehem's hill	3
	On Christmas night	30
	The Babe in Bethlem's manger laid	30
	The first nowell	29
	The Holly and the Ivy	30
	To redeem a race forlorn	29
	When Christ was in a stable	33
	While shepherds watched their flocks	
	Who is He	16
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he Holy Innocents	As St. Joseph lay asleep	82
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st Sunday after Christmas	O little town of Bethlehem	32
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	Shall we not love thee	81
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	At the name of Jesus	183
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	The wise may bring their learning	37
	We three kings of Orient are	296
st Sunday after Epiphany	Behold a little Child	192
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	Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	144
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	Eternal Father, strong to save	283
	Lord, I would own Thy tender care	267
th Sunday after Epiphany	Do no sinful action	265
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ptuagesima	All creatures of our God	221
	Fight the good fight	236
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uinquagesima	Can I see another's woe	269
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4th Sunday in Lent	Love is our Shepherd	
	To God who gives our daily bread	
5th Sunday in Lent	Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!	
	Hail the Sign, the Sign of Jesus	
	Lo! He comes with clouds descending	
	The royal banners forward go	
Sunday before Easter	All glory, laud, and honour	
	Hosanna! they were crying	
	How kind a welcome	
	Ride on, ride on in majesty	
	Riding, riding, who is this riding?	
	To Jesus Christ the children sang	
	When of old, in lowly state	
Thursday before Easter	Bread of Heaven, on Thee we feed	
	Glory be to Jesus	
	God, who sees us everywhere	
Easter Day	Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!	
	At the Lamb's high feast	
	Christ the Lord is risen	
	Good Joseph had a garden	
	Jesus Christ is risen to-day	
	Jesus lives! thy terrors now	
	On the Resurrection morning	
1st Sunday after Easter	Christ is gone up	
2nd Sunday after Easter	Christ, who once amongst us	
	Love is our shepherd	
	Loving Shepherd	
	O, David was a shepherd lad	
	The King of love my Shepherd is	
3rd Sunday after Easter	Dear Jesus, ever at my side	
	In our work and in our play	
4th Sunday after Easter	Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	
5th Sunday after Easter	Dear Jesus, ever at my side	
	He prayeth well, who loveth well	
	O dearest Lord, by all adored	
Ascension Day	All hail the power of Jesus' name	
	Crown Him with many crowns	
	Hail to the Lord's Anointed	
	Hail the day that sees Him rise	
	Here we come with gladness	
	Rejoice, the Lord is King	
	The head, that once was crowned	
Sunday after Ascension Day	Breathe on me, Breath of God	
Whit Sunday	All creatures of our God	
	All things bright and beautiful	
	Breathe on me, Breath of God	
	Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	
	Come, Thou Holy Spirit	
	Crown Him with many crowns	
	Father, who on man dost shower	
	Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	
	Lord God from whom all life	
	Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	
	The glad Ascentiontide is here	
	Thou Wind of God, whose coming stirred	
	When God of old came down	
Trinity Sunday	Advent tells us, Christ is near	
	Bright the vision that delighted	
	Holy, Holy, Holy!	
	Immortal, invisible God	
	O worship the King	
	What is Holy Trinity?	
1st Sunday after Trinity	Every morning the red sun	
	Ho! steward, bid my servants	
	Let saints on earth in concert sing	
	Lord of the weak, when on earth You trod	
2nd Sunday after Trinity	Firmly I believe and truly	
	Ho! steward, bid my servants	
	O Faith of England, taught of old	

		Hymn No.
d Sunday after Trinity	Love is our shepherd	245
	There were ninety and nine	279
n Sunday after Trinity	Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	196
n Sunday after Trinity	When lamps are lighted	326
n Sunday after Trinity	It is a thing most wonderful	165
	Jesus! Name of wondrous love	188
	Love is our shepherd	245
h Sunday after Trinity	Maker of morning light	160
	O man, what troubled thoughts	228
n Sunday after Trinity	Breathe on me, Breath of God	198
	Do no sinful action	265
n Sunday after Trinity	Angel voices, ever singing	223
	God bless all the workers	251
	God who hast made the valleys	134
th Sunday after Trinity	We love the place, O God	260
th Sunday after Trinity	He prayeth well, who loveth well	229
th Sunday after Trinity	Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	144
th Sunday after Trinity	Can I see another's woe	269
	Thine for ever! God of Love	264
th Sunday after Trinity	Lord God from whom all life	222
	Lord, I would own Thy tender care	267
	Now thank we all our God	220
th Sunday after Trinity	O man, what troubled thoughts	228
th Sunday after Trinity	Can I see another's woe	269
	On the Resurrection morning	59
th Sunday after Trinity	Blest are the pure in heart	268
th Sunday after Trinity	My God, I love Thee	55
th Sunday after Trinity	Jesus! Name of wondrous love	188
th Sunday after Trinity	Can I see another's woe	269
st Sunday after Trinity	Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	144
nd Sunday after Trinity	The Church's one foundation	285
	These things shall be—a loftier race	133
rd Sunday after Trinity	All people that on earth	206
h Sunday after Trinity	Jesus! Name of wondrous love	188
	O Son of Man, our hero strong and tender	178
h Sunday after Trinity	All things bright and beautiful	226
	Not here for high and holy things	227
Andrew	Far round the world	111
	Fling out the banner!	110
	From Greenland's icy mountains	113
	God is working His purpose out	112
	Hills of the North, rejoice	115
	Jesus bids us shine	109
	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	114
	Loving Saviour, Thou didst come	116
	Once again, dear Lord, we pray	118
	The whole wide world for Jesus	117
	Thou, whose almighty word	121
	Trumpet of God, sound high	119
	We've a story to tell to the nations	120
nversion of St. Paul	O God of truth, whose living word	275
	O it is hard to work for God	146
	Mine eyes have seen the glory	274
Thomas	Captains of the saintly band	77
	Christ be with me, Christ within me	171
	Make what is true more true to me	276
e Purification	Blest are the pure in heart	268
	Hail to the Lord who comes	39
Matthias	Blest are the pure in heart	268
	For all the saints who from their labours rest	71
e Annunciation	Around the throne of God	200
	Shall we not love thee, Mother dear	81
	The Saints are crowned with glory great	78
Mark	Captains of the saintly band	77
	Christ be with me, Christ within me	171
Philip and St. James	Fight the good fight with all thy might	236
Barnabas	Dear Jesus, ever at my side	173
	God became man	189

HYMNS FOR USE ON SUNDAYS AND HOLY DAYS

		Hymn
St. Barnabas	Ho! steward, bid my servants	
St. John the Baptist	Good Christians, awake, for 'tis Midsummer morn	
	Let our choir new anthems raise	
	Mine eyes have seen the glory	
	O God of truth, whose living word	
	On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry	
St. Peter	Firmly I believe and truly	
	Hark! the sound of holy voices	
	O Jesus, I have promised	
St. James	Let our choir new anthems raise	
	The Son of God goes forth to war	
St. Bartholomew	Alleluia! sing to Jesus!	
St. Matthew	Hail to the Lord's Anointed	
St. Michael and all Angels	Angel voices, ever singing	
	Around the throne of God a band	
	Come, let us join our cheerful songs	
	God Eternal, Mighty King	
	Holy angels	
	Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright	
	We thank Thee	
	Ye holy angels bright	
	Ye watchers and ye holy ones	
St. Luke	Captains of the saintly band	
	Ho! steward, bid my servants	
	O Son of Man, our hero strong and tender	
St. Simon and St. Jude	Captains of the saintly band	
	The Son of God goes forth to war	
All Saints	Hark! the sound of holy voices	
	How bright those glorious Spirits shine!	
	Let our choir new anthems raise	
	Who are these like stars appearing	
The Transfiguration	Crown Him with many crowns	
	God became man	
	Mine eyes have seen the glory	
	Thou didst leave Thy throne	
The Name of Jesus	All hail the power of Jesus' name	
	At the name of Jesus	
	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	
	Jesus! Name of wondrous love	
Holy Cross Day	The royal banners forward go	
	When I survey the wondrous Cross	
St. George	And did those feet in ancient time	
	England, arise! the long, long night is over	
	God bless our native land	
	God save our gracious King	
	God, who conceals His glory	
	God, who hast made the valleys of England	
	Land of our birth, we pledge to thee	
	Let us thank the Christ for all who did their duty	
	Lord God of Hosts, within whose hand	
	O faith of England, taught of old	
	O God, whose mighty works of old	
	These things shall be—a loftier race	
	What heroes thou hast bred, O England	
	When wilt Thou save the people?	
The Festival of an English Saint	And did those feet in ancient time	
	England, arise! the long, long night is over	
	God bless our native land	
	God save our gracious King	
	God, who conceals His glory	
	God who hast made the valleys of England	
	Land of our birth, we pledge to thee	
	Let us thank the Christ for all who did their duty	
	O Faith of England, taught of old	
	O God whose mighty works of old	
	The saints of God went forward	
	These things shall be—a loftier race	
	What heroes thou hast bred, O England	
	When wilt Thou save the people?	

HYMNS AND BIBLE PASSAGES WITH WHICH THEY ARE CONNECTED

GENESIS.

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1 KINGS.

8	57–61	132

2 KINGS.

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67	—	206	72	10, 11	33–34
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To God who gives our daily bread . . 14
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		Hymn No.
troit	All hail the power of Jesus' name	168
	Angel voices, ever singing	223
	Breathe on me, Breath of God	198
	Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	193
	Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come	195
	Far round the world (vv. 1 and 2, 3 and 6)	111
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	O God, unseen, yet ever near	105
	Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	197
	The shepherds had an angel	38
	The star of morn has risen	3
	We love the place, O God	260
fore the Gospel	Angel voices, ever singing	223
	Firmly I believe and truly	247
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	O God, in this Thine hour of Grace	91
lertory	Father, hear our supplications	96
	Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes	23
	Let all mortal flesh keep silence	102
	Lord, accept the alms we offer	103
	O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea	123
	On this day, the first of days	17
	We give Thee but Thine own	122
mmunion	And now, O Father, mindful of the love	94
	Blest are the pure in heart	268
	Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed	93
	Father, see Thy children bending at Thy throne	101
	Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!	159
	I worship Thee, Lord Jesu	98
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	We hail Thee now, O Jesu	106
mmunion and Thanks-giving	Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!	286
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	Bright the vision that delighted	152
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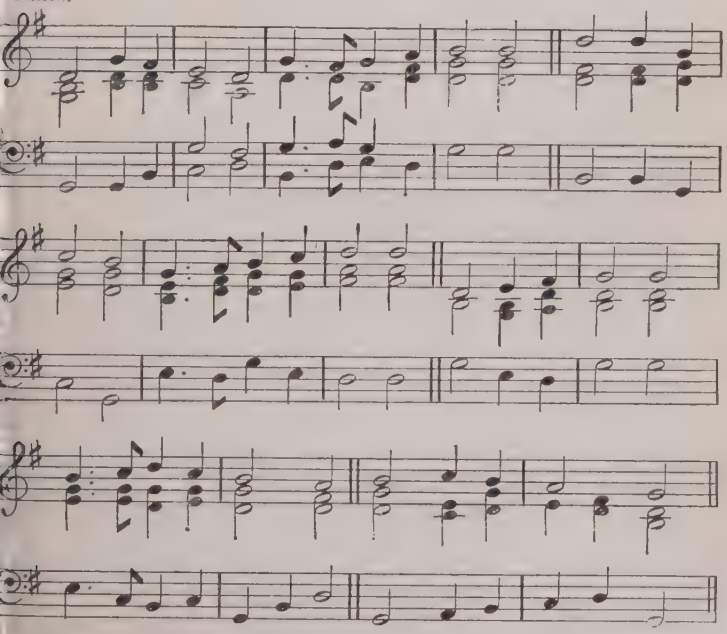
	I bind unto myself to-day	158
	I have Thee now, O Jesu	99
	Jesu, gentlest Saviour	100
	May the grace of Christ	157
	Ye holy angels bright	224

MORNING

ISTE CONFESSOR.

In moderate time. 11.11.11.5. ANGERS CHURCH MELODY

Unison.

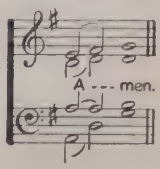


ATHER, we praise Thee, now the night is over,
tive and watchful, stand we all before Thee;
nging we offer prayer and meditation:
Thus we adore Thee.

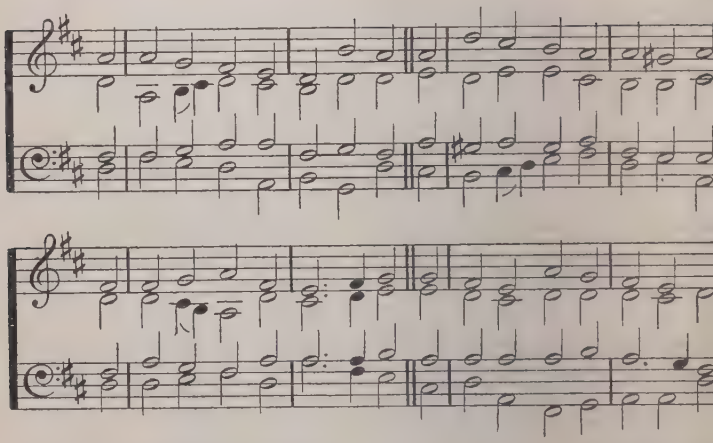
onarch of all things, fit us for Thy mansions;
anish our weakness, health and wholeness sending;
ring us to heaven, where Thy Saints united
Joy without ending.

All-Holy Father, Son and equal Spirit,
Trinity blessèd, send us Thy salvation;
Thine is the glory, gleaming and resounding
Through all creation.

Tr. P. DEARMER.

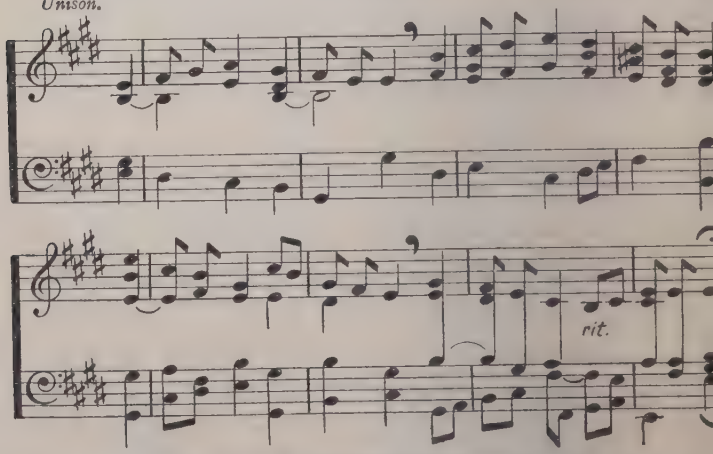


2 **MELCOMBE** (FIRST TUNE).
Moderately slow. L.M. S. W



ST. FINIAN (SECOND TUNE). L.M. OLD IRISH AIR.
Arr. by G. GAR

Unison.



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NEW every morning is the love,
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness sa
brought, [thou
Restored to life and power

ew mercies, each returning day,
ever around us while we pray;
ew perils past, new sins forgiven,
ew thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

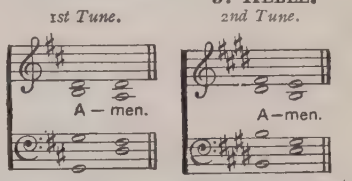
d friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
more of heaven in each we see;
me softening gleam of love and prayer
all dawn on every cross and care.

on our daily course our mind
set to hallow all we find,
ew treasures still of countless price
d will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

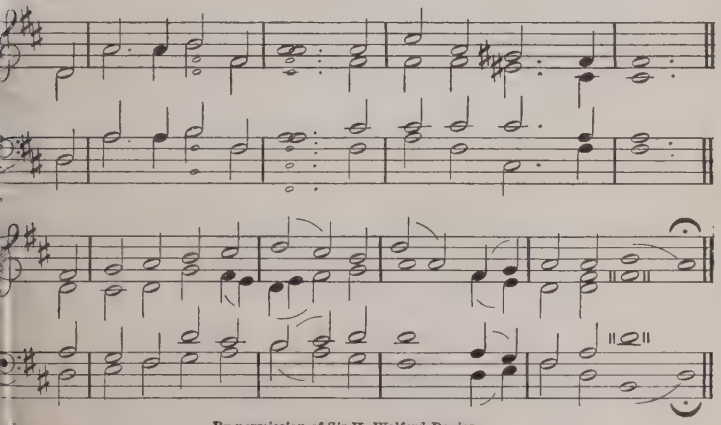
Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

J. KEBLE.



TEMPLE. 66.84. H. WALFORD DAVIES.

Stately.



By permission of Sir H. Walford Davies.

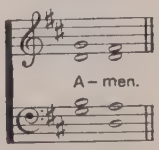
THE star of morn has risen:
O Lord, to Thee we pray;
O uncreated Light of Light,
Guide Thou our way.

Sinless be tongue and hand,
And innocent the mind,
Let simple truth be on our lips,
Our hearts be kind.

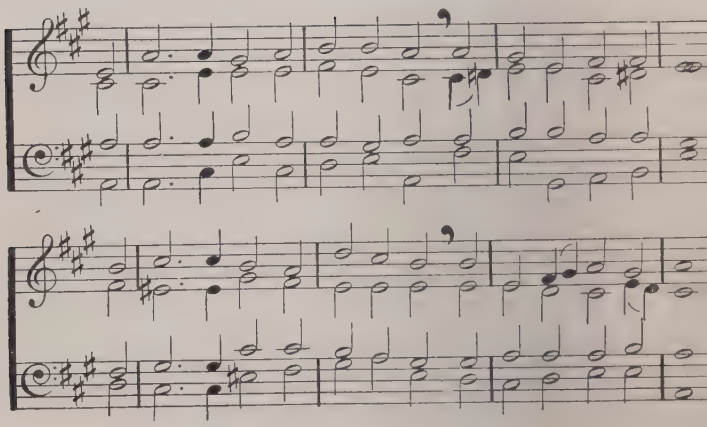
As the swift day rolls on,
Still, Lord, our Guardian be,
And keep the portals of our hearts
From evil free.

Grant that our daily toil
May to Thy glory tend;
And as our hours begin with Thee,
So may they end.

Tr. G. PHILLIMORE.



4 ST. TIMOTHY. C.M. H. W. BAKER, *Arr. by* W. H. M



By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

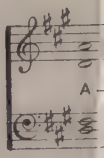
MY FATHER, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
For all the joy of morning light,
Thy holy name be blest.

Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That, as Thou willest, I may live,
And what Thou willest be.

Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' Name.

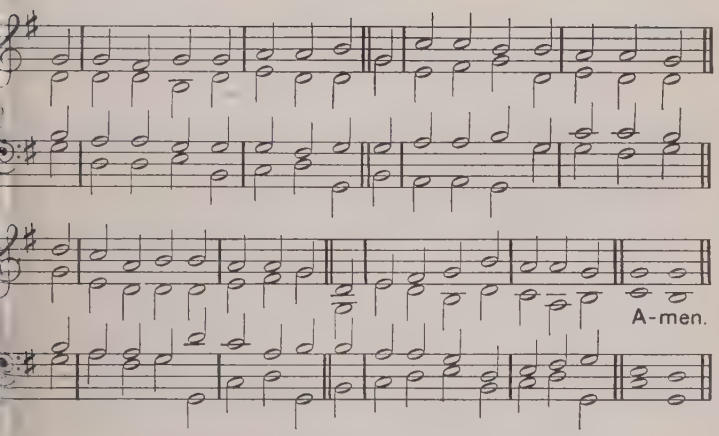
My Father, for His sake, I pray,
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness.

H. W. BAKER.



EVENING

TALLIS' CANON.
Slow and dignified. L.M. T. TALLIS.



LORY to Thee, my God, this
I night,
or all the blessings of the light;
eep me, O keep me, King of
kings,
eneath Thine own almighty wings!

orgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
he ill that I this day have done,
hat with the world, myself, and
Thee,
ere I sleep, at peace may be.

each me to live, that I may
dread
he grave as little as my bed;
each me to die, that so I may
ise glorious at the awful day.

O, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids
close,
Sleep that may me more vigorous
make
To serve my God when I awake.

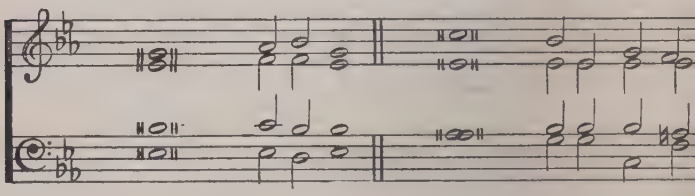
When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts
supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

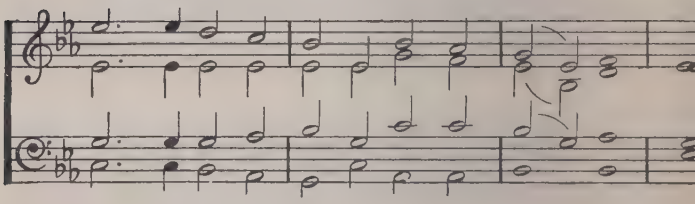
BP. T. KEN (17th cent.).

6 SEBASTE. IRREGULAR. J. STAI

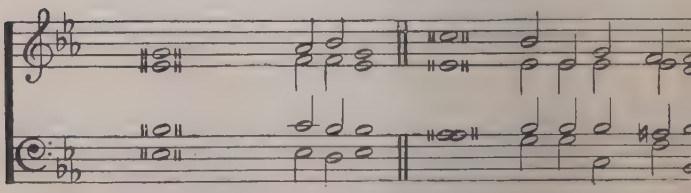
Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure } glo - ry poured, { Who is the immortal } Father, heavenly



Ho - li - est of ho - lies, Je - sus Christ, our Lo

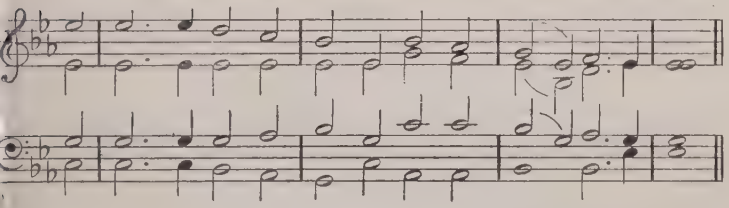


Now we are come to the sun's } hour of rest, { The lights of } evening round us sh

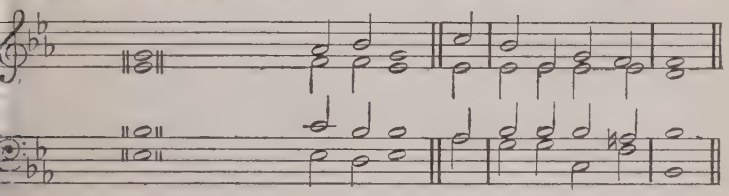


EVENING

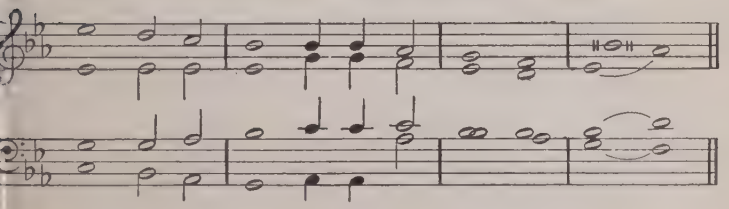
We hymn the Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit Di - vine.



Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung With un - de - fi- lèd tongue,

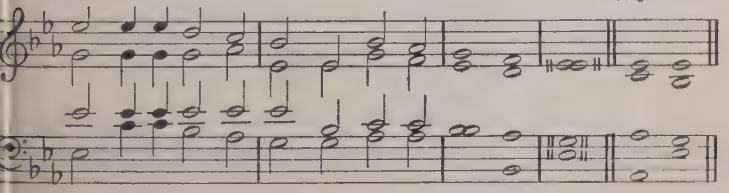


Son of our God, Giver of life, a - lone!



There-fore in all the world Thy glo-ries, Lord, they own. Amen.

Tr. J. Keble.

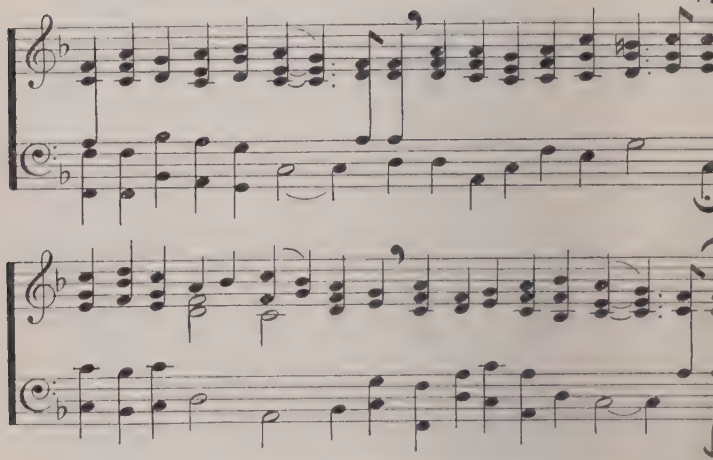


By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

7 **O LUCE QUI MORTALIBUS.** L.M. ANGERS CHURCH MEL

In moderate time. *Arr. by* G. GARDNER.

Unison.



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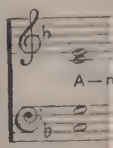
This Hymn may also be sung to SALVETE FLORES (No. 320).

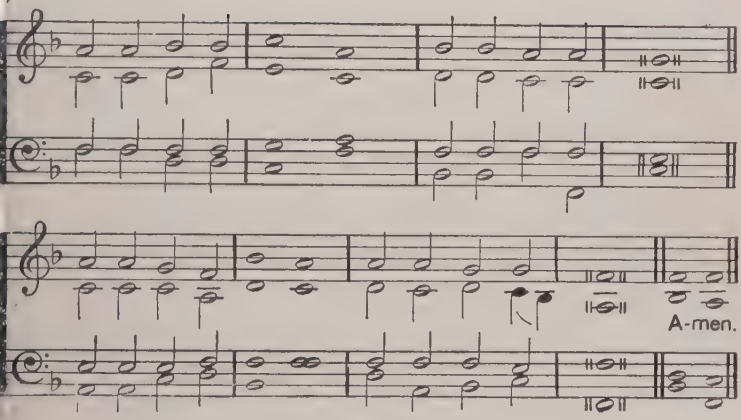
GREAT God, who knowest each man's need,
Bless Thou our watch and guard our sleep;
Forgive our sins of thought and deed,
And in Thy peace Thy servants keep.

We thank Thee for the day that's done,
We trust Thee for the days to be;
Thy love we learn in Christ Thy Son;
O may we all His glory see!

EMILY, LADY TENNYSON.



EUDOXIA.
Moderately slow. 65.65. S. BARING-GOULD.



By permission of Messrs. Ridley & Co.

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh ;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep ;
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose :
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

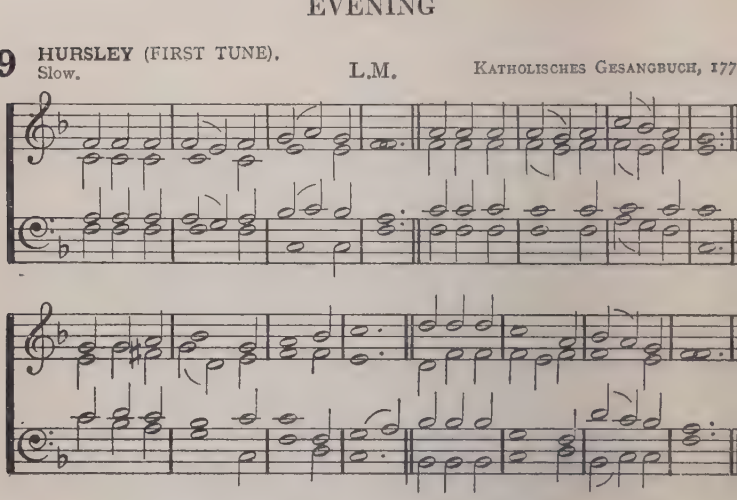
Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

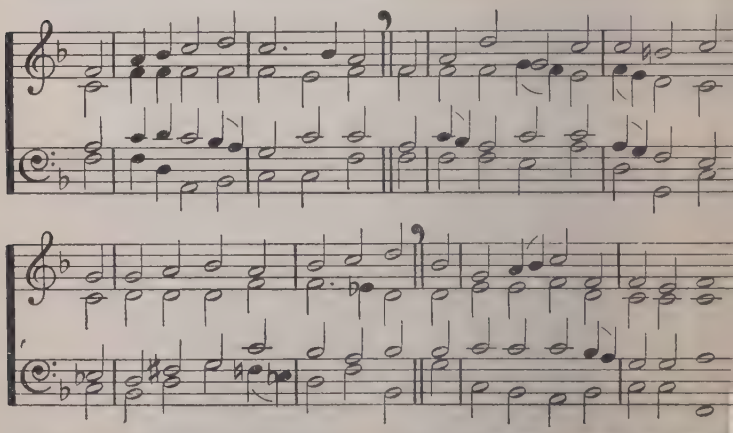
Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

S. BARING-GOULD.

9 **HURSLEY** (FIRST TUNE).
Slow. L.M. KATHOLISCHES GESANGBUCH, 177



HILDERSTONE (SECOND TUNE).
Slow. L.M. P. HA



SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

EVENING

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

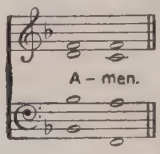
If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;

Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

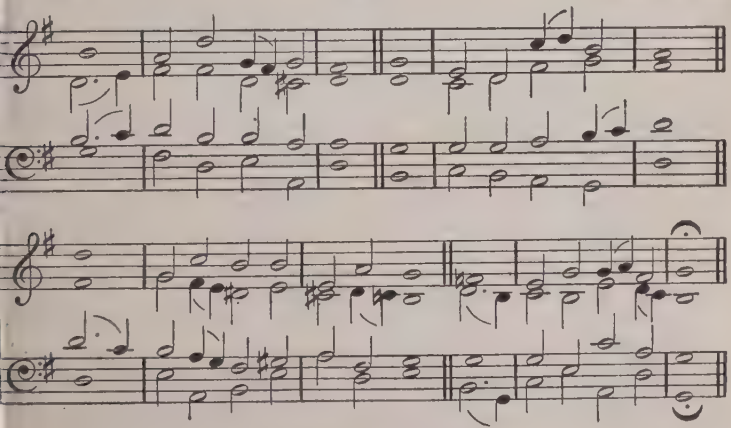
Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. KEBLE.



O COMBE MARTIN. S.M. BASIL HARWOOD.

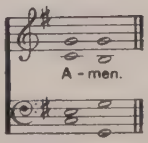
Slow.



By permission of Dr. Basil Harwood.

LORD, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

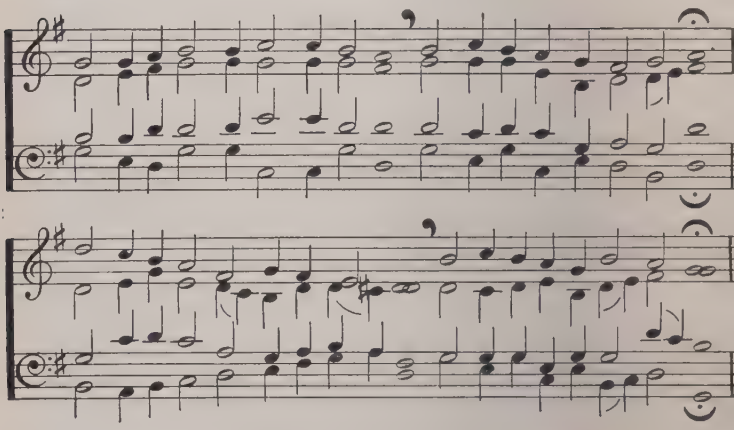
J. LELAND (18th cent.)



11 LES COMMANDEMENS DE DIEU.

Slow. 98.98. GENEVAN PSALTER, 154

Unison.



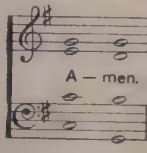
THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun, that bids us rest, is wakin
Our brethren 'neath the wester
sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips ar
making
Thy wondrous doings heard o
high.

So be it, Lord: Thy throne sha
never,
Like earth's proud empires, pas
away,
Thy kingdom stands and grows fo
ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Th
sway. J. ELLERTON.



12 HOMINUM AMATOR.

Slow. 76.76.88. ANON.

Unison.

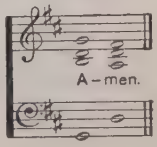
By permission of the Composer.

This Hymn may also be sung to ST. ANATOLIUS (No. 319).

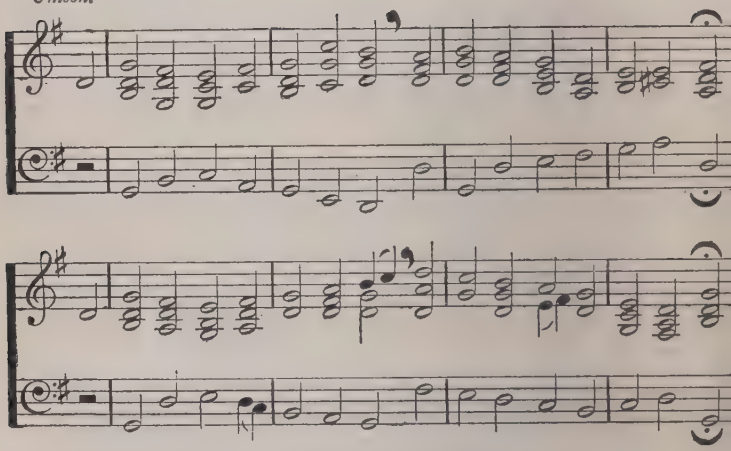
THE day is past and over ;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee :
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be :
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over ;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of dark may be :
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And guard me through the coming night.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.



13 **NIGHT SONG.** L.M. A. Poyse
Moderately slow.
Unison.



By permission of Mr. A. Poyser.

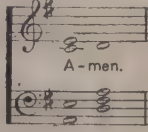
LET me receive my Comrade-Guest,
Who comes to share my heart's delight,
Before I lay me down to rest,
Now day is passing into night.

For He it is who walks with me
As we go out upon our way,
Who speaks of other things to be
Yet blesses things of every day.

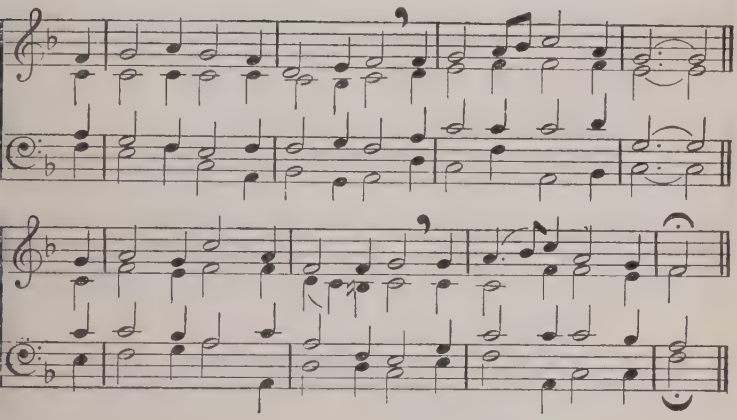
O may I never lose His trust:
He knows the honour of a boy:
But give my all, because I must,
To Him who gives me health and joy.

O keep my mind and keep my heart
And keep my soul in touch with Thee,
That like a man I play my part
In all that life may bring to me.

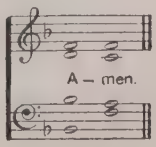
A. Poyser.



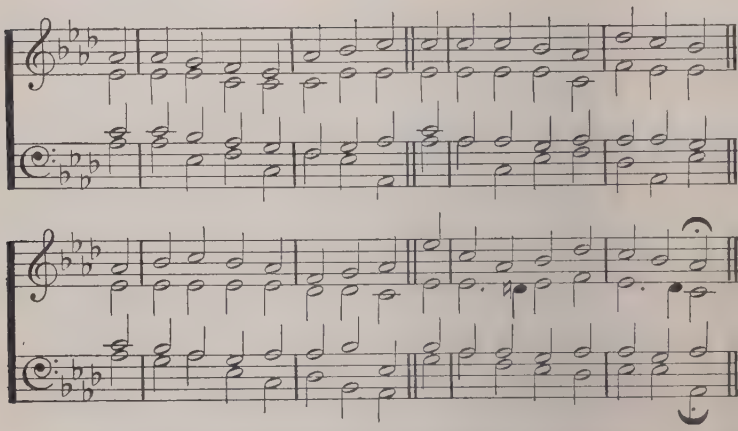
14 **EPSOM.**
In moderate time. C.M. ARNOLD'S COMPLEAT PSALTER, 1756.



TO God who gives our daily bread
A thankful song we'll raise,
And pray that He who sends us food
Will fill our hearts with praise.
M. RUMSEY.



15 OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M. L. BOURGEOIS, 1551

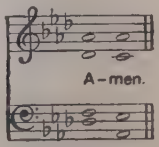


A better form of this tune will be found at No. 206.

BE present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored;
Bless these Thy gifts, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

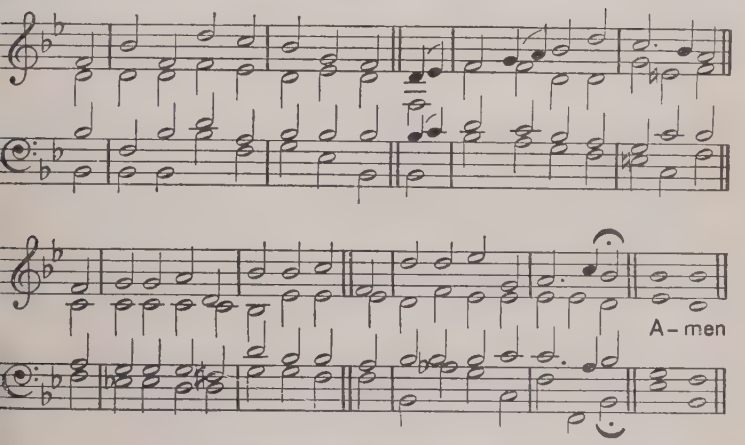
We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life and health and every good;
May manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

J. CENNICK (18th cent.).



6 **CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.** L.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.

Not too quickly.



By permission of Messrs. Novello & Co., Ltd.

This Hymn may also be sung to DEUS TUORUM MILITUM (No. 132).

AGAIN the Lord's own day is here,
The day to Christian people dear,
As, week by week, it bids them tell
How Jesus rose from death and hell.

For by His flock their Lord declared
His Resurrection should be shared;
And we who trust in Him to save
With Him are risen from the grave.

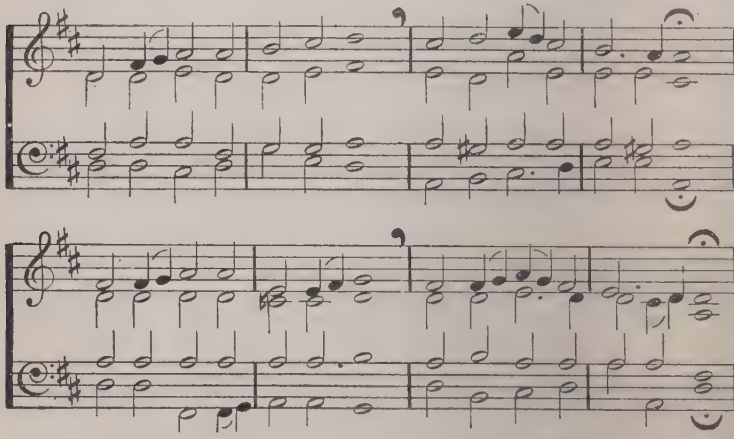
We, one and all, of Him possessed,
Are with exceeding treasures blessed;
For all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share.

Eternal glory, rest on high,
A blessèd immortality,
True peace and gladness, and a throne,
Are all His gifts, and all our own.

And therefore unto Thee we sing,
O Lord of peace, Eternal King;
Thy love we praise, Thy name adore,
Both on this day and evermore.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

17 **LÜBECK.** Moderately slow. 77·77. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S "GEISTREICHES GESANGBUCH," 170



This Hymn may also be sung to ST. POLYCARP (No. 185).

ON this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise,
Who, creation's Lord and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

On this day the Eternal Son
Over death His triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With His gifts of living flame.

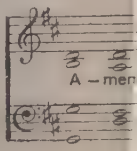
O that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God the Source of life and light!

Father, who didst fashion me
Image of Thyself to be,
Fill me with Thy love divine,
Let my every thought be Thine.

Thou who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet Spirit, in my heart;
Best of gifts, Thyself bestow,
Make me burn Thy love to know.

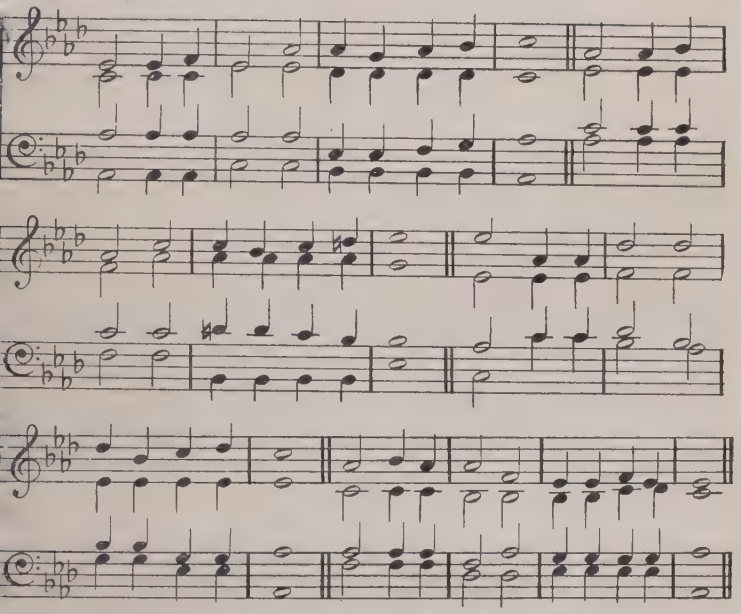
God, the blessèd Three in One,
Dwell within my heart alone;
Thou dost give Thyself to me,
May I give myself to Thee.

H. W. BAKER.



8 ELLERS.

Moderately slow. 10.10.10.10. E. J. HOPKINS.



By permission of Victoria, Lady Carbery.

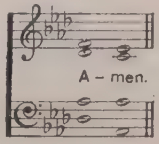
SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise.
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life;
Peace to Thy Church from error and from strife;
Peace to our land, the fruit of truth and love;
Peace in each heart, Thy Spirit from above:

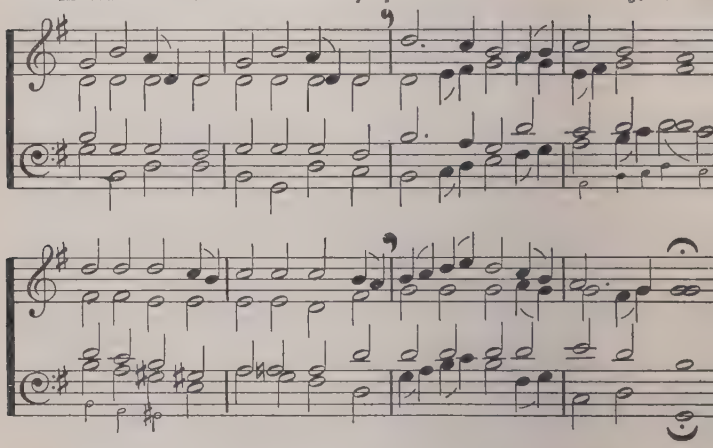
Thy peace in life, the balm of every pain;
Thy peace in death, the hope to rise again;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. ELLERTON.

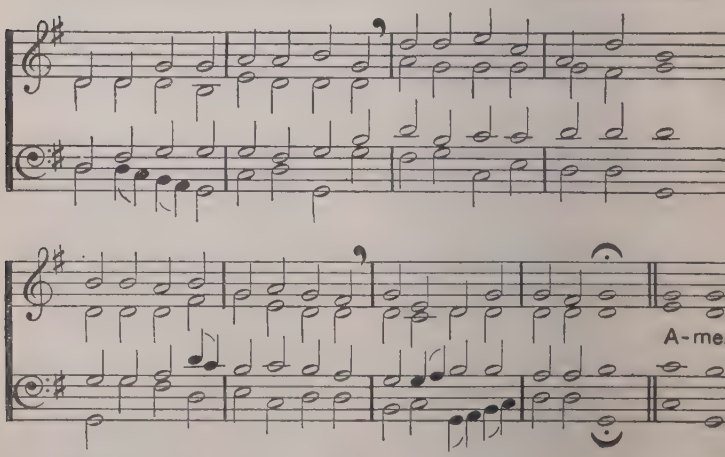


19 **GOTT WILL'S MACHEN** (FIRST TUNE). 87.87. J. L. STEI

In moderate time.



STUTTGART (SECOND TUNE) 87.87. "PSALMODIA SACRA," 1



COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free,
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

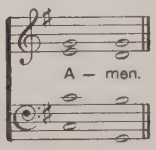
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thine own Eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

C. WESLEY (18th cent.).

1st Tune.



20 **MERTON.**
Moderately slow. 87.87. W. H. MONK.

This Hymn may also be sung to STUTTGART (No. 19).

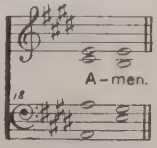
HARK! a herald voice is calling;
"Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;
Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"

Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound souls arise;
Christ, our Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

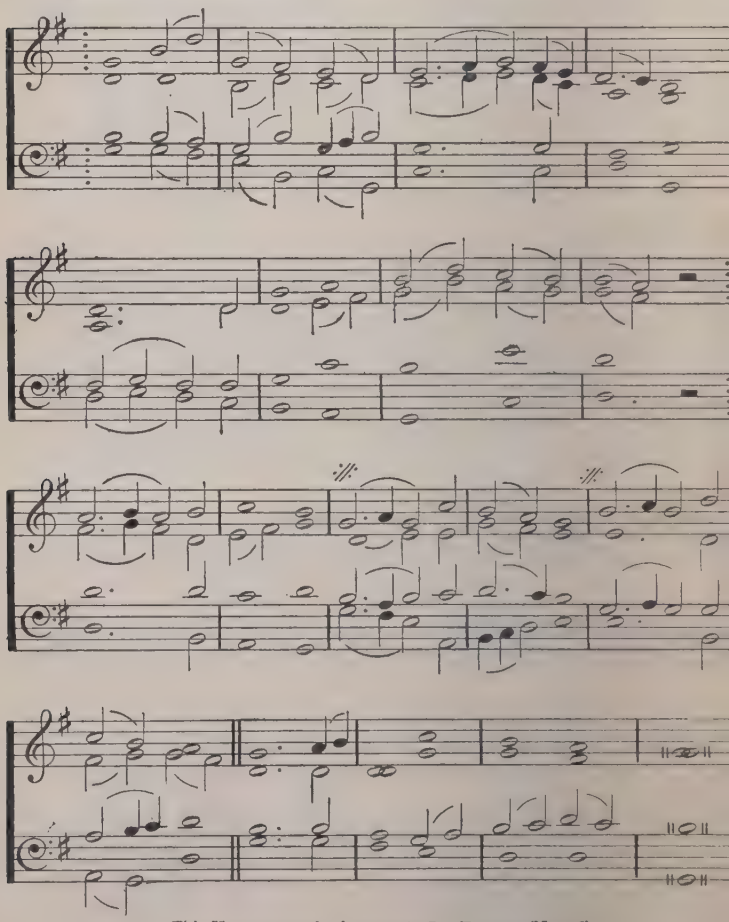
So! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us all, with tears of sorrow,
Pray that we may be forgiven;

So, when next He comes in glory,
And the world is wrapped in fear,
May He then as our defender
On the clouds of heaven appear.

Tr. E. CASWALL.



21 **HELMSLEY.**
Moderately slow, very dignified. 87.87.87. ENGLISH 18TH CENT. MELOD



This Hymn may also be sung to ST. THOMAS (No. 96).

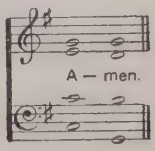
LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand Saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
God appears on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing, deeply wailing
Shall the true Messiah see.

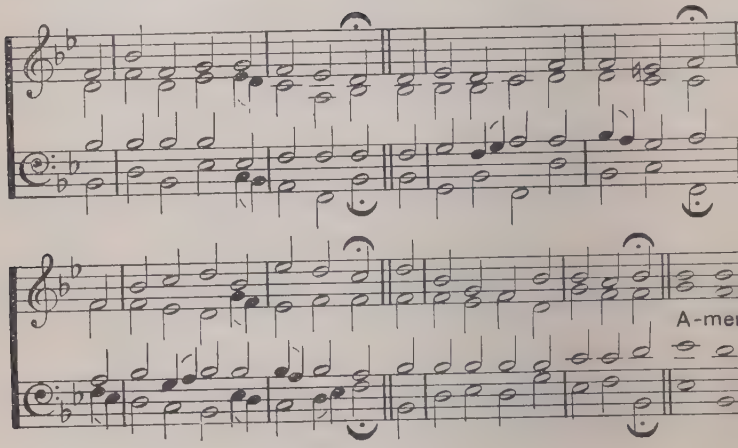
Those dear tokens of His passion
Still His dazzling body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers:
With what rapture, with what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the Kingdom for Thine own:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Come, Lord! come!

C. WESLEY (18th cent.).



22 WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. "Musikalisches Handbuch" Hamburg, 1690.
Slow and dignified.



On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Come then and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a guest!
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

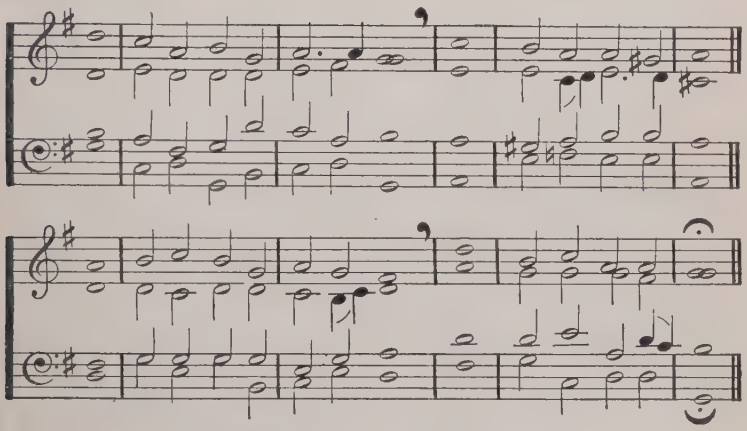
For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge, and our great reward;
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.

To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Shine forth, and let Thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose advent sets Thy people free,
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Tr. J. Chandler.

23 **BRISTOL.** C.M. RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, 1621.
Moderately slow.



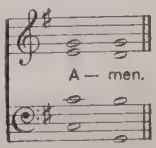
HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd name.

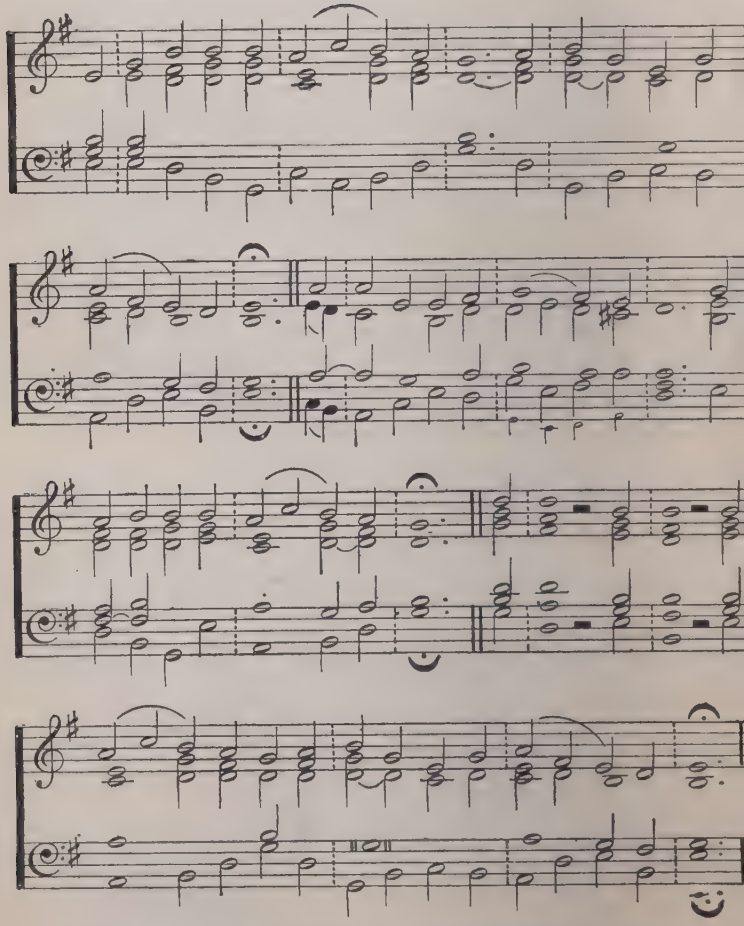
P. DODDRIDGE (18th cent.).



24 **VENI EMMANUEL.** 88.88.88. *Arr. by* T. HELMOR

With dignity.

Unison.



O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

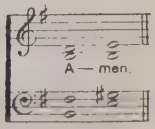
O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny ;
From depths of hell Thy people
save,
And give them victory o'er the
grave.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Day-spring, come
and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here ;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to
flight.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home ;
Make safe the way that leads on
high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of
Might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's
height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.



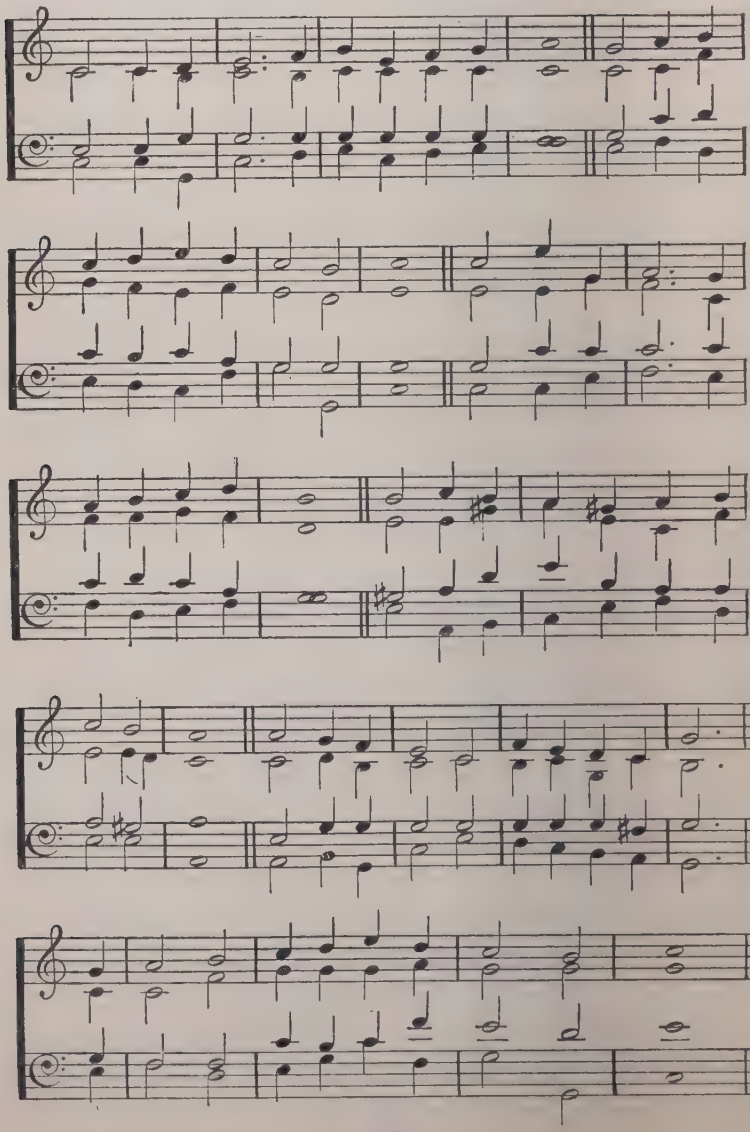
The following Hymns may also be used during Advent :

Thy kingdom come. No. 280.
Ye servants of the Lord. No. 282.

The following Hymn is suitable for young children

Hosanna they were crying. No. 303.

25 **YORKSHIRE.** In moderate time, dignified. 10.10.10.10.10.10. J. WAINWRIGHT.

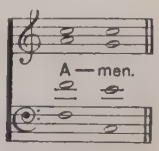


CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations of the earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

Like Mary let us ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind:
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross:
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

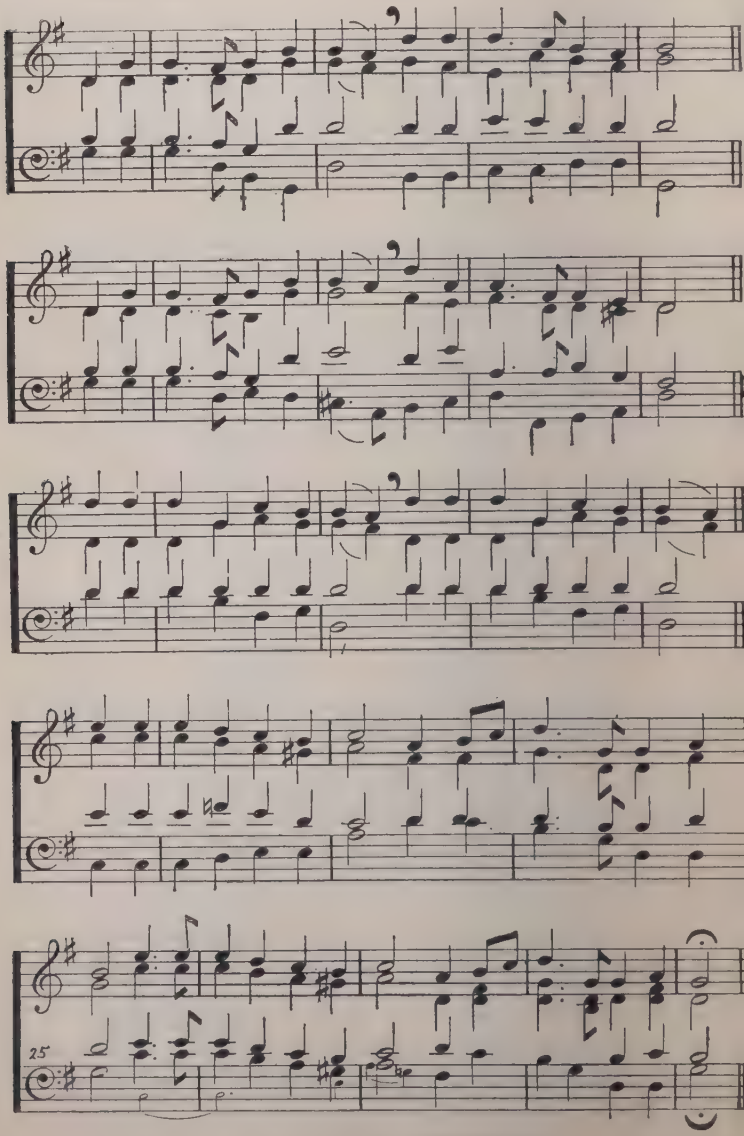
J. BYROM (18th cent.).



26 **MENDELSSOHN.**
In moderate time.

7777·7777·77·

F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY



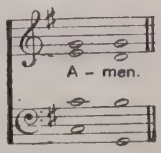
By permission of Messrs. Novello & Co., Ltd.

HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

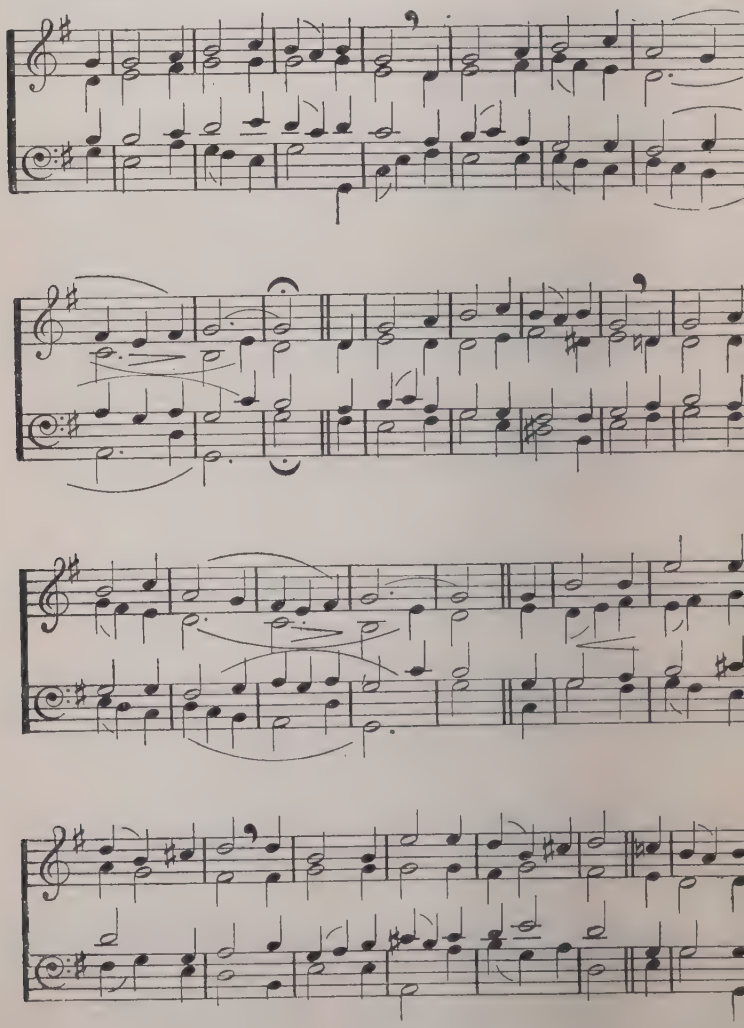
C. WESLEY (18th cent.).

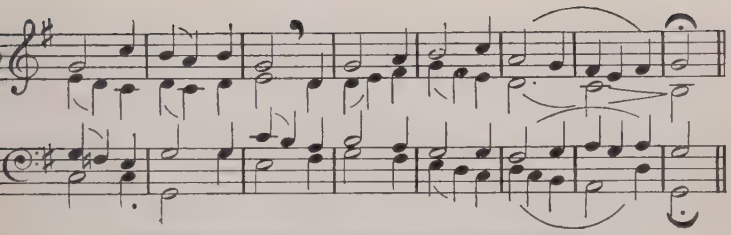


27 **KRISTBARNET.**
Moderately slow.

87.87.88.11.

GERMAN AI



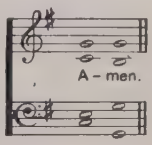


Arrangement Copyright of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal.

CHILD Jesus came to earth this day,
To save us sinners dying ;
And cradled in the straw and hay,
The Holy One is lying.
The stars shine down the Child to greet,
The lowing oxen kiss His feet.
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Child Jesus.

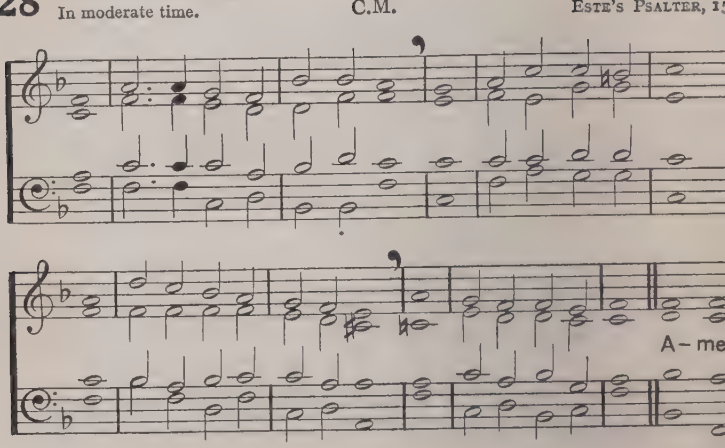
Take courage, soul, so weak and worn,
Thy sorrows have departed ;
A Child in David's town is born,
To heal the broken-hearted.
Then let us haste this Child to find,
And children be in heart and mind.
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Child Jesus.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.



28 **WINCHESTER OLD.** C.M. ESTE'S PSALTER, 1

In moderate time.



WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

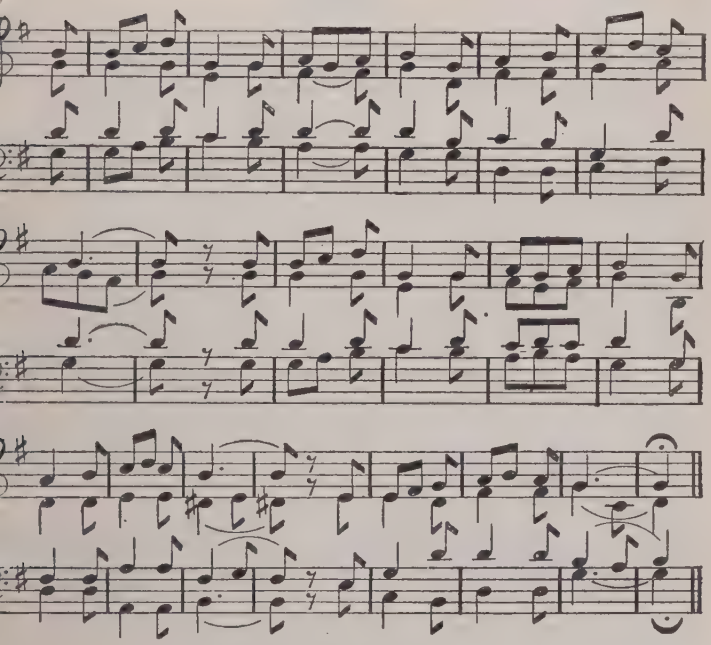
"The heavenly Babe you the
shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathi
bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and fort
with
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Goodwill henceforth, from heav
to men,
Begin, and never cease."

N. TATE (17th cent.)

SACRED LULLABY. 76.766. D. CORNER, 1649. *Har. by* J. D. CHANDLER.



By permission of the S.P.C.K.

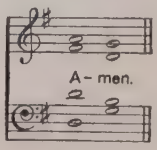
OME see this little Stranger
That lies all warm within;
s cradle is a manger,
His home a wayside inn;
Come let us look within.

e breath of oxen warms Him,
They watch this Baby dear,
ey see no chill shall harm Him
So long as they are near,
This little Babe to cheer.

e wise men come with gifts of kings,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh,
r well they know the gift He brings,
Their gifts outshining far,
Peace to an earth at war.

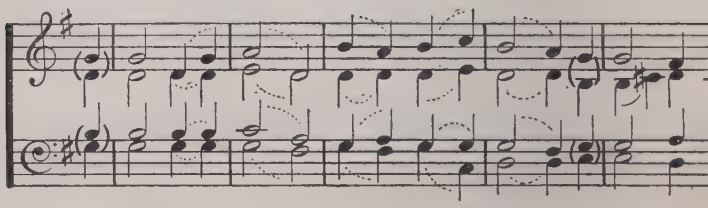
O Baby born so long ago,
O Rose that flowered then,
May all the world Thy story know!
Touch Thou the hearts of men,
Till they shall flower again.

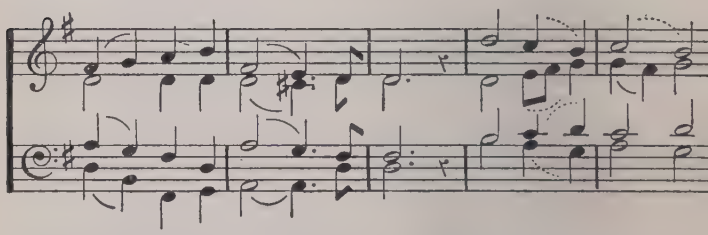
J. STEUART WILSON.

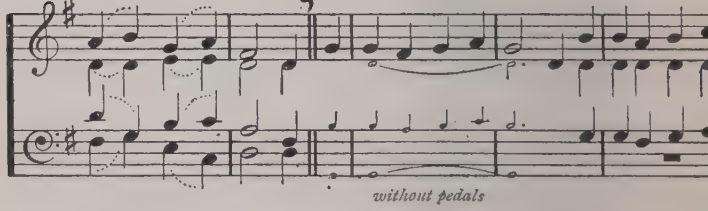


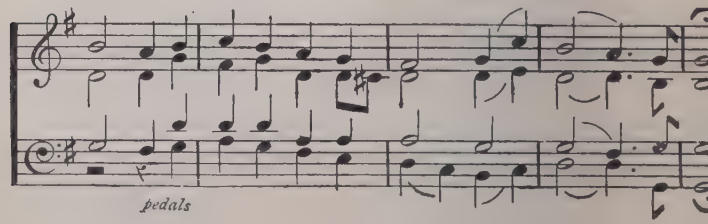
30 **ADESTE FIDELES.**
Very slow.

Irregular.









O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of angels ;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,
Light of Light,
o ! He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;
Very God,
Begotten, not created :
O come, &c.

*See how the Shepherds,
Summoned to His cradle,
eaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear ;
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps :
O come, &c.

*Lo ! star-led chieftains,
Magi, Christ adoring,
ffer Him incense, gold, and myrrh ;
We to the Christ Child
Bring our hearts' oblations :
O come, &c.

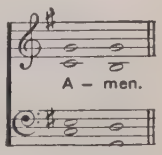
*Child, for us sinners
Poor and in the manger,
Fain we embrace Thee, with awe and love :
Who would not love Thee,
Loving us so dearly ?
O come, &c.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above ;
Glory to God
In the highest :
O come, &c.

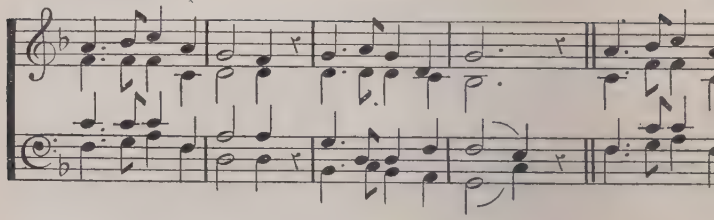
Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning ;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given ;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing ;
O come, &c.

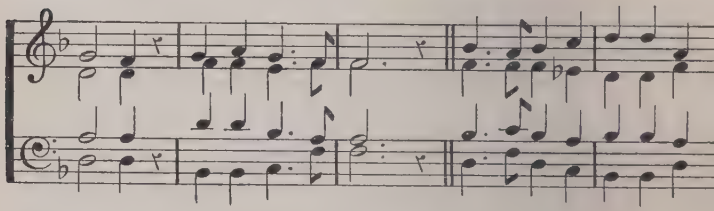
Tr. F. Oakeley and Others.

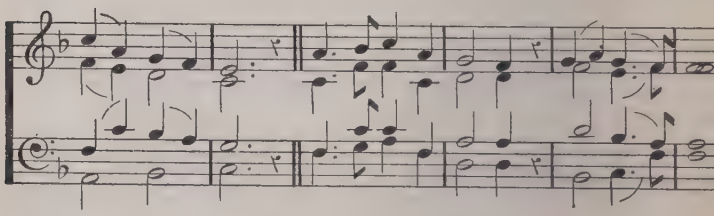
* For use in processions.



31 **CRANHAM.** Irregular. G. T. H

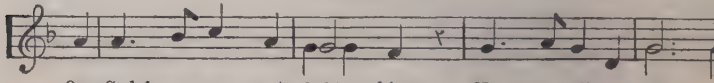




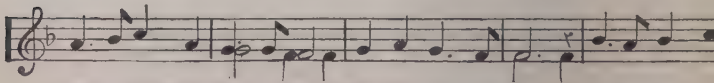


[The metre of this hymn is peculiar. The music as printed is that of the first verse, can easily be adapted to the others.]

Verses 2 and 3 run:



Our God, heaven can - not hold him Nor . . earth sus - tain;
E - nough for him, whom Che - ru - bim Wor - ship night and day,



Heaven and earth shall flee a - way When he comes to reign: In the bleak m
breast - ful of milk, And a man - ger - ful of hay; E - nough for him, w

By permission of Mr. G. T. Holst.

CHRISTMAS

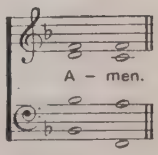
IN the bleak mid-winter
  Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
  Water like a stone :
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
  Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter,
  Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him
  Nor earth sustain ;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
  When He comes to reign :
In the bleak mid-winter
  A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty,
  Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, whom Cherubim
  Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk,
  And a mangerful of hay :
Enough for Him, whom Angels
  Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
  Which adore.

Angels and Archangels
  May have gathered there,
Cherubim and Seraphim
  Thronged the air—
But only His mother
  In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Belovèd
  With a kiss.

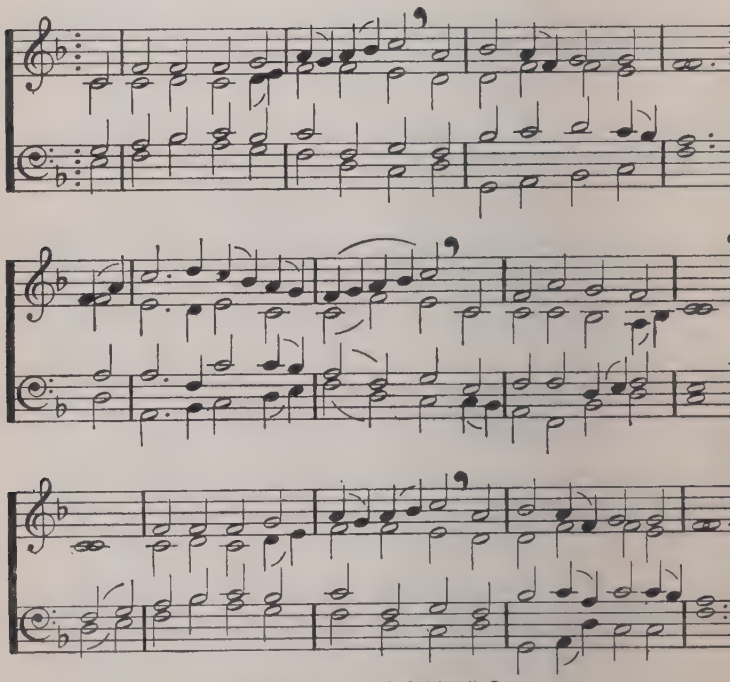
What can I give Him,
  Poor as I am ?
If I were a shepherd
  I would bring a lamb ;
If I were a wise man
  I would do my part ;
Yet what I can I give Him—
  Give my heart.



CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

32 FOREST GREEN.

In moderate time. D.C.M. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL MELO



By permission of the Oxford University Press.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!

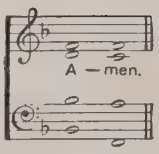
For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels kee
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Hi
still
The dear Christ enters in.

CHRISTMAS

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
  Descend to us, we pray ;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
  Be born in us to-day !
We hear the Christmas angels
  The great glad tidings tell ;
O come to us, abide with us,
  Our Lord Emmanuel !

BP. PHILLIPS BROOKS.



The following Hymns may also be used at Christmas :

Shall we not love thee, Mother dear ? No. 81.
Thou did'st leave Thy throne. No. 182.

Also the Carols. Nos. 291–302.

The following Hymns are suitable for young children :

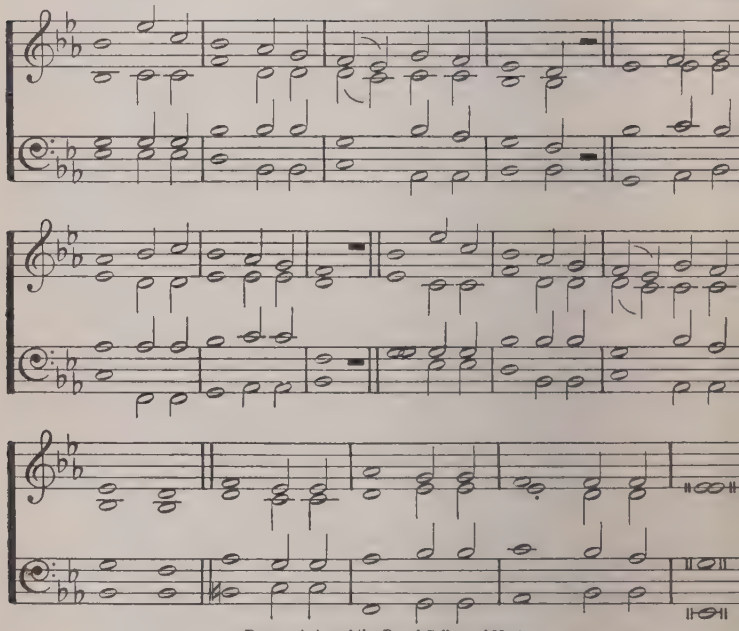
Away in a manger, no crib for His bed. No. 304.
How far is it to Bethlehem ? No. 305.
Little children, Christmas teaches. No. 306.

THE CIRCUMCISION

The following Hymns may be used :

Conquering kings their titles take. No. 185.
Jesus ! Name of wondrous love. No. 188.

33 **EPIPHANY.** With dignity. 11.10.11.10. S. S. Wesle



By permission of the Royal College of Music.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

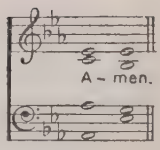
Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

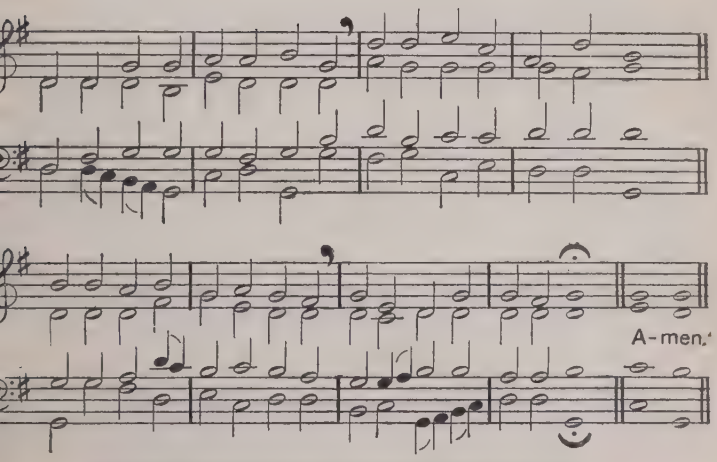
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

BP. R. HEBER.



STUTTGART.

Moderately slow. 87.87. "PSALMODIA SACRA," 1715.



This hymn may also be sung to GLÜCK ZU KREUZ (No. 88).

ETHLEHEM, of noblest cities
None can once with thee compare;
ou alone the Lord from heaven
Didst for us incarnate bear.

irer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth;
the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

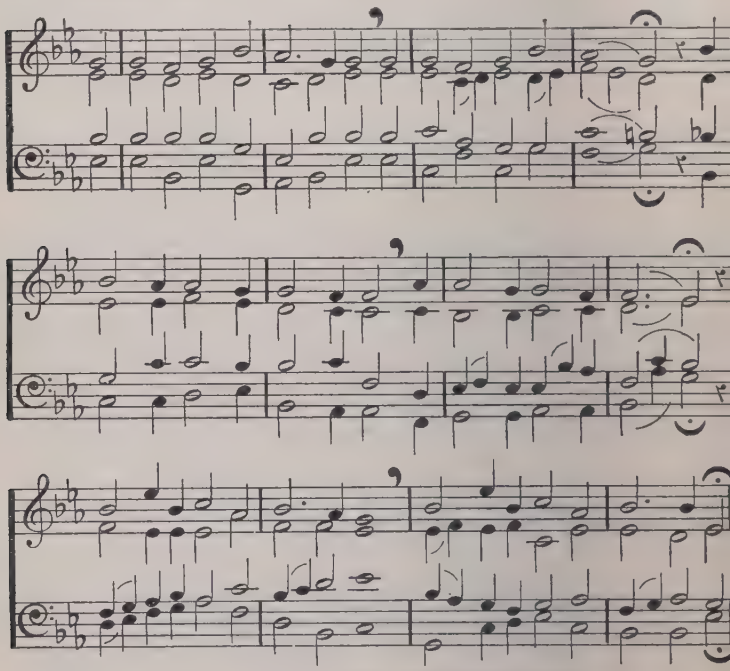
its lambent beauty guided
See the eastern kings appear;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold and myrrh.

Offerings of mystic meaning:
Incense doth the God disclose,
Gold a royal child proclaimeth,
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

Holy Jesu, in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed,
With the Father and the Spirit
Endless praise to Thee be paid.

Tr. E. CASWALL.

35 O SOETEN JESU. 86.86.88. FLEMISH CAROL.
Har. by G. GARDNE



This rhythm of the melody has been slightly altered.

Harmony Copyright of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal.

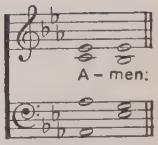
O'ER Bethlehem's hill, in time of old
Came wise men from afar,
Bringing their costly gifts of gold,
For they had seen His star.
In princely pomp, with presents meet,
They came to worship at His feet.

The silvery lamp through all the night
Led on their eager way,
Until upon His lowly home
Was shed its gentle ray;
And there they found the infan
King,
And on the ground fell worship
ping.

So, gracious Spirit, by Thy light
Shine Thou upon our way,
To guide our feet to Christ th
Lord,
We would our homage pay;
For He who is the children's King
Will not disdain what childre
bring.

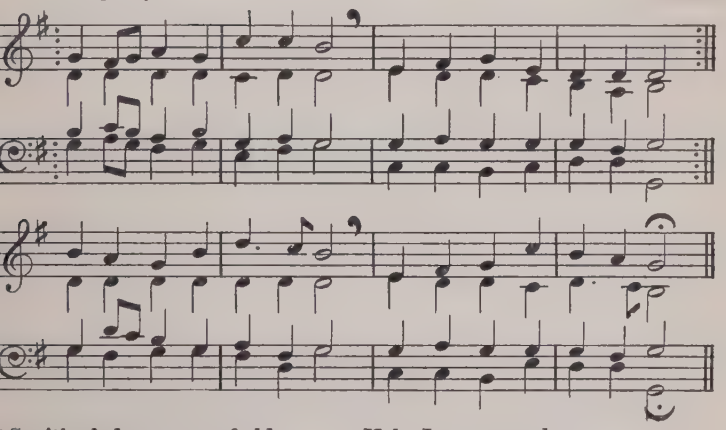
For gifts: we give ourselves to Thee,
Our hearts shall be Thy throne;
For gold: we give Thee all our love,
O make it all Thine own!
As incense sweet Thy praise we sing,
And bless Thy name, our Saviour King.

M. G. Pearse.



6 DIX.

Not too quickly. 77·77·77. C. Kocher.



S with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
s with joy they hailed its light,
eading onward, beaming bright,
, most gracious God, may we
vermore be led to Thee.

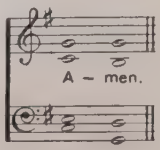
s with joyful steps they sped
o that lowly manger-bed,
here to bend the knee before
im whom heaven and earth adore,
o may we, with willing feet,
ver seek Thy mercy-seat.

s they offered gifts most rare
t that manger rude and bare,
o may we, with holy joy,
ure, and free from sin's alloy,
ll our costliest treasures bring,
hrist, to Thee, our heavenly King.

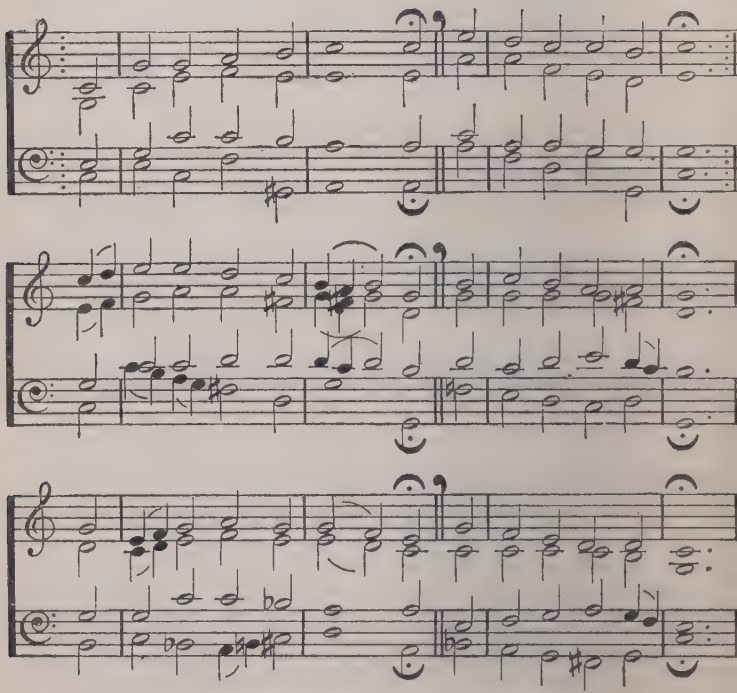
Holy Jesu, every day
Keep us in the narrow way,
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown;
Thou its Sun, which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

W. C. Dix.



37 **ST. THEODULPH.** 76.76.D. M. TESCHNER.
Slowly. *Har. by* J. S. BAC



(Another form of this tune will be found at No. 50.)
This Hymn may also be sung to CLUNY (No. 117).

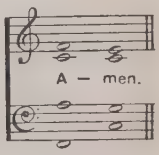
THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their gold,
And some may bring their greatness,
And glories new and old;
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or wisdom:
What shall we children bring?

EPIPHANY

We'll bring Him hearts that love
Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways:
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

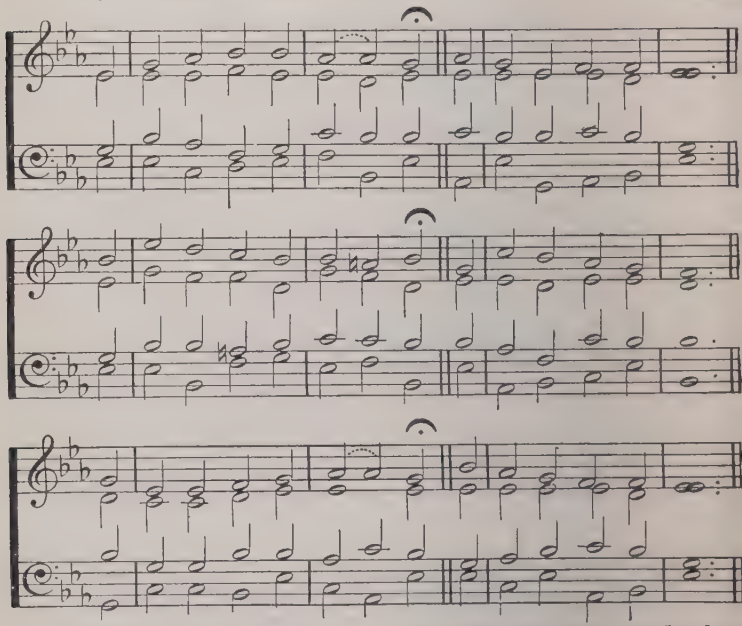
We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him,
At home, at school, at play:
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

ANON.



38 **NÜRNBERG.** 76.86.76. J. CRUGER

Slowly, and observing the pauses.



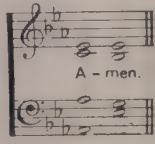
THE shepherds had an angel,
The Wise Men had a star,
But what have I, a little child,
To guide me home from far,
Where glad stars sing together,
And singing angels are ?

Lord Jesus is my Guardian,
So I can nothing lack ;
The lambs lie in His bosom
Along life's dangerous track ;
The wilful lambs that go astray
He bleeding fetches back.

Those shepherds through the lonely night
Sat watching by their sheep,
Until they saw the heavenly host
Who neither tire nor sleep ;
All singing, " Glory, glory,"
In festival they keep.

Lord, bring me nearer day by day,
Till I my voice unite,
And sing my " Glory, glory,"
With angels clad in white,
All " Glory, glory," given to Thee,
Through all the heavenly height.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



The following Hymn may also be used during Epiphany.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed. No. 170.

THE PRESENTATION

39 **OLD 120TH.** Moderately slow. 66.66.66. ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.

HAIL to the Lord who comes,
Comes to His temple gate!
Not with His angel host,
Not in His kingly state;
No shouts proclaim Him nigh,
No crowds His coming wait;

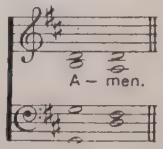
But, borne upon the throne
Of Mary's gentle breast,
Watched by her duteous love,
In her fond arms at rest:—
Thus to His Father's house
He comes, the heavenly Guest.

There Joseph at her side
In reverent wonder stands,
And, filled with holy joy,
Old Simeon in his hands
Takes up the promised Child,
The glory of all lands.

Hail to the great First-born
Whose ransom-price they pay!
The Son, before all worlds;
The Child of man, to-day,
That He might ransom us
Who still in bondage lay.

O Light of all the earth,
Thy children wait for Thee!
Come to Thy temples here,
That we, from sin set free,
Before Thy Father's face
May all presented be!

J. ELLERTON.



SEPTUAGESIMA

The following Hymns may be used on this Sunday;

All creatures of our God and King. No. 221.
Fight the good fight. No. 236.
God is working His purpose out. No. 112.
Let the whole creation cry. No. 231.
Not here for high and holy things. No. 227.
There is a book who runs may read. No. 230.

SEXAGESIMA

The following Hymns may be used on this Sunday:

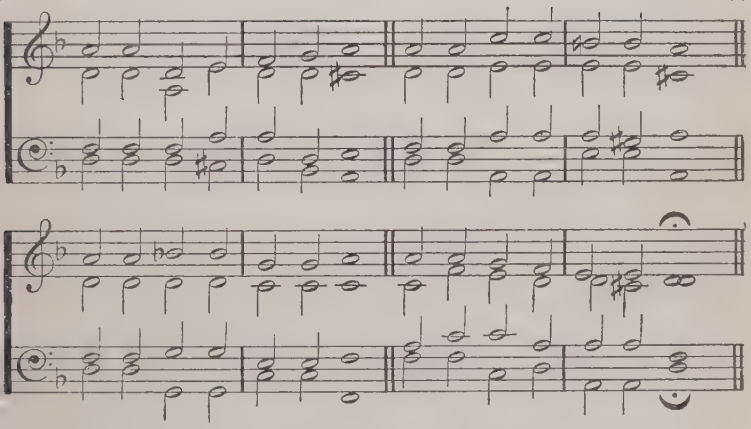
Glory be to Jesus. No. 56.
Praise to the Holiest in the height. No. 184.
We plough the fields and scatter. No. 141.

QUINQUAGESIMA

The following Hymns may be used on this Sunday:

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost. No. 196.
It is the Holy Spirit's day. No. 313.
My God, I love Thee. No. 55.
Praise Him, praise Him. No. 314.
Thou the Cross didst bear. No. 54.
Can I see another's woe. No. 269.

40 **HEINLEIN.**
Slow. 77·77 M. Herbst (?).



FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled:

Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

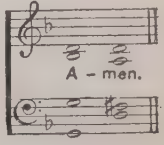
Shall not we Thy watchings share,
Learn Thy discipline of pain,
Strive, like Thee, through fast and prayer,
Strength for after time to gain?

Then if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit shall assail,
Thou, His vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

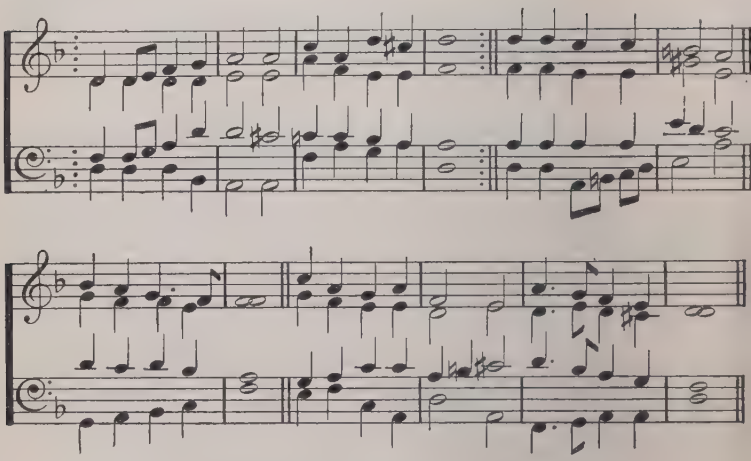
So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side,
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Eastertide.

G. H. Smyttan
and F. Pott.



41 **GUTE BÄUME BRINGEN** (FIRST TUNE). 65.65.D. P. SOHREN
Moderately fast.



CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the hosts of darkness
Prowl and prowl around ?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss ;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross.

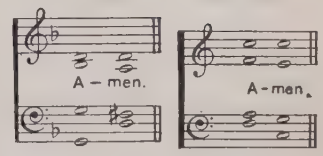
Christian, dost thou feel them
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin ?
Christian, never tremble ;
Never be downcast ;
Smite them by the merit
Of the Lenten fast.

Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair ?
" Always fast and vigil ?
Always watch and prayer ? "
Christian, answer boldly,
" While I breathe I pray : "
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

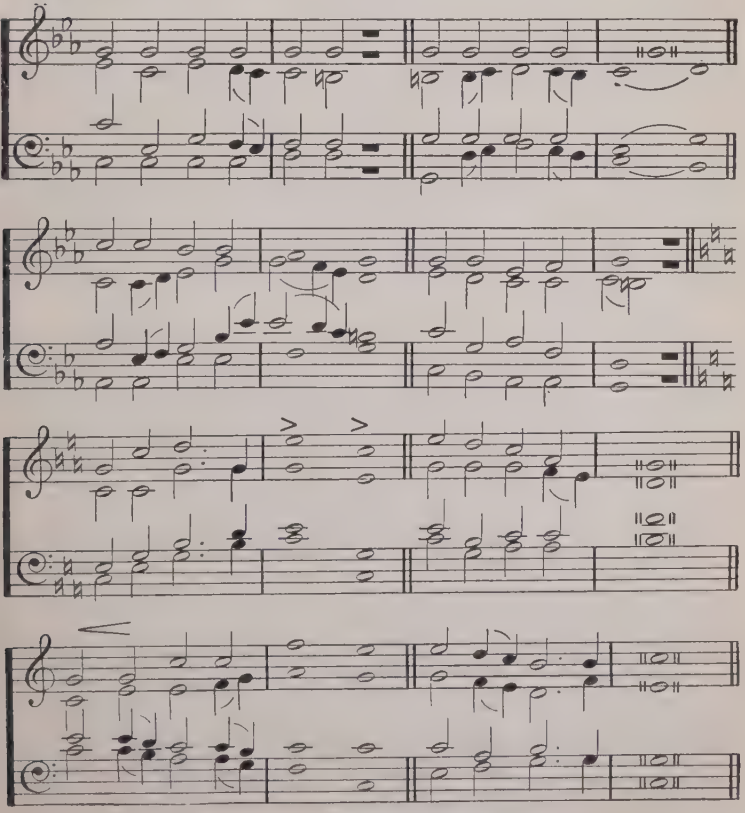
LENT

"Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary;
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

Tr. J. M. NEALE.



ST. ANDREW OF CRETE (SECOND TUNE).
Moderately fast. 65.65.D. J. B. DYKES.



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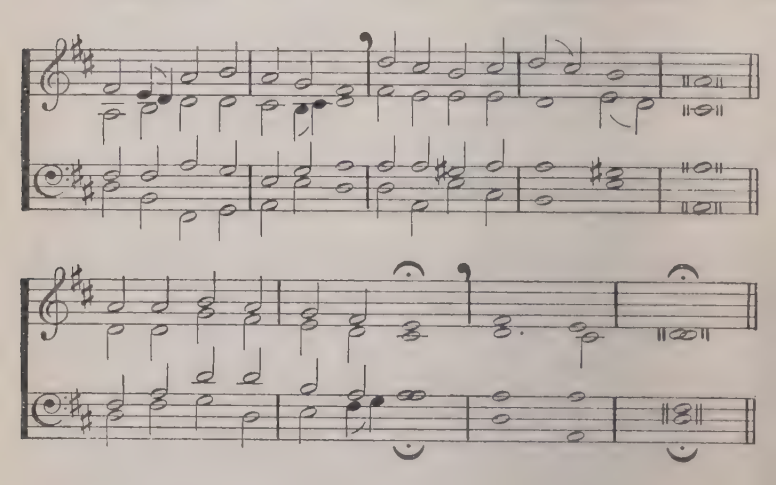
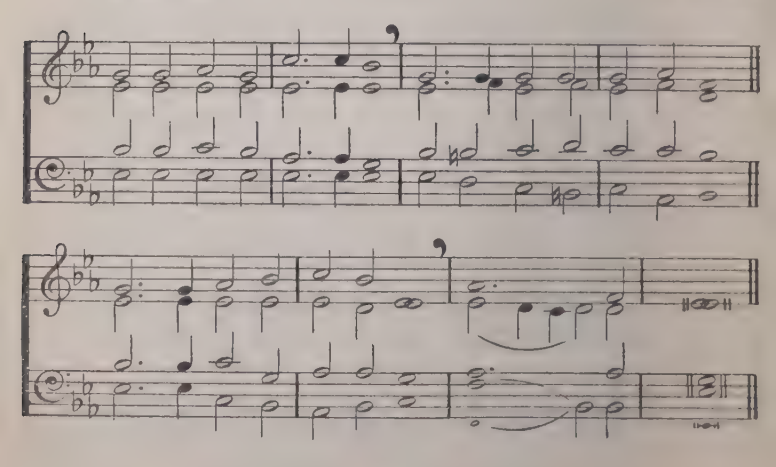
CHURCH DIVINITY SCHOOL OF THE PACIFIC

42 **MORGENGLANZ** (FIRST TUNE).
In moderate time. 77·73. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S GEISTREICHES GESANGBUCH, 1704.



VIGILATE (SECOND TUNE).
In moderate time. 77·73. W. H. MONK.



"CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy guardian angel say;
"Thou art in the midst of foes;
Watch and pray."

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;
Watch and pray.

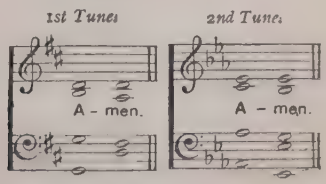
Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lurks the evil one;
Watch and pray.

Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray.

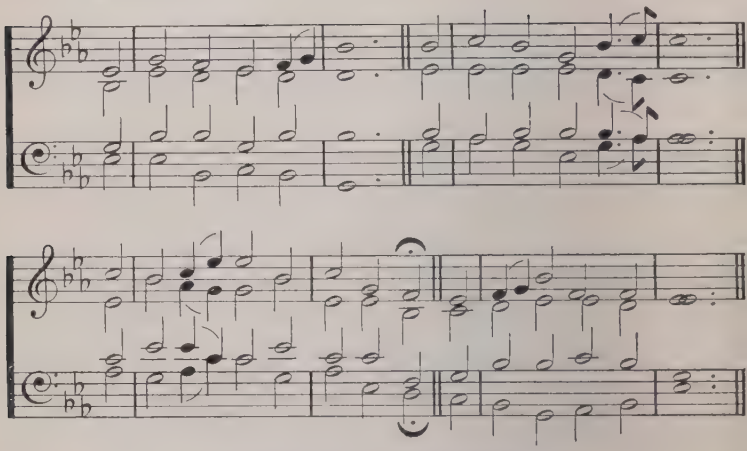
C. ELLIOTT.



43 **SELMA.**
In moderate time.

S.M.

Arr. by R. A. Smith



NOT ours to mourn and weep
In life's first joyous years:
How shall we strive the fast to keep
With better gifts than tears?

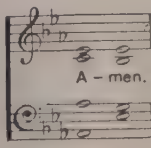
Not ours to offer gold:
What then can we afford
Of higher worth than gems untold
To deck Thine altar, Lord?

We come with hearts intent
Thy great law to fulfil:
Through all the solemn time of Lent
We come to do Thy will

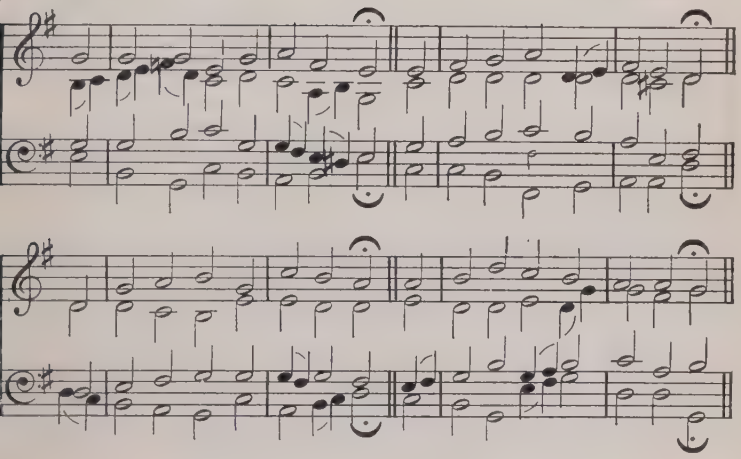
Each thought, each word, each deed,
From all defilement free,
Our daily care for others' need,
We sacrifice to Thee.

So may we keep the fast
With better gifts than tears,
Strong in Thy service to the last
Through all life's coming years.

A. C. Ainger.



44 **BRESLAU.** Very slow. L.M. "As hymnodus sacer," 1625.



TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me.

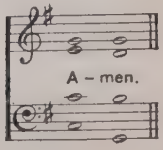
Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
And let thy foolish pride be still:
The Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a Cross on Calvary's hill.

Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly sin's temptations brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home;
It points to glory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross and follow on,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

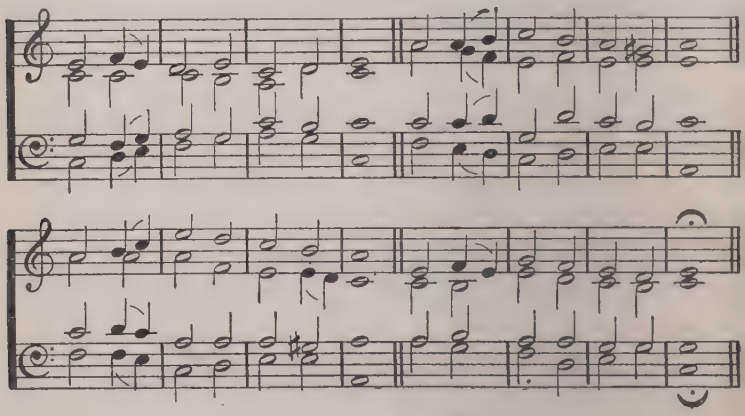
C. W. Everest.



45 LEW TRENCHARD (FIRST TUNE).

77·77·

ENGLISH TRADITIONAL MELODY
Har. by S. BARING-GOULD



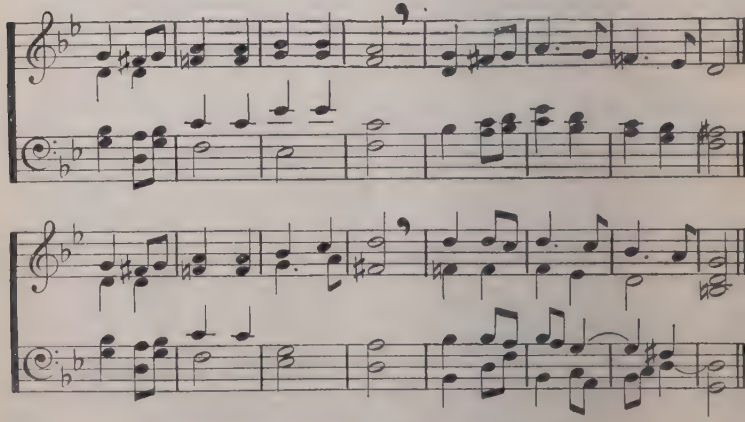
By permission of Messrs Ridley & Co.

STRASBOURG (SECOND TUNE).

77·77·

FRENCH AIR.
Har. by G. GARDNER

Unison.



Harmony Copyright of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal.

LENT

BY the Holy Spirit sent,
Jesus to the desert went,
That He might His children show
How sin's power to overthrow.

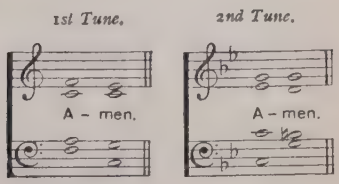
With a word He could have made
Bread from stones around Him laid,
Yet till forty days were past
Still He kept a holy fast.

When the devil at His side
Tried to make Him sin through
pride,
He would give no outward sign
That He was God's Son divine.

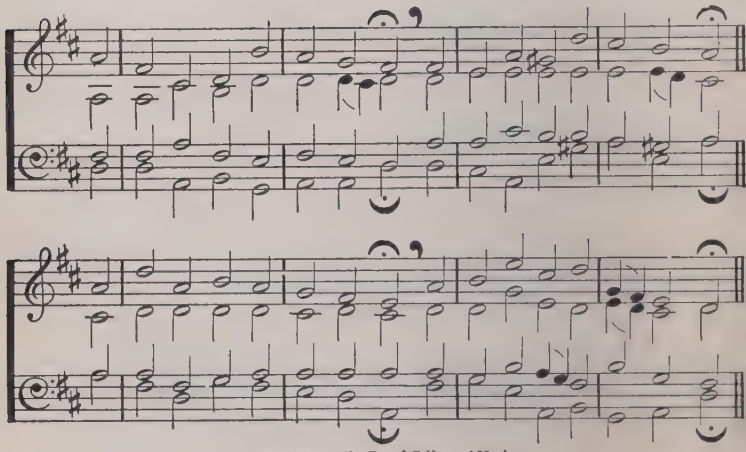
Calmly He refused to win
By a single act of sin
Of the whole wide world the throne;
He would worship God alone.

Since our loving Saviour thus
Kept a sacred Lent for us,
We, like Him, can conquer sin
And a royal victory win.

GERTRUDE HOLLIS.



46 **DEVONSHIRE.** L.M. J. F. LAMPE AND S. S. WESLEY
With dignity.



By permission of the Royal College of Music.

This Hymn may also be sung to BRESLAU (No. 44).

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the Cross :
The sinner's hope let men deride ;
For this we count the world but loss.

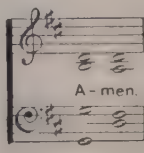
Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters " God is love " ;
He bears our sins upon the Tree ;
He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross ! it takes our guilt away ;
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup ;

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes all terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light ;

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

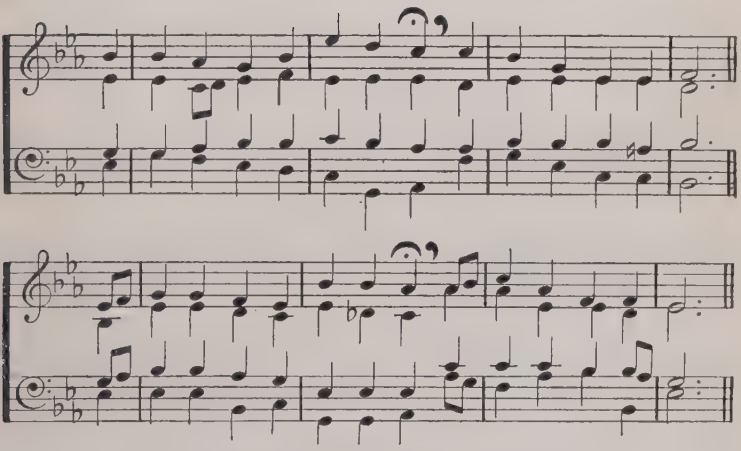
T. KELLY.



47 **MENDIP.**
In moderate time.

C.M

ENGLISH TRADITIONAL MELODY.
Arr. by C. J. SHARP.



By permission of the Executors of Mr. C. J. Sharp.

WE have a King who came to earth
To win the world for God,
And we, the children of the King,
Must follow where He trod.

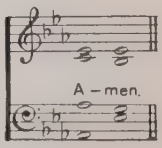
The banner that our King unfurled
Was love to every man,
So we must try to show that love
In all the ways we can.

The enemies He came to fight
Are selfishness and sin,
Then who would be a traitor now
And let His foemen in?

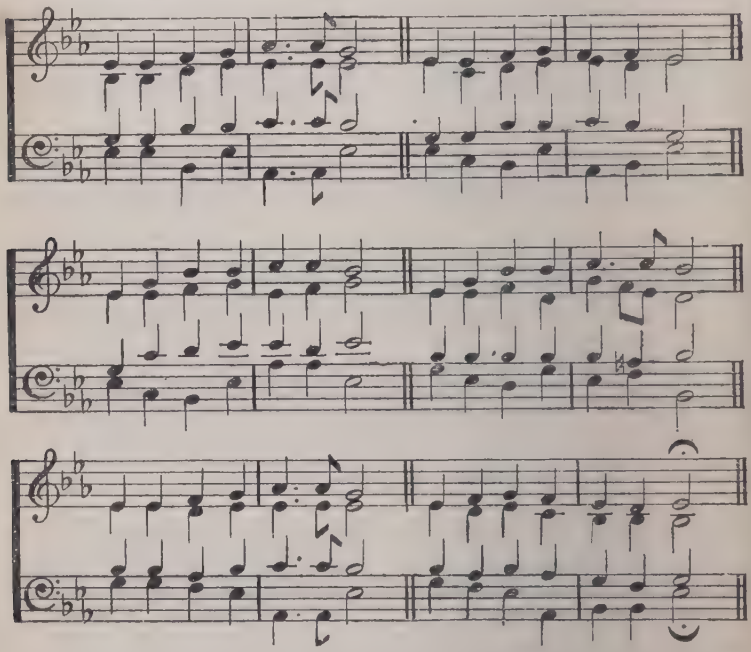
He bids us keep our bodies pure,
For 'tis the pure and clean
Can see the glory of the King,
And tell what they have seen.

We are a little company,
But we are pledged to bring
Pure holy lives, kind joyful hearts,
And bring them to the King.

MARGARET CROPPER.



48 **REDHEAD No. 76.** 77·77·77· R. REDHEAD.
Moderately slow.



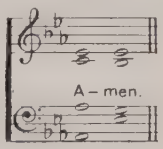
ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes are closed in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne ;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

A. M. TOPLADY (18th cent.).



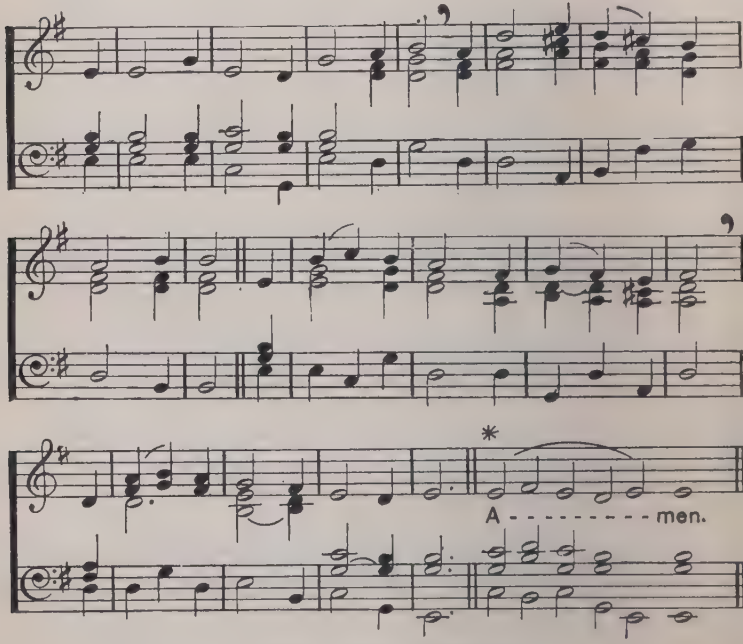
The following Hymns may also be used during Lent :

Do no sinful action. No. 265.
God, who me in love did make. No. 262.
God, who conceals His glory. No. 131.
(For Mothering Sunday, 4th in Lent.)
Jesu, Lover of my soul. No. 175.

49 **LUCIS CREATOR.** L.M. ANGERS CHURCH MELODY

In moderate time.

Unison.



* A simpler "Amen" is given below.

This Hymn may also be sung to WINCHESTER NEW (No. 51).

THE royal banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

There whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

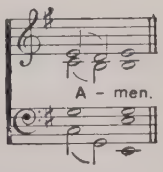
Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should
be;
For God is reigning from the Tree.

O Tree of glory, Tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners
due,
The price which none but He could
pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the Cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.



The following Hymn may also be used on this Sunday:

Hail the sign. No. 257.

D

50 **ST. THEODULPH.**
Slow and solemn. 76.76.D. M. TESCHNE

Fine

D.C.

A better, if less familiar, version of this tune will be found at No. 37.

ALL glory, laud, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!

PALM SUNDAY

Thou art the King of Israel,
  Thou, David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
  The King and Blessèd One.
    All glory, &c.

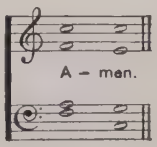
The company of angels
  Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
  Created make reply.
    All glory, &c.

The people of the Hebrews
  With palms before Thee went ;
Our praise, and prayer, and anthems,
  Before Thee we present.
    All glory, &c.

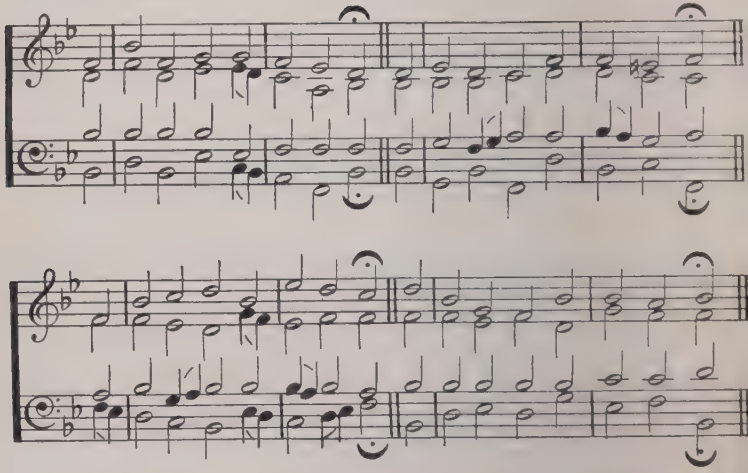
To Thee, before Thy passion,
  They sang their hymns of praise ;
To Thee, in glory reigning,
  Our melody we raise.
    All glory, &c.

Thou didst accept their praises,
  Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
  Thou good and gracious King.
    All glory, &c.

Tr. J. M. Neale.



51 **WINCHESTER NEW.** L.M. "Musikalisches Handbuch Hamburg, 1690.
Slow and dignified.



RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry!
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

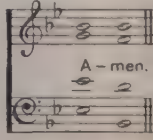
Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign!

H. H. Milman.



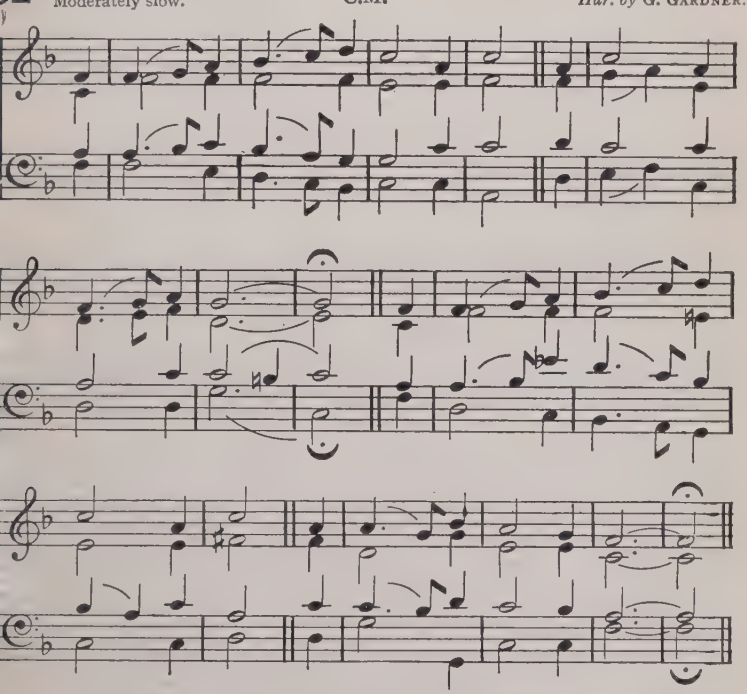
The following Hymn may also be used on Palm Sunday:

When of old, in lowly state. No. 281.

The following Hymns are suitable for young children:

Riding, riding, who is this riding. No. 307.
To Jesus Christ the children sang. No. 317.

52 **STANLEY PONTLARGE.** C.M. ENGLISH AIR.
Moderately slow. *Har. by* G. GARDNER.



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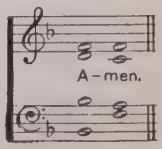
O DEAREST Lord, Thy sacred head
With thorns was pierced for me;
O pour Thy blessing on my head
That I may think of Thee.

O dearest Lord, Thy sacred hands
With nails were pierced for me;
O shed Thy blessing on my hands
That they may work for Thee.

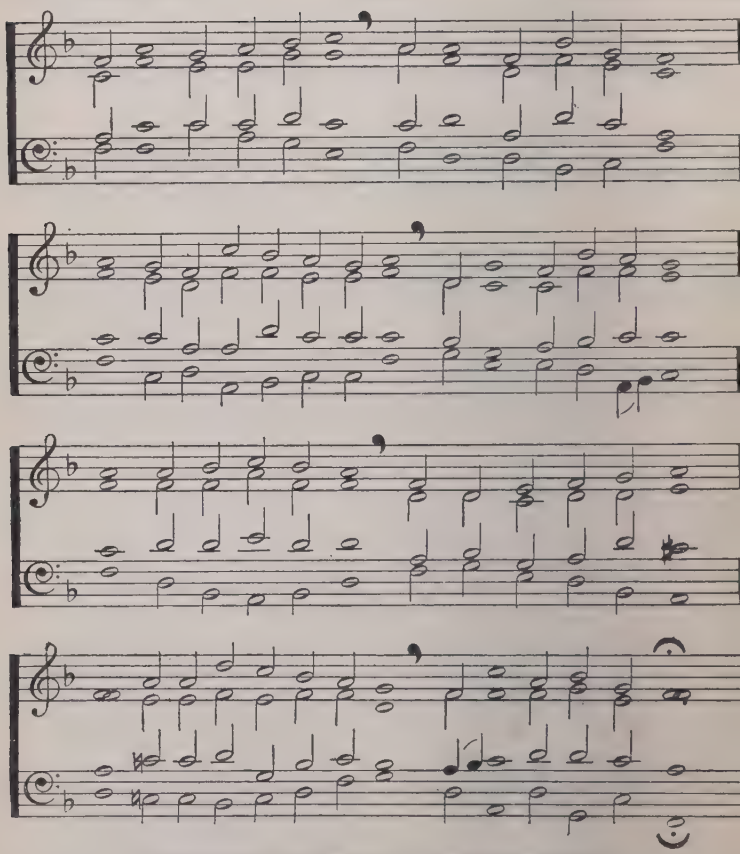
O dearest Lord, Thy sacred feet
With nails were pierced for me;
O pour Thy blessing on my feet
That they may walk for Thee.

O dearest Lord, Thy sacred heart
With spear was pierced for me;
O pour Thy spirit in my heart
That I may love but Thee.

FATHER ANDREW.



53 **OLD 25TH.** In moderate time. D.S.M. MELODY FROM ESTE'S PSALTE *Har. by* G. GARDNE



Harmony Copyright of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal.

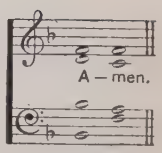
COME, keep high festival
With love and grateful tears!
The sorrow and the sin of all
Our sinless Master bears:
The sin of dying years,
The sin of time to be,
The burden of the world He bears
In one deep agony.

Gaze on His patient face,
The Crowned, the Crucified:
Bright drops of glory and of grace
Stream from His pierced side.
With grief for what hath been,
With joy for what shall be,
We triumph, for His eyes have seen
What soon our eyes shall see.

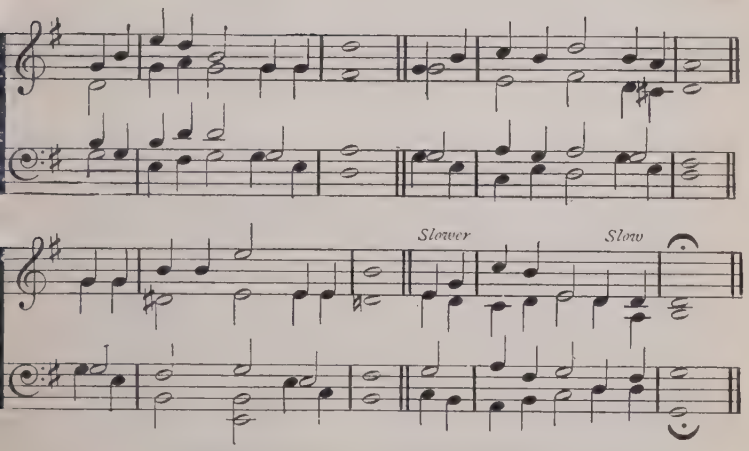
THE PASSION

The sullen cloudland breaks,
With glory lit within ;
The Father bends from heaven, and takes
The weary Conqueror in.
Lord, let Thy pleading call
Amaze our careless ears ;
Come, brothers, keep high festival,
The festival of tears.

A. C. BENSON.



54 CHALLENGE. 53·53· A. RAMSBOTHAM.



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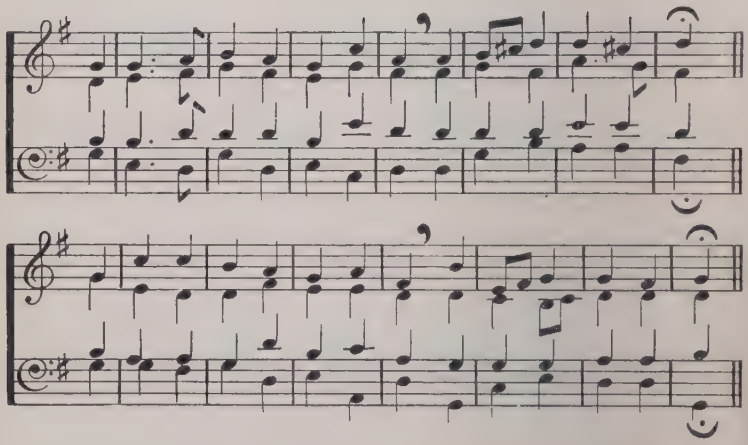
THOU the Cross didst bear :
What bear I ?
Thou the Thorn didst wear :
What wear I ?

Thou to death didst dare :
What dare I ?
Thou for me dost care :
What care I ?

L. HOUSMAN.

55 **FARRANT.** Moderately slow. C.M. R. FARRANT.



MY God, I love Thee; not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear
And manifold disgrace,

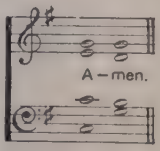
And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony
E'en death itself; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessèd Jesu Christ,
Should I not love Thee well,
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

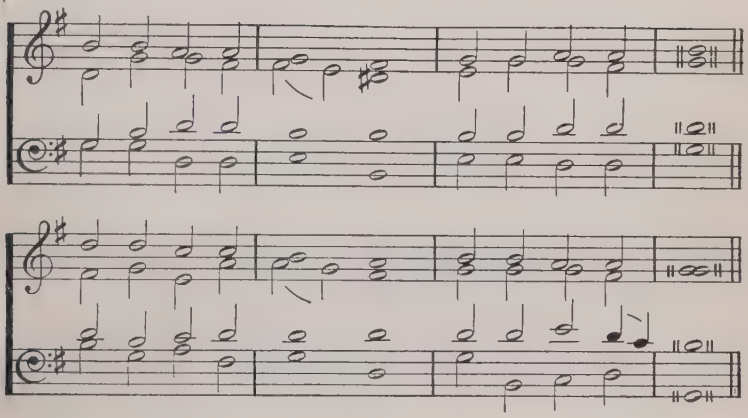
Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord?

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

Tr. E. CASWALL.



56 **CASWALL.**
Moderately slow. 65.65. F. FILITZ.



GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find ;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem

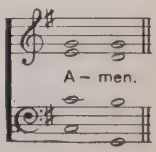
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs :

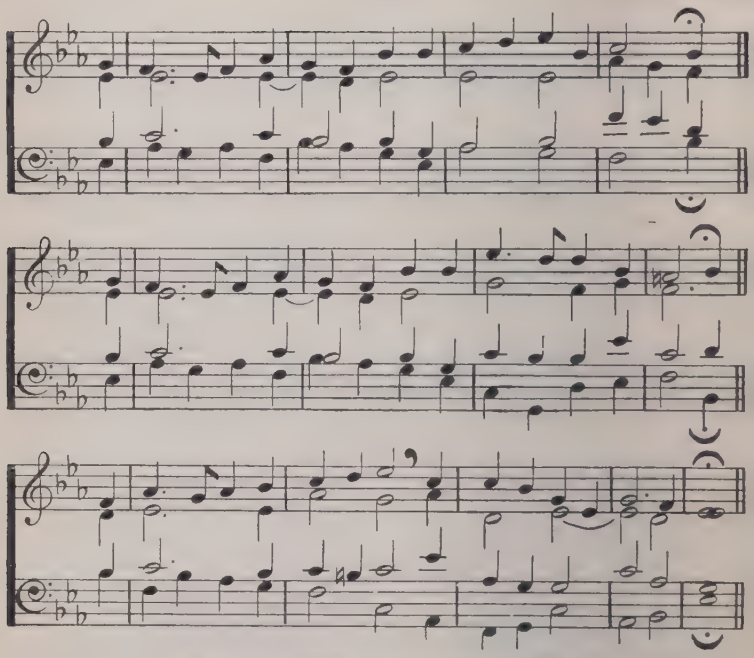
Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

Lift ye then your voices,
Swell the mighty flood ;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious Blood.

Tr. E. CASWALL.



57 **WELCOME.**
Unison. 87.87.88. C. HYLTON STEWART.



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HOW kind a welcome Jesus gave
To every child that found Him;
He loved to watch them at their play;
He loved to have them round Him.
He was displeased with those who tried
To keep the children from His side.

He rode a King through Salem's streets
With neither band nor banner.
But boys and girls before Him marched
Crying a loud "Hosanna,"

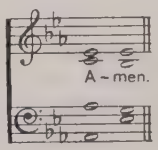
THE PASSION

And Jesus said, "The shout they raise
In heaven is counted perfect praise."

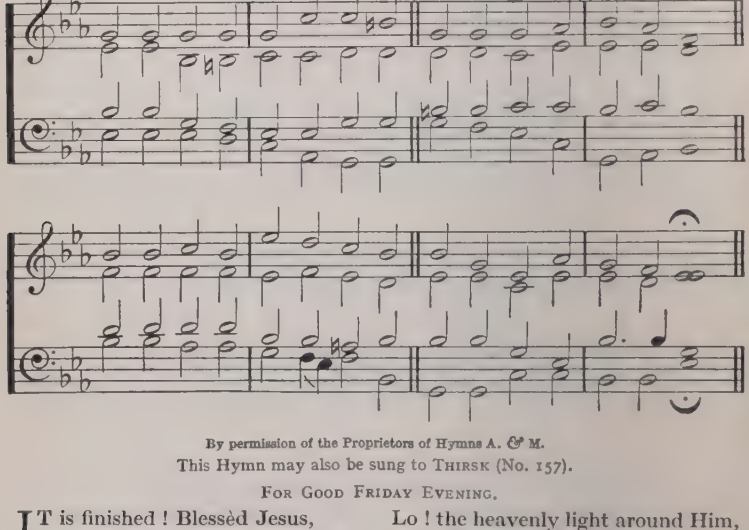
When cruel soldiers to the Cross
His hands and feet were nailing,
And passers-by with bitter words
His tender heart assailing,
I think the little children cried
Because the Lord was crucified.

But this I know, He died because
His heart with love was burning
For me, that I a simple child,
My love to Him returning,
Might stand within the Heavenly Place
To worship Him, and see His face.

R. F. PECHEY.



58 **AD INFEROS.**
Moderately slow. 87.87. W. H. SANGSTER.



By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

This Hymn may also be sung to THIRSK (No. 157).

FOR GOOD FRIDAY EVENING.

IT is finished ! Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,
Teaching us the sons of Adam
How the Son of God can die.

Lifeless lies the piercèd Body,
Resting in its rocky bed ;
Thou hast left the Cross of anguish
For the mansions of the dead.

In the hidden realms of darkness
Shines a light unseen before,
When the Lord of dead and living
Enters at the lowly door.

Lo ! in spirit, rich in mercy
Comes He from the world above,
Preaching to the souls in prison
Tidings of His dying love.

Lo ! the heavenly light around Him,
As He draws His people near ;
All amazed they come rejoicing
At the gracious words they hear.

Patriarch and Priest and Prophet
Gather round Him as He stands,
In adoring faith and gladness
Hearing of the piercèd hands.

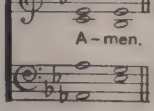
There in lowliest joy and wonder
Stands the robber by His side,
Reaping now the blessèd promise
Spoken by the Crucified.

Jesus, Lord of our salvation,
Let Thy mercy rest on me ;
Grant me too, when life is finished,
Rest in Paradise with Thee.

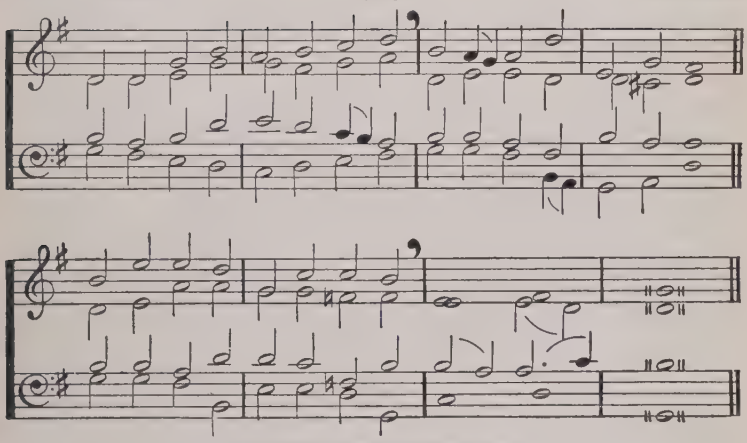
ARCHBP. W. D. MACLAGAN.

The following Hymns may also be used during Passion Week :

It is a thing most wonderful. No. 165.
There is a green hill far away. No. 186
When I survey the wondrous Cross. No. 187.



59 HORNSEY. 87.83. S. S. WESLEY.



By permission of the Royal College of Music.

ON the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain!

Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

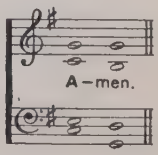
For a while the wearied body
Lies with feet toward the morn;
Till the last and brightest Easter
Day be born.

But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Bursting at the Resurrection
Into song.

Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.

O the beauty, O the gladness
Of that Resurrection day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away!

S. BARING-GOULD.



60 **VICTORY.** G. P. da Palestrina and W. H. Monk.

Slow and dignified. 88.84.

Al - le - lu - ia Al - le - lu - ia Al - le - lu - ia

Al - le - lu - ia

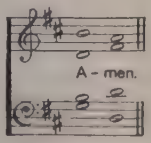
ALLELUIA ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !
The strife is o'er, the battle done ;
Now is the Victor's triumph won ;
O, let the song of praise be sung !
Alleluia !

Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed ;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst !
Alleluia !

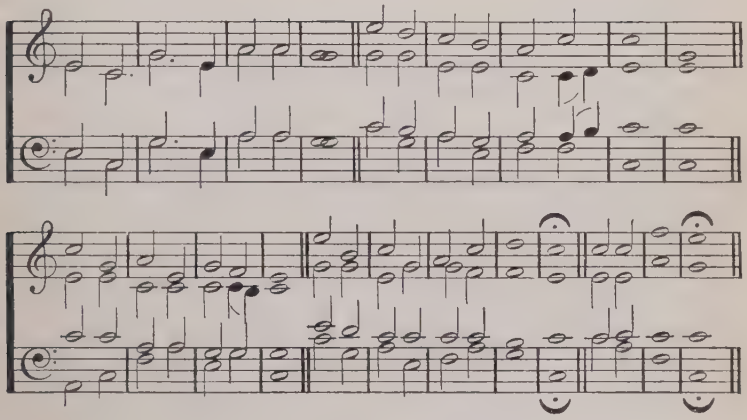
On the third morn He rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign ;
O, let us swell the joyful strain !
Alleluia !

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia !

Tr. F. Pott.



61 **ST. ALBINUS.**
In moderate time. 78.78.4. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



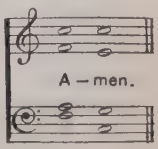
JESUS lives ! thy terrors now
Can no longer, Death, appal us ;
Jesus lives ! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! for us He died ;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving,
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia !

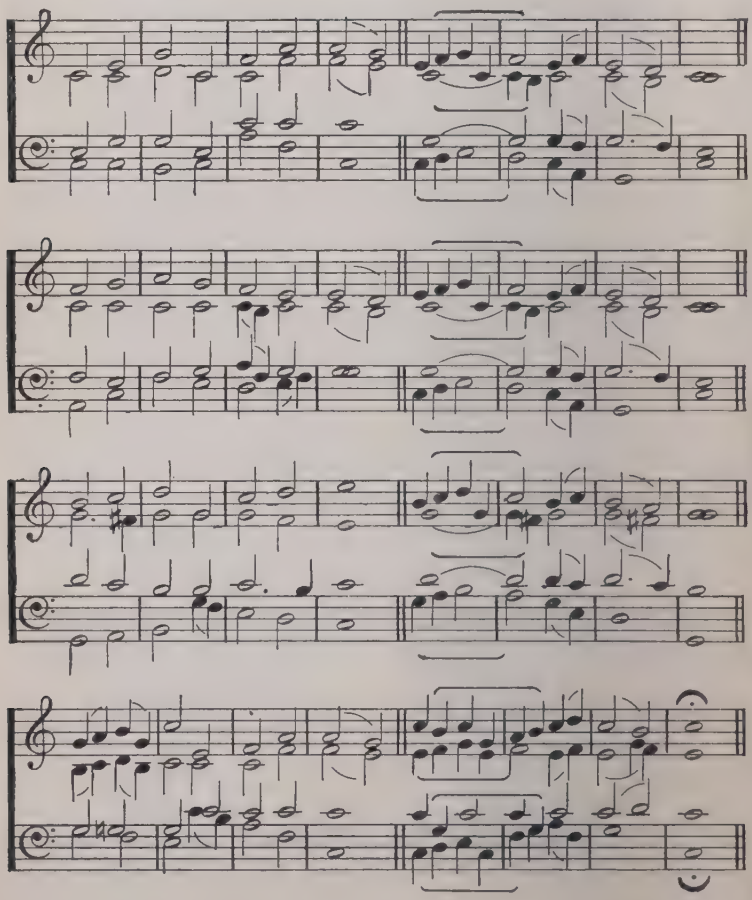
Jesus lives ! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given ;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia !
Tr. F. E. Cox.



62 **EASTER HYMN.**
Moderately slow.

74.74.D.

"LYRA DAVIDICA," 1708.

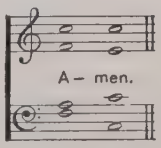


JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Alleluia !
Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia !
Who did once upon the Cross,
Alleluia !
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia !

Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Alleluia !
Unto Christ our heavenly King,
Alleluia !
Who endured the Cross and grave,
Alleluia !
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia !

But the pains that He endured,
Alleluia !
Our salvation have procured ;
Alleluia !
Now above the sky He's King,
Alleluia !
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia !

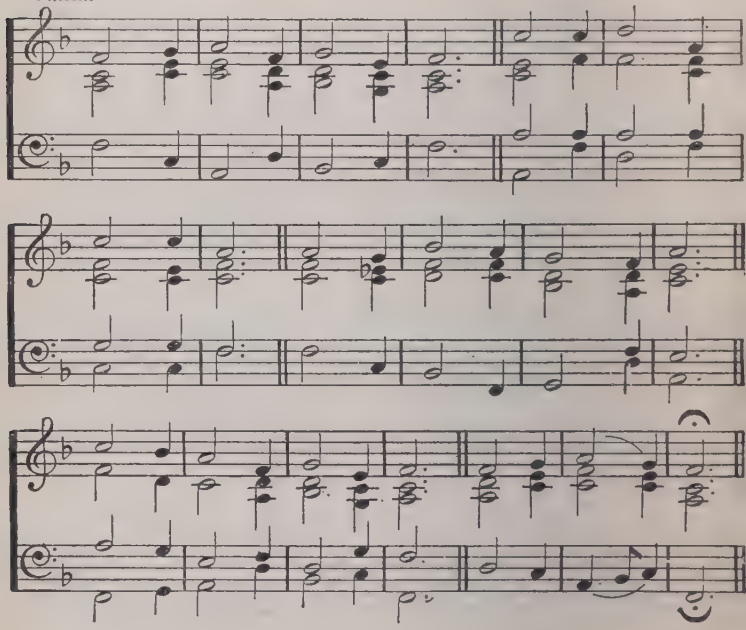
Lyra Davidica (18th cent.).



63 **ORIENTIS PARTIBUS.** 77·77·4· MEDIÆVAL FRENCH MELODY

In moderate time.

Unison.



CHRIST the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia!

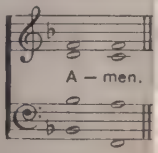
He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day,
We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluia!

He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry,
Alleluia!

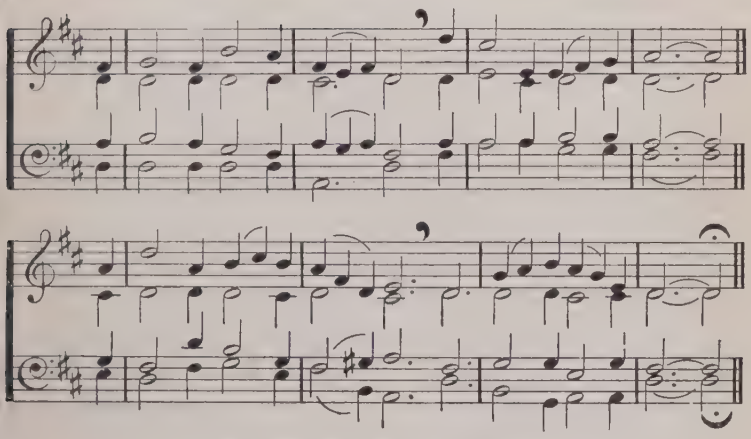
He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings,
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia!

Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye
Alleluia!

Tr. C. WINKWORTH.



64 **HAMBRIDGE.** In moderate time. 76.76. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL MELODY. *Arr. by* C. J. SHARP.



By permission of the Executors of Mr. C. J. Sharp.

GOOD Joseph had a garden
Close by that sad green hill,
Where Jesus died a bitter death
To save mankind from ill.

One evening in that garden,
Their faces dark with gloom,
They laid the Saviour's body
Within good Joseph's tomb.

There came the holy women
With spices and with tears;
The angels tried to comfort them,
But could not calm their fears.

Came Mary to that garden
And sobbed with heart forlorn;
She thought she heard the gardener ask
"Whom seekest thou this morn?"

She heard her own name spoken,
And then she lost her care;
All in His strength and beauty
The Risen Lord stood fair.

Good Joseph had a garden;
Amid its trees so tall
The Lord Christ stood on Easter Day.
He lives to save us all.

And as He rose at Easter
He is alive for aye,
The very same Lord Jesus Christ
Who hears us sing to-day.

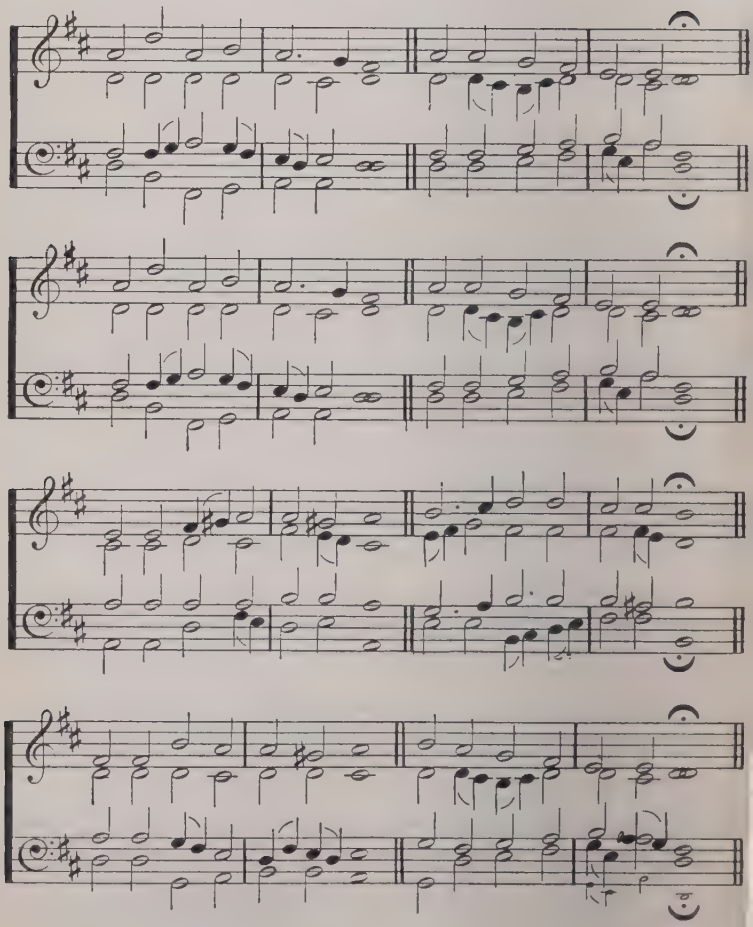
Go tell the Lord Christ's message,
The Easter triumph sing,
Till all His waiting children know
That Jesus is their King.

A. M. MILNER-BARRY.

This Hymn may also be sung to OLD ENGLISH *(No. 226), with the following refrain:*

Sing the joy of Easter Day,
The Easter triumph tell,
Jesus rose on Easter Day,
The Lord who loves us well.

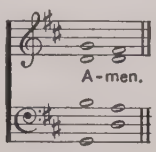
65 SALZBURG. 77.77.D. J. HINTZE.



AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His pierced side;
Praise we Him, whose love divine
Gives His sacred blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast,
Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee
Ever with the Spirit be.

Tr. R. CAMPBELL.



The following Hymns are suitable for young children at Easter:

At Easter-time the lilies fair. No. 308.
It is the joyful Eastertime. No. 309.
Little children, sing to Jesus. No. 310.

66 CROFT'S 136TH.

In moderate time. 66.66.88. W. CROFT.

This Hymn may also be sung to DARWALL'S 148TH (No. 224).

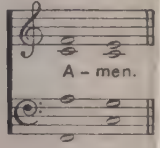
TO Thee, our God, we fly
For mercy and for grace :
O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

Arise, O Lord of hosts ;
Be jealous for Thy name ;
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.

The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless ;
May they Thy servants be
And rule in righteousness.

Give peace, Lord, in our time
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy majesty.

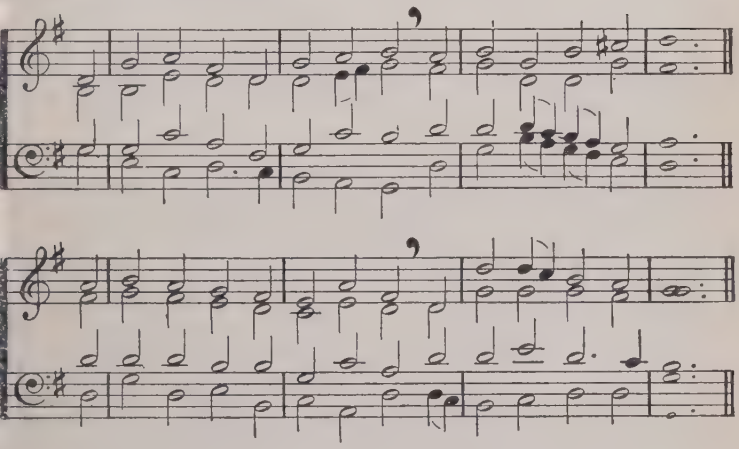
BP. W. W. HOW.



The following Hymns may also be used on this occasion :

Father, who on man dost shower. No. 162.
God bless all the workers. No. 251.

67 **ST. MAGNUS (NOTTINGHAM).** C.M. J. CLARK.
Moderately slow.



THE head, that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light;

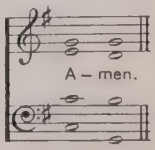
The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

To them the Cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. KELLY.



68 **LLANFAIR.** 74.74.D. WELSH HYMN MELO

In moderate time, dignified.

Unison

This Hymn may also be sung to EASTER HYMN (No. 62).

HAIL the day that sees Him rise
Alleluia !
Glorious to His native skies ;
Alleluia !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Alleluia !
Enters now the highest heaven !
Alleluia !

There the glorious triumph waits ;
Alleluia !
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Alleluia !
Christ hath vanquished death and sin ;
Alleluia !
Take the King of glory in.
Alleluia !

ASCENSION

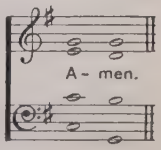
See ! the heaven its Lord receives,
Alleluia !
Yet He loves the earth He leaves :
Alleluia !
Though returning to His throne,
Alleluia !
Still He calls mankind His own.
Alleluia !

See ! He lifts His hands above ;
Alleluia !
See ! He shows the prints of love :
Alleluia !
Hark ! His gracious lips bestow
Alleluia !
Blessings on His Church below.
Alleluia !

Still for us He intercedes ;
Alleluia !
His prevailing death He pleads ;
Alleluia !
Near Himself prepares our place,
Alleluia !
Harbinger of human race.
Alleluia !

Lord, though parted from our sight,
Alleluia !
Far above yon azure height,
Alleluia !
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Alleluia !
Seeking Thee beyond the skies.
Alleluia !

C. Wesley (18th cent.).



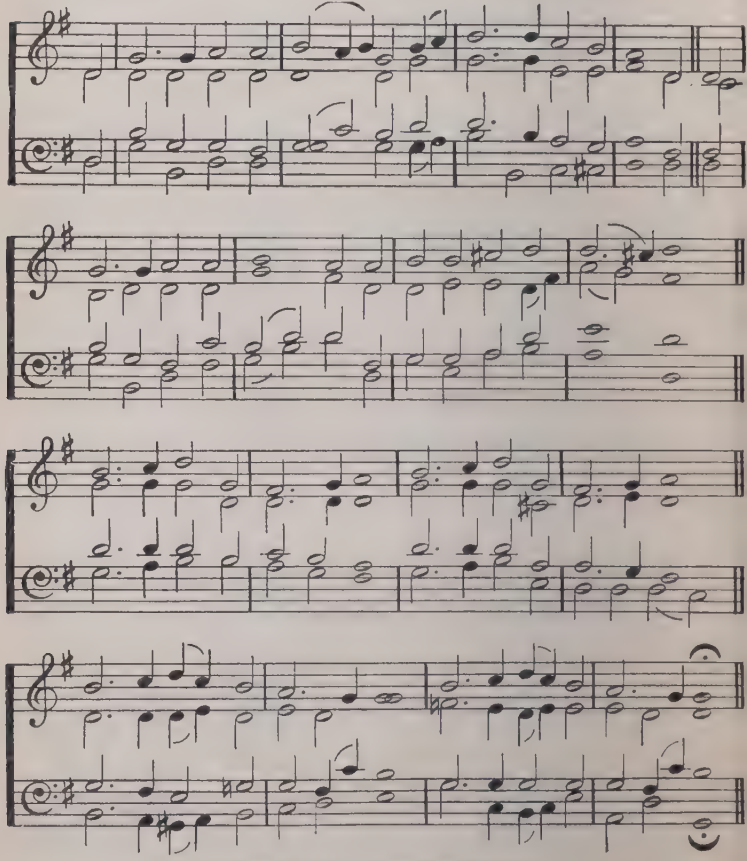
The following Hymns may also be used during Ascensiontide :

All hail the power of Jesus' name. No. 168.
Crown Him with many crowns. No. 169.
Rejoice, the Lord is King. No. 190.

The following Hymn is suitable for young children :

The glad Ascensiontide is here. No. 312.

69 **FORTEM VIRILI PECTORE.** 17TH CENT. MELODY.
With dignity. 77·77·D. *Har. by* F. C. BURKITT.



By permission of Prof. F. C. Burkitt and the S.P.C.K.

OUR Lord, His Passion ended,
Hath gloriously ascended,
Yet though from Him divided,
He leaves us not unguided ;

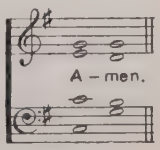
All His benefits to crown
He hath sent His Spirit down,
Burning like a flame of fire
His disciples to inspire.

God's Spirit is directing ;
No more they sit expecting ;
But forth to all the nation
They go with exultation ;
That which God in them hath
wrought
Fills their life and soul and thought,
So their witness now can do
Work as great in others too.

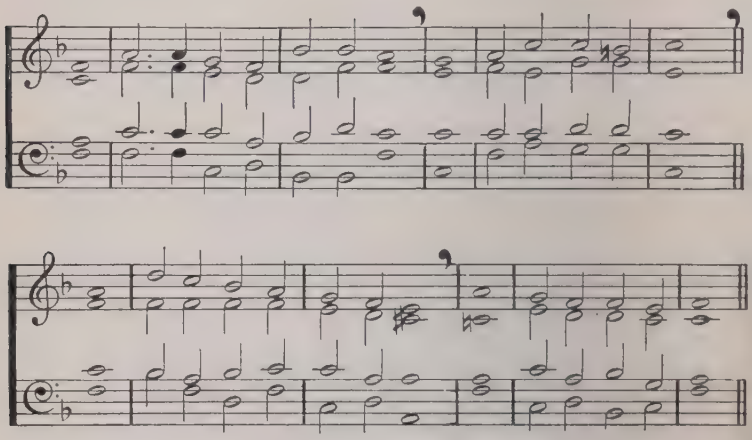
The centuries go gliding,
But still we have abiding
With us that Spirit Holy
To make us brave and lowly—
Lowly, for we feel our need,
God alone is strong indeed ;
Brave, for with the Spirit's aid
We can venture unafraid.

O Lord of every nation,
Fill us with inspiration !
We know our own unfitness,
Yet for Thee would bear witness.
By Thy Spirit now we raise
To Thy heavenly Father praise :
Holy Spirit, Father, Son,
Make us know Thee, ever One.

F. C. Burkitt.



70 **WINCHESTER OLD.** C.M. ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.
In moderate time.



WHEN God of old came down
from heaven,
In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were
riven,
Half darkness and half flame :

But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

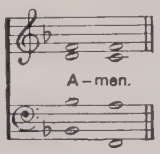
And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to
hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark
cloud ;

So, when the Spirit of our God
  Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard
    abroad,
  A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God ; it fills
  The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
  No place for it is found.

Come, Lord ; come, Wisdom, Love,
    and Power ;
  Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
  Save, Lord, by love or fear.

J. KEBLE.



The following Hymns may also be used during Whitsuntide :

Breathe on me, Breath of God. No. 198.
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire. No. 193.
Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come. No. 195.
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost. No. 196.
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed. No. 197.
Thou Wind of God, whose coming stirred. No. 194.

The following Hymn is suitable for young children :

It is the Holy Spirit's day. No. 313.

HOLY TRINITY

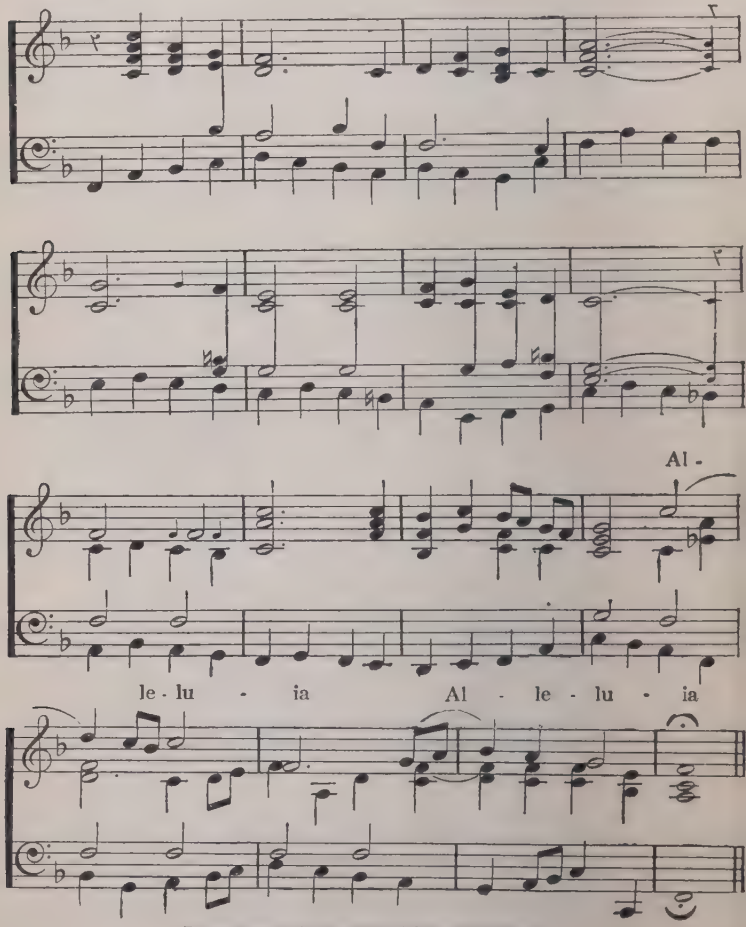
The following Hymns may be used on this Sunday :

Bright the vision that delighted. No. 152.
Firmly I believe and truly. No. 247.
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty. No. 159.
I believe that God the Father's power. No. 246.
I bind unto myself to-day. No. 158.
What is Holy Trinity ? No. 151.

71 **SINE NOMINE.** 10.10.10.4. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

In moderate time.

Unison.



By permission of the Committee of the English Hymnal.

FOR all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who | Thee by | faith before the world confessed,
Thy | name, O | Jesu, be for ever blest. Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might ;
| Thou, Lord, their | Captain in the well-fought fight ;
| Thou in the | darkness drear their one true Light. Alleluia !

O, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the | Saints who nobly fought of old,
And | win, with | them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia !

O blest communion ! fellowship divine !
We feebly | struggle ; they in glory shine !
Yet | all are | one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia !

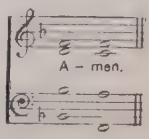
And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
| Steals on the | ear the distant triumph-song,
And | hearts are | brave a- | gain, and arms are strong. Alleluia !

The golden evening brightens in the west :
Soon, soon, to | faithful warriors cometh rest ;
Sweet is the | calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia !

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day !
The | Saints tri- | umphant rise in bright array ;
The | King of | glory | passes on His way. Alleluia !

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through | gates of | pearl streams in the countless host,
| Singing to | Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia !

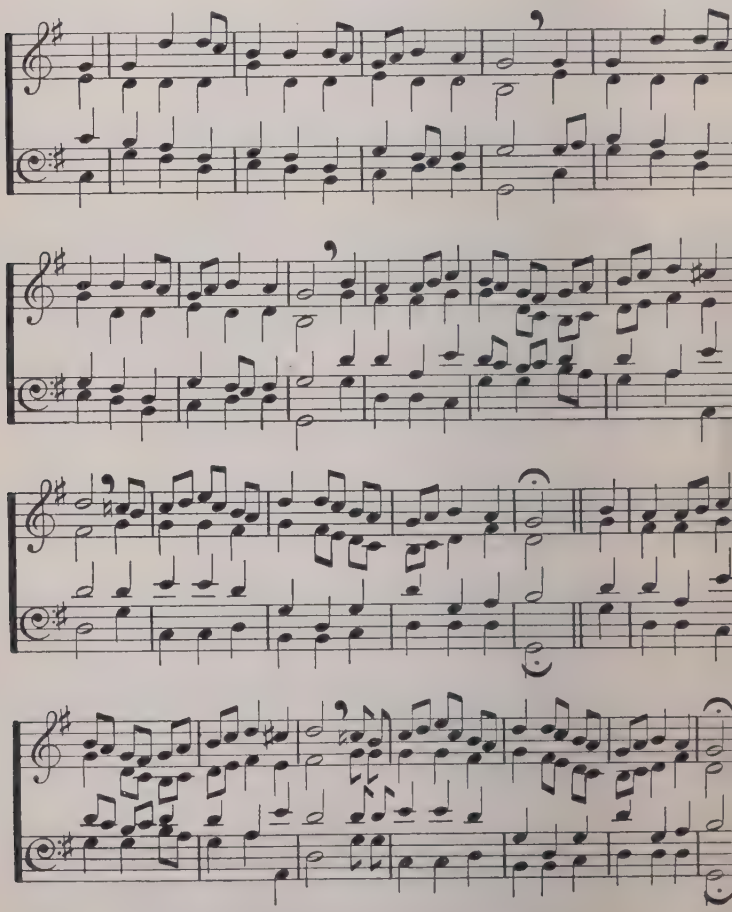
Bp. W. W. How.



72 **A VIRGIN MOST PURE.**
Cheerfully.

Irregular.

TRADITIONAL AI
Harm. by MARTIN SHA



By permission of Messrs. A. R. Mowbray & Co.

(This Hymn may also be sung to the tune of Hymn No. 292.)

GOOD Christians, awake, for 'tis Midsummer morn,
The child of the new world at last has been born,
The child of the roses we greet with a song,
For whom Zacharias had waited so long.
Good Christians, be joyful, put sorrow away:
For the herald of Jesus was born on this day.

To old Zacharias with censer in hand
Came Gabriel, who in God's presence doth stand,
And said, "Behold, Israel's new hope is begun,
And the Lord, Zacharias, will send thee a son."
Good Christians, etc.

But Zachary answered, "We two now are old,
Nor can this thing be, which to me thou hast told."
And Gabriel said, "Thou hast doubted my word,
Till that day come, thy voice shall by no man be heard."
Good Christians, etc.

Then he and his wife were awaiting the time,
While the year passed midwinter, and slowly did climb,
And never a word could old Zachary say,
Till the sun came full circle, to Midsummer Day.
Good Christians, etc.

The cold and the darkness were over and gone,
But Elizabeth waited to hold her son John:
When the gardens were gay in the midsummer morn,
To old Zacharias a young son was born.
Good Christians, etc.

Then spoke Zacharias and sweetly did sing,
"From high in God's dwelling the new day doth spring,
And thou, child, art prophet of Israel restored,
Who preparest the way for the feet of the Lord."
Good Christians, etc.

And strong in the deserts the young prophet grew,
And declared that the word of the Lord should be true,
And said, "He is coming, whom ye shall adore,
Who is born after me, and exalted before."
Good Christians, etc.

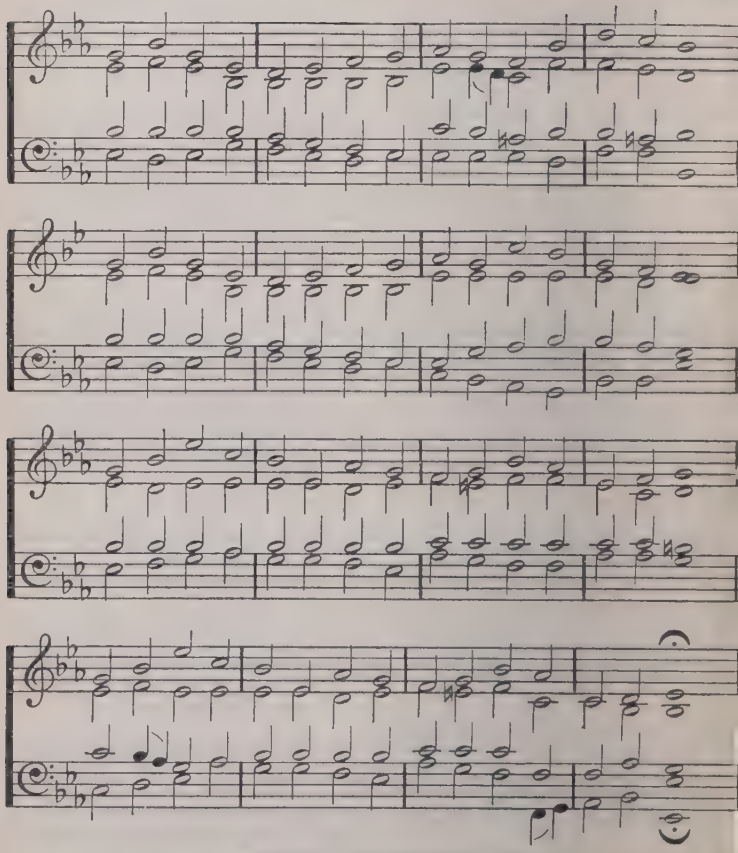
For we shall sing songs in the winter one day,
And the scent of the roses give place to the hay,
When we in the stable shall kneel and adore,
Who expected the Child through the long months before.
Good Christians, etc.

Then let us repent and be cleansèd with care
And gifts for our Lord and our neighbours prepare;
For here is the Baptist to teach us to say,
That Christmas is coming, on Midsummer Day.
Good Christians, etc.

M. SNOW.

73 **DEERHURST.** 87.87.D. J. LANGRA

In moderate time.



By permission of Messrs. Novello & Co., Ltd.

HARK! the sound of holy voices,
chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Lord,
to Thee:
Multitudes which none can number,
like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
palms of victory in their hand.

Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who
prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr, and Evangelist,
Saintly Maiden, godly Matron,
widows who have watched to
prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing to
the Lord of all, are there.

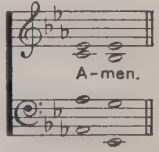
They have come from tribulation,
and have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the Blood of Jesus:
tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan by the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with Thy Cross their banner, they have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation—
Thee, their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered; gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal they were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever, and all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision of the blessèd Trinity.

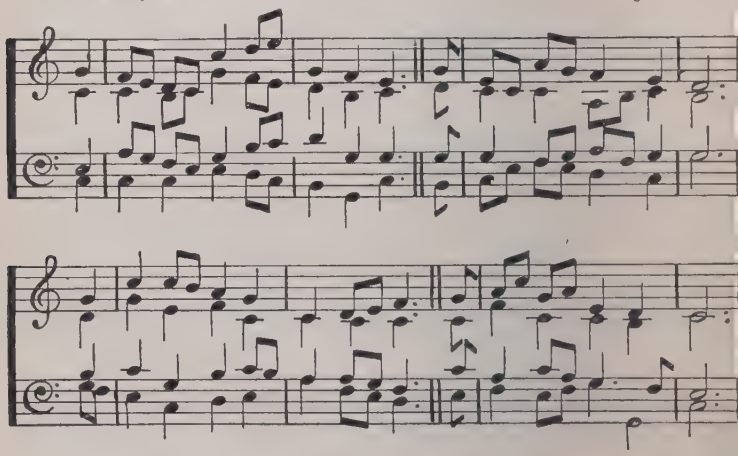
God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In whose Body joined together all the Saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost adore.

BP. C. WORDSWORTH.



74 UNIVERSITY (FIRST TUNE).

Moderately fast. C.M J. RANDALL (



HOW bright those glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the Blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

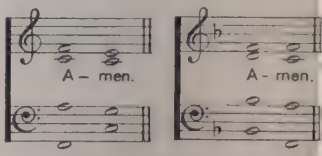
Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb, which dwells amid the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine
And all their footsteps guide.

In pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

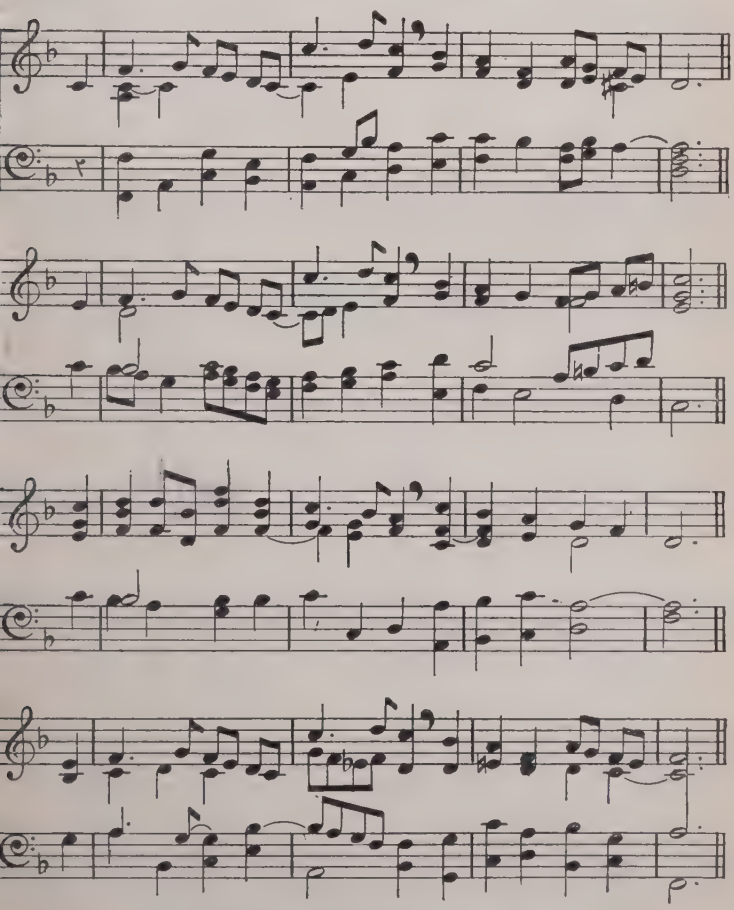
I. WATTS AND OTHERS (18th cent.).

1st Tune. *2nd Tune.*



THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS (SECOND TUNE). IRISH AIR.
In moderate time. C.M. *Har. by* G. GARDNER.

Unison.



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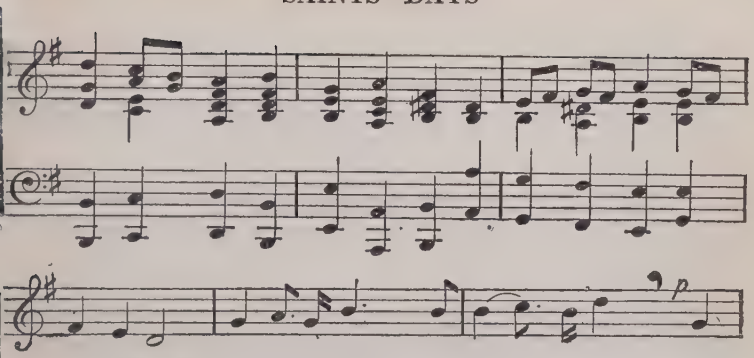
75 **DARTMOUTH.** With great dignity. 88.88.88. ARTHUR SOMERVEL

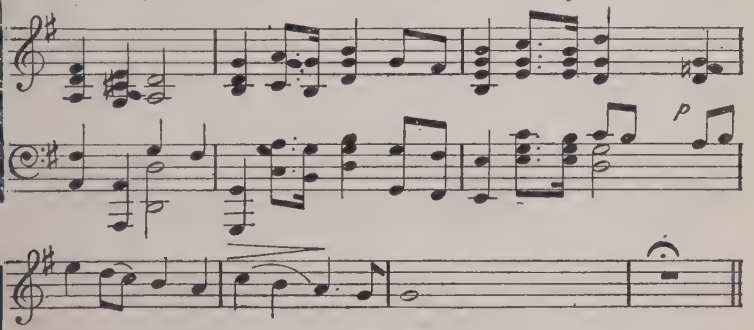
Lord God of Hosts, with
Thou Breath of Life since
To George our Saint Thou
Arm us like him, who

in whose hand Do - min - ion rests on sea and land, Be-
time be - gan, Breathing up - on the lips of man, Hast
ga - vest grace Without one fear all foes to face, And
in Thy trust Beat down the dra - gon to the dust; So

fore whose word of life or death The strength of na - tions
taught each kin - dred race to raise U - ni - ted word to
to con - fess by faith - ful death That Word of Life which
that we too may tread down sin And with Thy Saints a

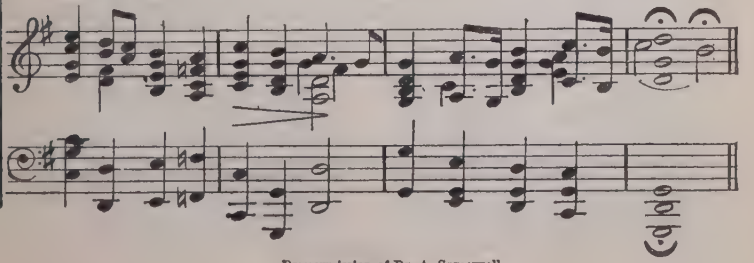


is but breath : O King, en-throned all thrones a - bove, Give
sound Thy praise: So, in this land, join, we be - seech, All
was his breath. O help us, Hel - per of Saint George, To
crown may win. Help us, O God, that we may be A



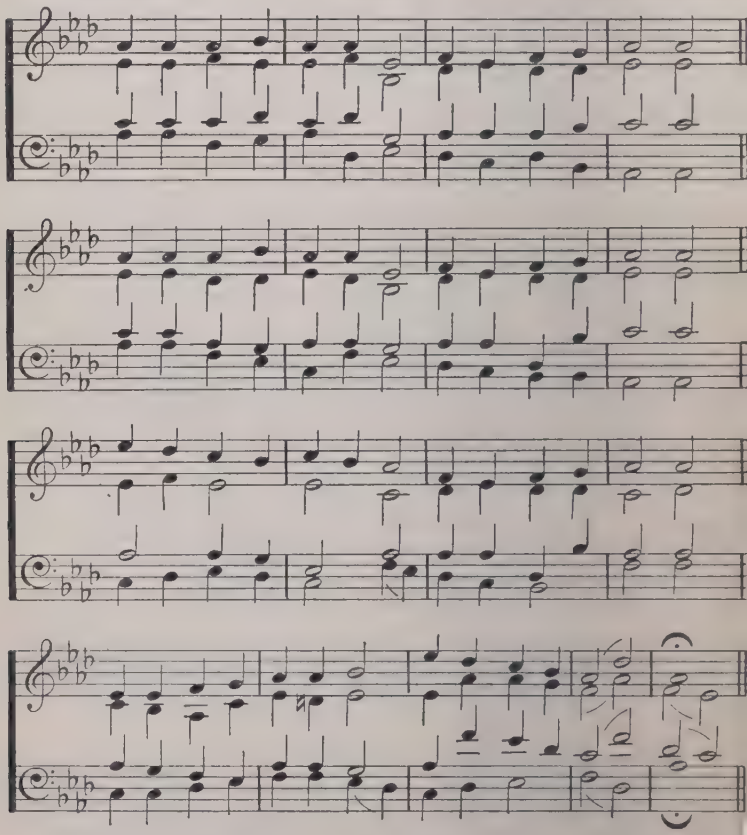
strength un - to the land we love.
hearts and lips in sing - le speech.
fear no bonds that man can forge.
land ac - cept - a - ble to Thee.

L. HOUSMAN.



By permission of Dr. A. Somervell.

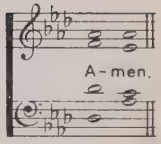
76 TEMPUS ADEST FLORIDUM. 76.76.D. GERMAN TRADITIONAL AI



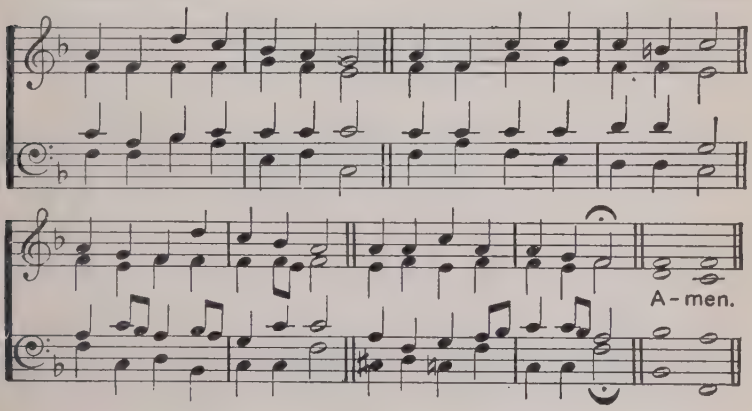
LET our choir new anthems raise,
Wake the morn with gladness;
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the Martyrs' sadness:
This the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
And put on the immortal.

Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour:
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

Up and follow, Christian men !
  Press through toil and sorrow ;
Spurn the night of fear, and then
  O, the glorious morrow !
Who will venture on the strife ?
  Who will first begin it ?
Who will grasp the land of life ?
  Warriors, up and win it !
Tr. J. M. NEALE.



77 **UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.**
Moderately quick. 77·77· H. J. GAUNTLETT.



This Hymn may also be sung to MELLING (No. 269).

CAPTAINS of the saintly band,
  Lights who lighten every land,
Princes who with Jesus dwell,
Judges of His Israel :

On the nations sunk in night
Ye have shed the Gospel light ;
Sin and error flee away ;
Truth reveals the promised day.

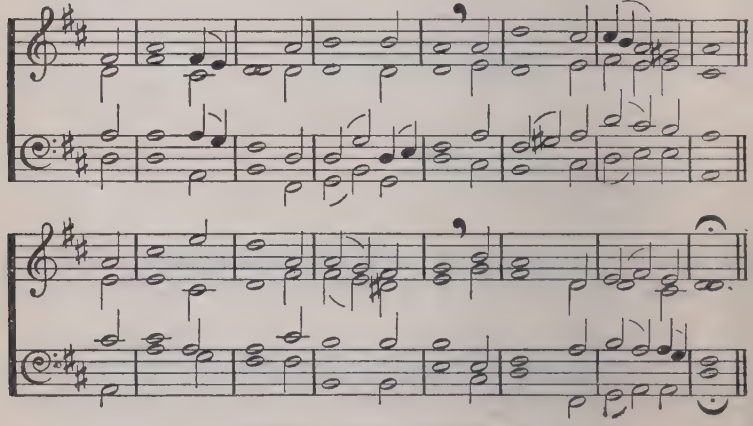
Not by warrior's spear and sword,
Not by art of human word,
Preaching but the Cross of shame,
Rebel hearts for Christ ye tame.

Earth, that long in sin and pain
Groaned in Satan's deadly chain,
Now to serve its God is free
In the law of liberty.

Distant lands with one acclaim
Tell the honour of your name,
Who, wherever man has trod,
Teach the mysteries of God.

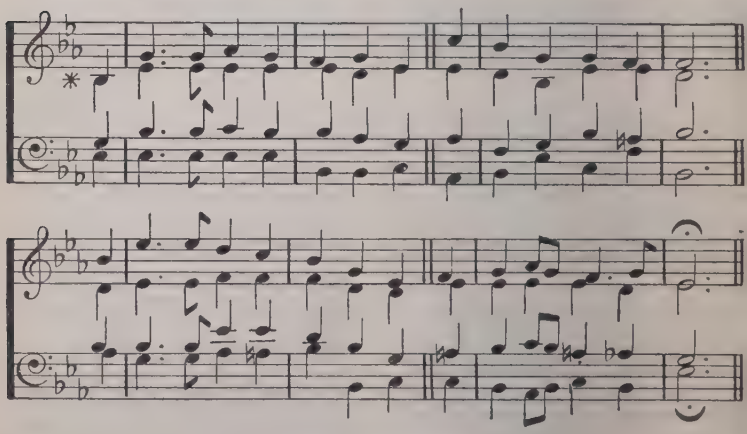
Glory to the Three in One
While eternal ages run,
Who from deepest shades of night
Called us to His glorious light.
Tr. H. W. BAKER.

78 **WETHERBY** (FIRST TUNE). C.M. S. S. WESLEY
With dignity.



By permission of the Royal College of Music.

JERUSALEM (SECOND TUNE) C.M. T. W. STANIFORTH



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* The first word of this line may be sung to E♭.

THE Saints are crowned with glory great:
They see God face to face:
They triumph still, they still rejoice:
Most happy is their case.

In heaven they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

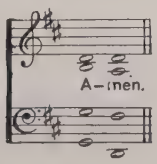
Our Lady sings Magnificat
With tune surpassing sweet;
And all the Virgins bear their parts,
Sitting about her feet.

O happy harbour of the Saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

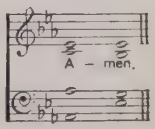
In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore;
In thee there is no dread of death,
But life for evermore.

F. B. P. (16th cent.).

1st Tune.



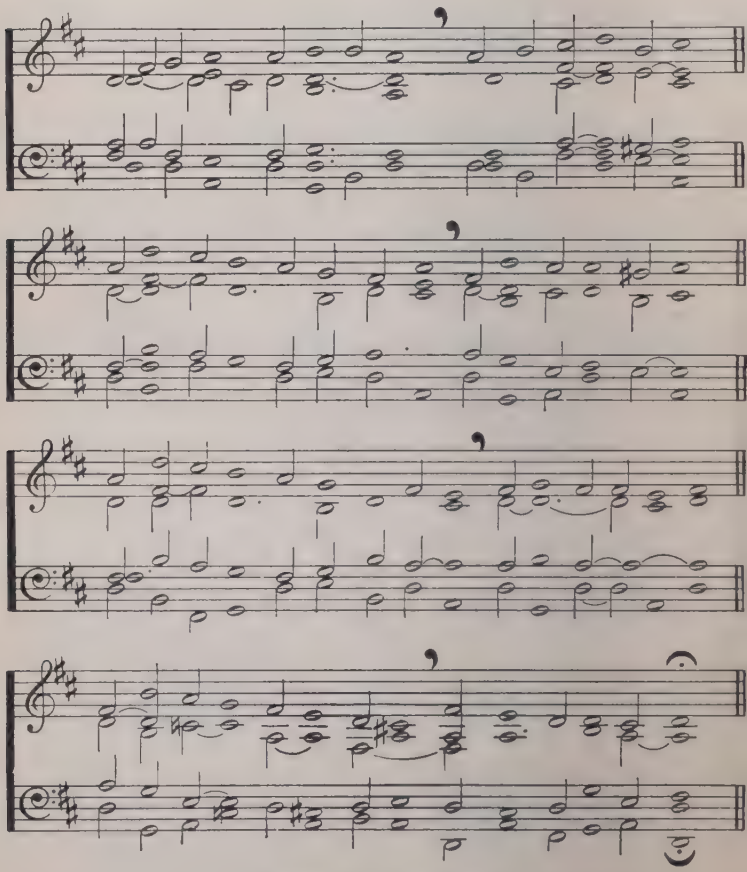
2nd Tune.



79 **OLD 81ST** (FIRST TUNE). D.C.M. *Har. by* BASIL HARWOOD.

With dignity.

Unison.



By permission of Dr. Basil Harwood.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in his train?

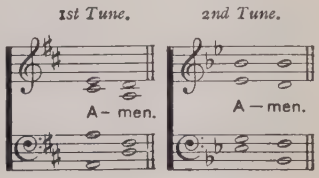
A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;

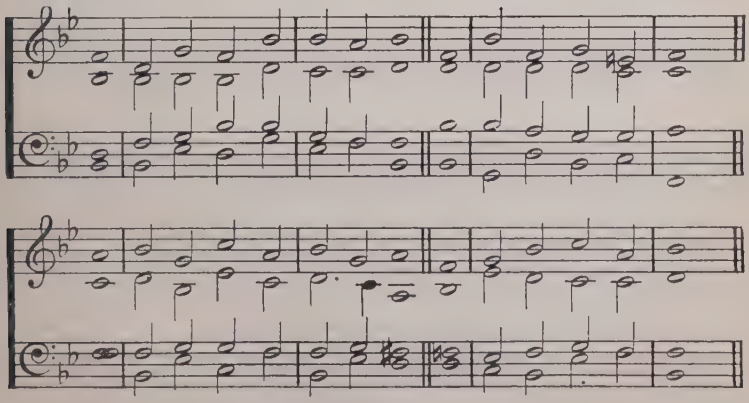
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

Bp. R. Heber.



ST. ANNE (SECOND TUNE). C.M. W. Croft (?).

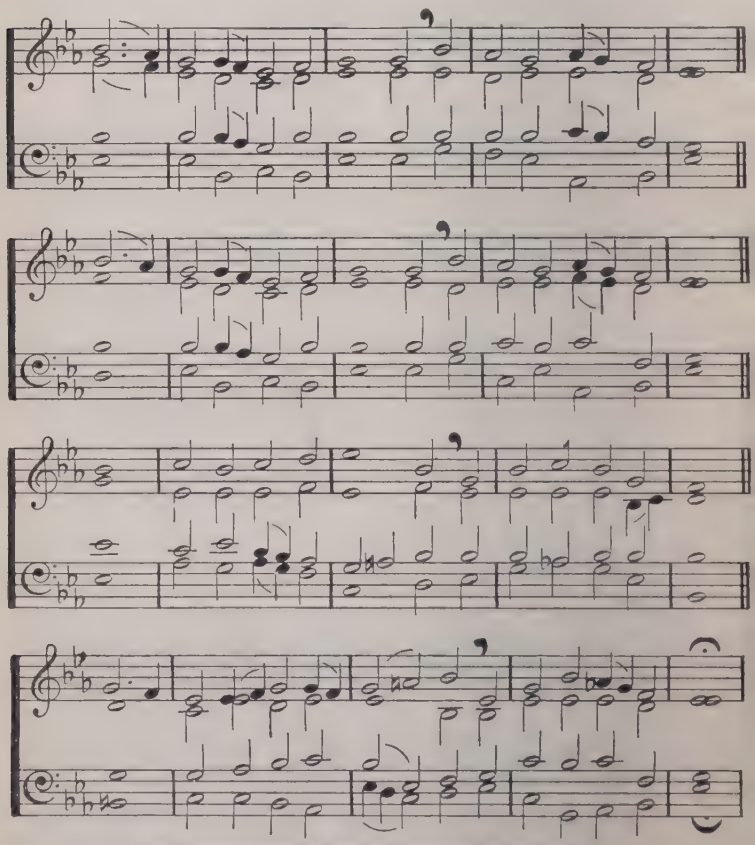
With dignity.



80 **MEIRIONYDD.**
In moderate time.

76.76.D.

WELSH HYMN MELODY.



This Hymn may also be sung to GOSTERWOOD (No. 137).

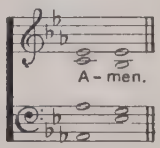
THE saints of God went forward:
Though rough the road they trod,
They neither feared nor faltered
Because it led to God.

Their Father's heavenly city
  Gleamed at the journey's end,
And Jesus went beside them,
  The pilgrim's trusted Friend.

God's children still go forward,
  The way is still the same,
And Jesus calls His servants
  To battle for His name :
To join with holy Alban,
  With Aidan, Bede, and Chad,
To make this land of England
  A happy land, and glad.

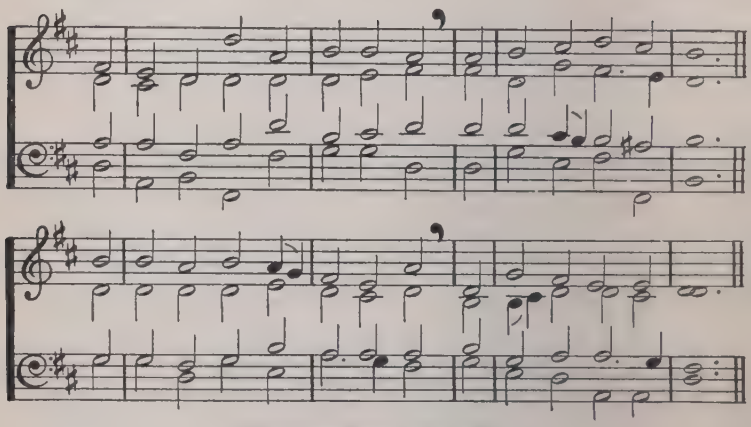
From heaven the saints are watching,
  They hold out helping hands
To guide us where God's city,
  The golden City, stands.
O Jesus, Saviour, help us
  To win the crowns they won,
That we at last in heaven
  May hear, with them, "Well done."

F. C. Bond.



81 METZLER'S REDHEAD.

In moderate time. C.M. R. REDHEAD.



By permission of Messrs. Metzler & Co.

This Hymn may also be sung to EPSOM (No. 14).

SHALL we not love thee, Mother dear,
Whom Jesus loves so well?
And, to His glory, year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell?

Bound with the curse of sin and shame
We helpless sinners lay,
Until in tender love He came
To bear the curse away.

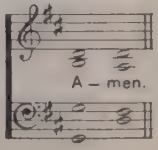
And thee He chose from whom to take
True flesh His Flesh to be:
In It to suffer for our sake,
By It to make us free.

Thy Babe He lay upon thy breast,
To thee He cried for food;
Thy gentle nursing soothed to rest
Th' Incarnate Son of God.

And as He loves thee, Mother dear,
We too will love thee well;
And, to His glory, year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell.

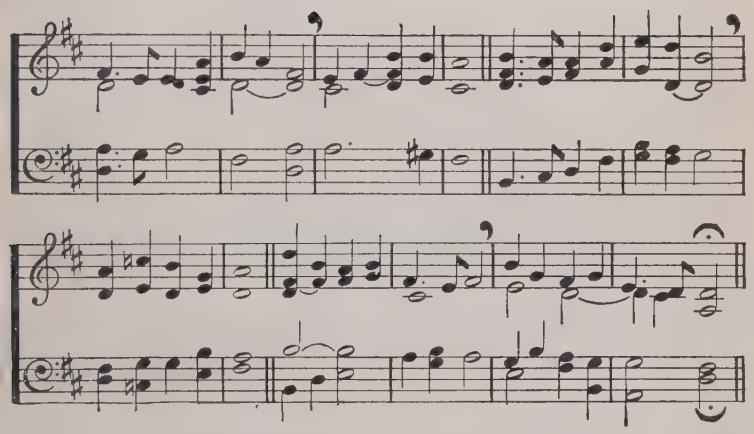
Jesu, the Virgin's Holy Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One
And Spirit evermore.

H. W. BAKER.



82 **MICKLETON.**
Moderately quick. 75·75·77· G. GARDNER.

Unison.



Copyright of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal.

AS St. Joseph lay asleep
Came an angel fair,
Saying, "Take the Holy Child
Trusted to your care,
Into Egypt flee by night,
Far from Herod's cruel might."

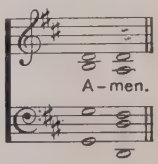
In the darkness he arose,
As the angel bade,
Took the Blessed Babe divine,
And His Mother-maid,
Left the home they loved so well,
In that far-off land to dwell.

Then King Herod, filled with rage,
Knowing not the Lord,
Every helpless babe destroyed
With the spear and sword;
How their mothers wept for them
Through the coasts of Bethlehem!

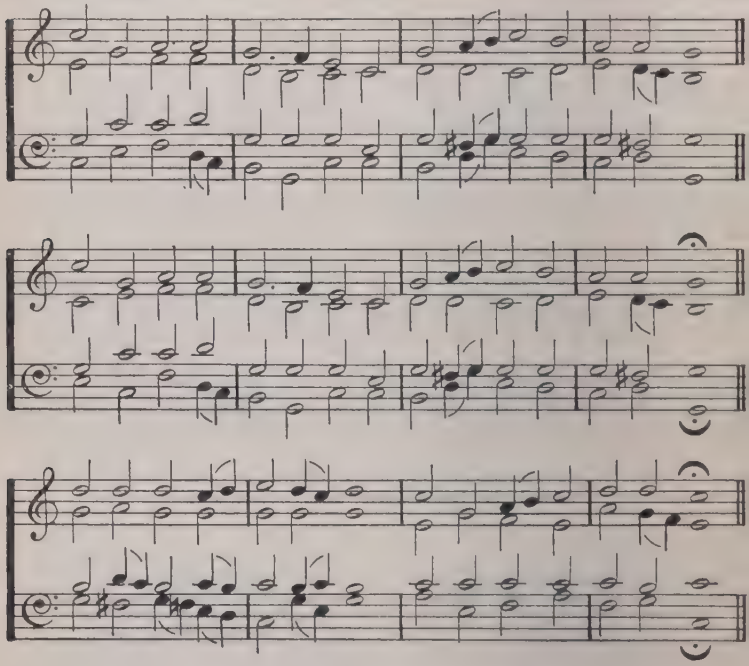
Would those weeping eyes could see
That sweet infant band,
Harping with their harps of gold,
On Mount Sion stand:
While the Lamb for whom they died
Keeps them ever at His side!

Holy Jesu! grant to us
Spotless purity;
May we, like these Innocents,
Live and die to Thee;
May we here Thy name confess,
Share in heaven their happiness!

C. F. HERNAMAN.



83 **ALL SAINTS.**
Moderately slow and dignified. 87.87.77. DARMSTADT GESANGBUCH, 1698



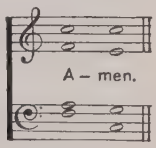
WHO are these like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia, hark! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These like priests have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve Him still:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.

Tr. F. E. Cox.



The following Hymn may also be used on Saints' Days:

For the beauty of the earth. No. 218.

MICHAELMAS

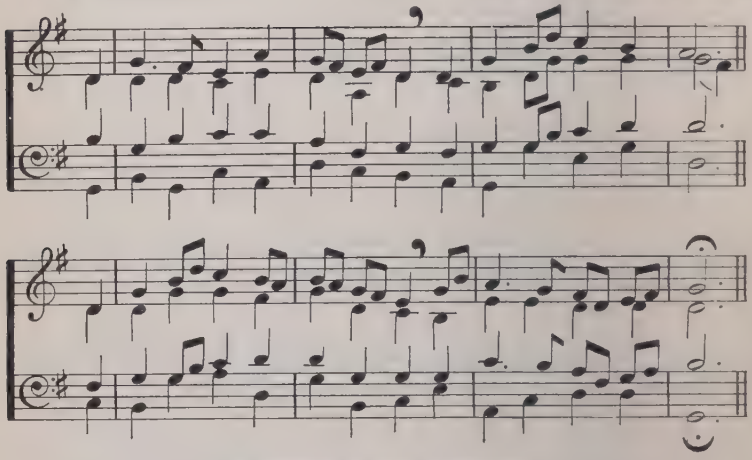
The following Hymns may be used for Michaelmas:

Angel voices ever singing. No. 223.
Around the throne of God. No. 200.
Come, let us join our cheerful songs. No. 191.
God Eternal, Mighty King. No. 210.
In the silent midnight. No. 199.
Stars of the morning. No. 201.
Ye holy angels bright. No. 224.
Ye watchers and ye holy ones. No. 208.

The following Michaelmas Hymns are suitable for little children:

Holy angels live in heaven. No. 328.
We thank Thee that our angels bright. No. 320.

84 **RODMELL.** In moderate time. C.M. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL MELODY.



By permission of the Oxford University Press.

This Hymn may also be sung to UNIVERSITY (No. 74).

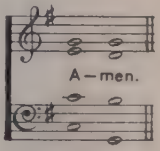
THE earth, O Lord, is one great field
Of all Thy chosen seed:
The crop prepared its fruit to yield;
The labourers few indeed.

Endue the bishops of Thy flock
With wisdom and with grace,
Against false doctrine, like a rock,
To set the heart and face:

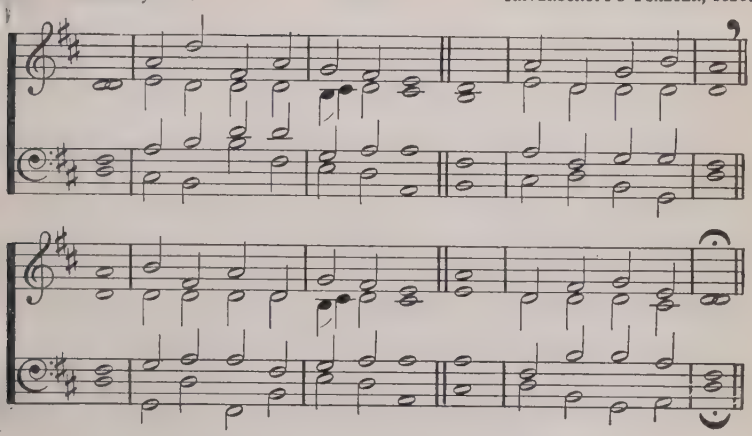
To all Thy priests Thy truth reveal,
And make Thy judgments clear;
Make Thou Thy deacons full of zeal
And humble and sincere.

And give their flocks a lowly mind
To hear and not in vain:
That each and all may mercy find
When Thou shalt come again.

J. M. NEALE.



85 **ST. DAVID.** Moderately slow. C.M. RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, 1621.



This Hymn may also be sung to ST. PETER (No. 90).

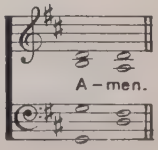
CHRIST is gone up; yet ere He passed
From earth, in heaven to reign,
He formed one holy Church to last
Till He should come again.

His twelve Apostles first He made
His ministers of grace;
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

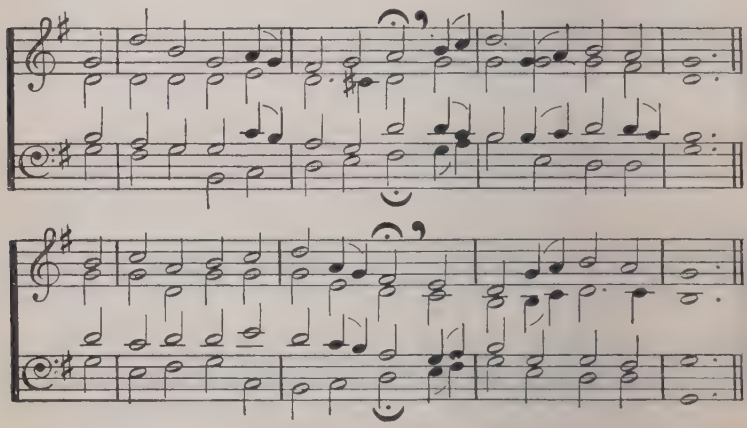
So, age by age, and year by year,
His grace is handed on;
And still the holy Church is here,
Although her Lord is gone.

Let those find pardon, Lord, from Thee
Whose love to her is cold;
Bring wanderers in, and let there be
One Shepherd and one fold.

J. M. NEALE.



86 **ST. STEPHEN.** Slow. C.M. W. JONES.



IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thy brow,
And stamp thee His alone.

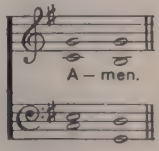
In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

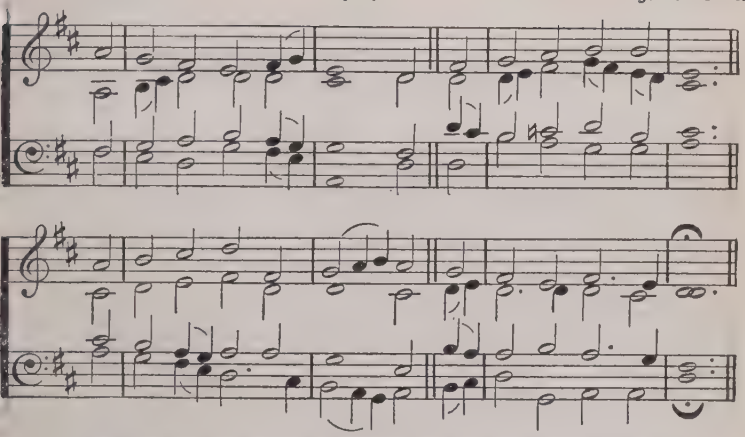
In token that thou, too, shalt tread
The path He travelled by;
Endure the Cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high:

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His Cross
Hereafter share His Crown!

H. ALFORD.



87 **JERUSALEM.** 76.76. J. B. DYKES.
In moderate time.



This Hymn may also be sung to CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN (No. 89).

IN Thy kind arms, Lord Jesus,
This little child we place,
That *he* may rest for ever
In the sunshine of Thy face.

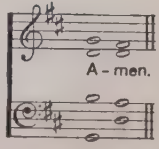
The Cross of our redemption
Upon *his* brow we sign,
To pledge *him* to Thy service,
To mark *him* ever Thine

The gift which Thou hast given
We here give back to Thee,
That Thou who wast the Giver
May'st now *his* Guardian be.

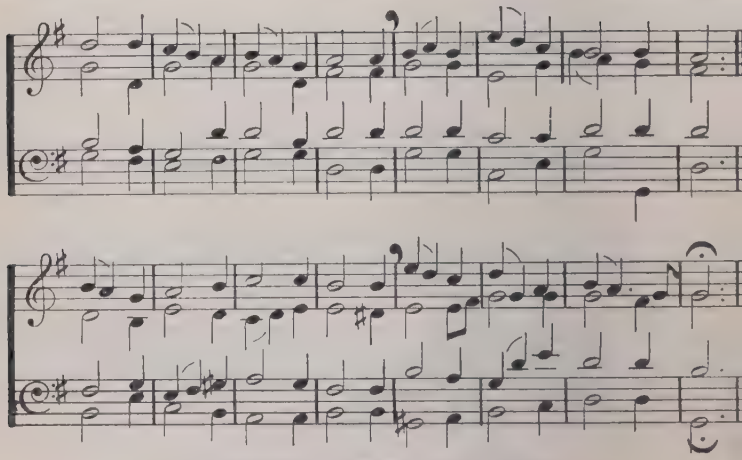
Bestow on *him*, dear Master,
The Spirit's precious dower ;
Sweet childhood's gentle graces
Unfolding hour by hour.

Hear now the prayers we offer,
Accept the song we raise ;
To Thee shall be the glory
To Thee shall be the praise.

E. A. DOUGLAS.



88 **GLÜCK ZU KREUZ.** 87.87. GERMAN, 169
Quietly. *Har. by* C. Woo

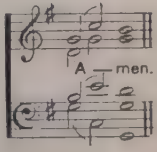


By permission of Dr. G. R. Woodward, from *Songs of Syon.*

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

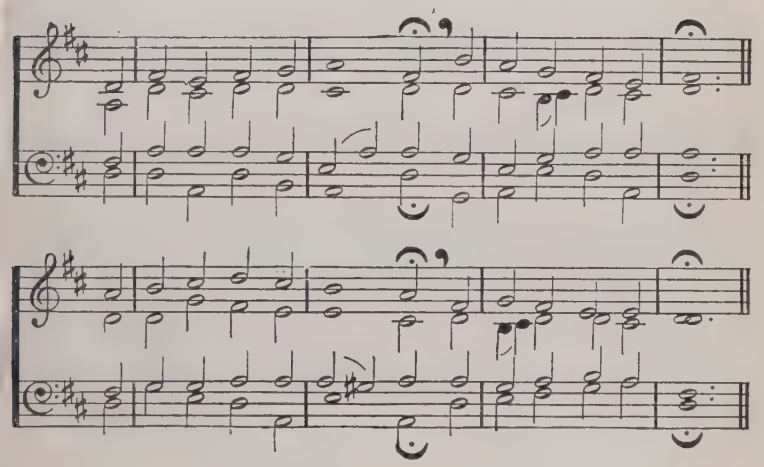
May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days:
Then go dwell for ever near Him;
See His face and sing His praise.
L. WATTS (18th cent.).



The following Hymn may also be used at Baptisms:
I was made a Christian. No. 261.

89 CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN.

Slow. 76.76. M. VULPIUS.



LORD Jesu! on our forehead
Thy Cross was signed of old;
As soldiers in Thy army
Our names Thou hast enrolled.

Now, faithful in Thy service,
We would go forth to fight,
Beneath Thy conquering banner,
Our only strength Thy might.

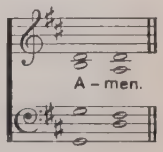
With Satan's hosts around us,
And traitor hearts within,
Great Captain of Salvation!
Nerve us the fight to win.

In time of fierce temptation,
When bitter foes assail,
O, give us help to conquer,
Nor suffer us to fail;

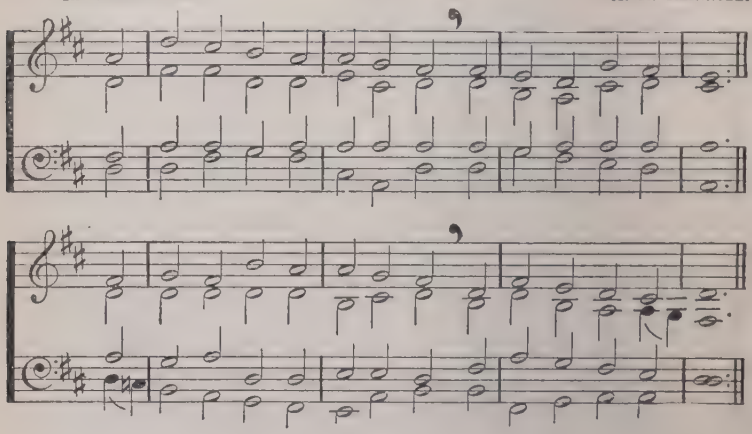
Nor waver from our duty,
Nor wander from Thy side;
Our life one act of service
For Thee, the Crucified!

Then, when our work is ended,
And all our warfare past,
Grant that within Thy Kingdom
We may find rest at last.

R. H. BAYNES.



90 **ST. PETER.** In moderate time. C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



This Hymn may also be sung to ST. JAMES (No. 181).

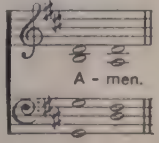
MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

Before the Cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be All in all.

Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace
And seal me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

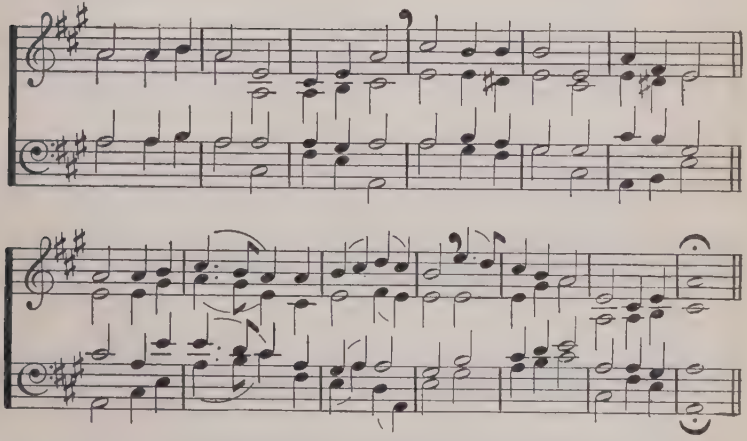
Let every thought, and work, and word
By Thee be ever blest;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of rest.

M. BRIDGES.



91 LLEDROD.

With vigour. L.M. OLD WELSH MELODY.



This Hymn may also be sung to WAREHAM (No. 108).

O GOD, in this Thine hour of grace,
With needy heart and empty hand,
Yet bidd'n of Thee to seek Thy face,
For blessing at Thy feet we stand.

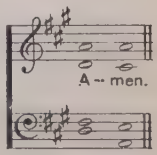
Ours are the vows, the frail desires,
The high resolve to dare and do;
Our flickering faith to Thee aspires,
And passes like the morning dew.

Ours is the mighty need of Thee,—
How great Thy love alone can know;
Ours but the hunger and the plea
That strives and will not let Thee go.

Thine is the promise: "How much more
Shalt Thou, the heavenly Father, give
Thy Holy Spirit?"—all the store
Of gifts whereby Thy children live.

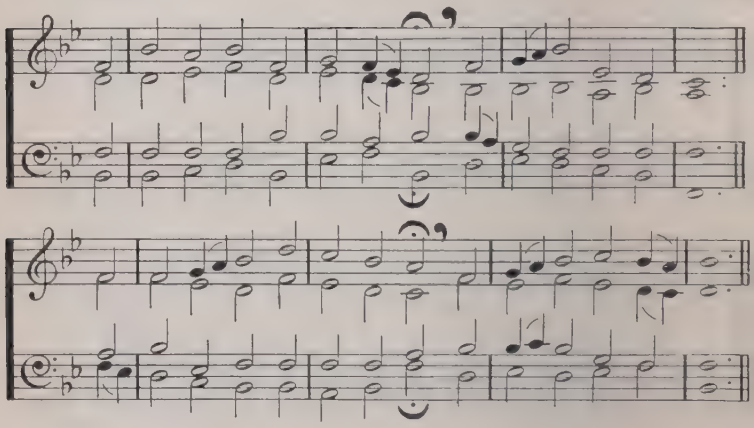
Thy word we clasp, Thy touch we wait;
Our eyes, O God, are unto Thee,
Whose lovingkindness makes us great,
Whose strength shall seal our victory.

BP. C. H. BOUTFLOWER.



92 CREDITON.

With dignity. C.M. T. CLARK.



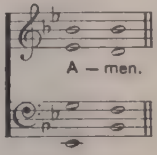
STRONG Captain, in Thy holy ranks
We take our places now,
Give us the mood befitting those
Who make so great a vow.

For foolishness it were to come
In hardihood of pride,
And cowardice it were to come
And wish to be untried.

We'll not mistrust our want of strength
Nor trust our strength of will;
Our only confidence, that Thou
Believest in us still.

Make, then, our task to match our strength,
Our strength to match our task,
And make us unafraid to do
Whatever Thou wilt ask.

J. M. C. CRUM.



The following Hymns may also be used for Confirmations:

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire. No. 193.
Fight the good fight. No. 236.
I was made a Christian. No. 261.
Members of Christ are we. No. 266.
O Jesus, I have promised. No. 263.
Soldiers of Christ, arise. No. 235.
Thine for ever! God of love. No. 264.
Who would true valour see. No. 234.

93 BREAD OF HEAVEN.

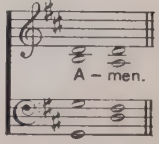
Moderately slow. 77·77·77· *Arr.* Abp. W. D. Maclagan.

By permission of Mr. Eric Maclagan.

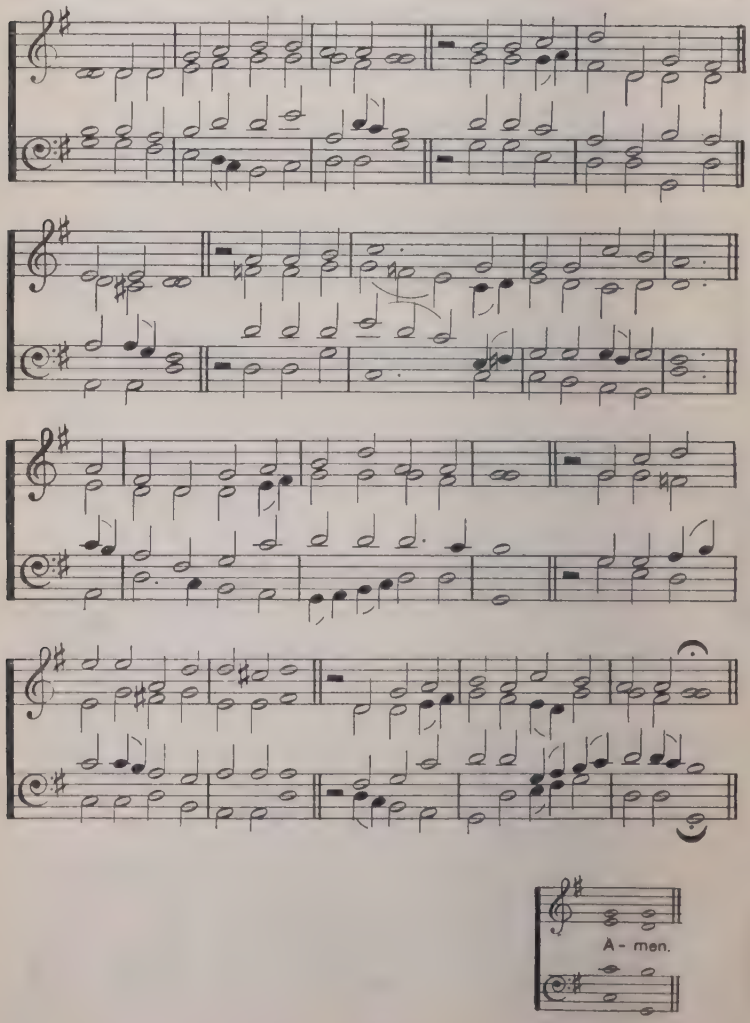
BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread ;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died.

Vine of heaven, Thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
'Tis Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy Cross we look and live :
Thou our life ! O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

J. Conder.



94 SONG I. (FIRST TUNE).
Moderately slow. 10.10.10.10.10.10. O. GIBBONS.



AND now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us once for all on Calvary's Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee
That only Offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid and our faith so dim;
For lo, between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of Thy Son, our Lord.

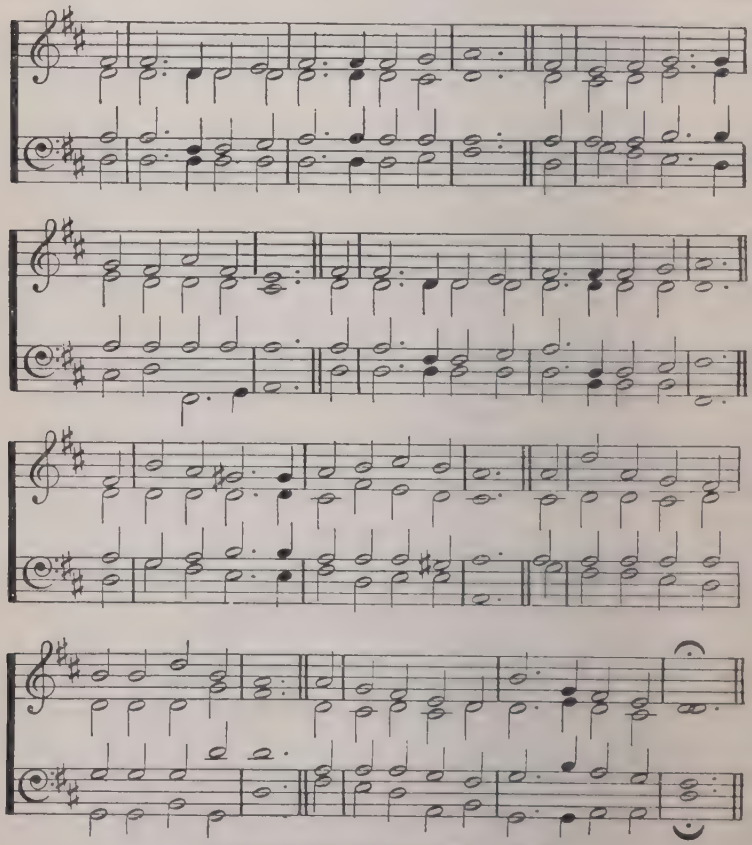
And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing Presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast;
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with grace to persevere.

[And so we come: O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, who canst love us still;
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part from Thee.]

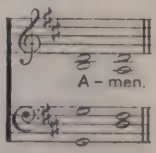
W. BRIGHT.

94 UNDE ET MEMORES (SECOND TUNE).

10.10 10.10.10.10. W. H. MONK.



By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.



AND now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us once for all on Calvary's Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee
That only Offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid and our faith so dim;
For lo, between our sins and their reward
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And then for those, our dearest and our best,
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O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal;
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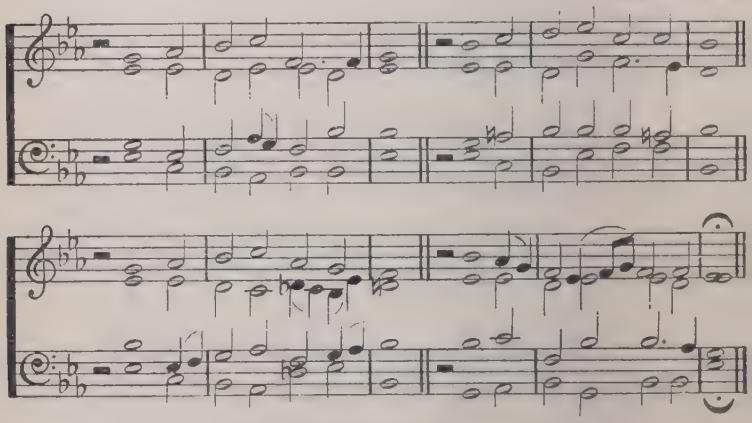
And crown Thy gifts with grace to persevere.

[And so we come: O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, who canst love us still;
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part from Thee.]

W. BRIGHT.

95 **SONG 13.**
Slow and solemn. 77·77· O. GIBBONS.
Original Version.



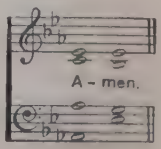
Another version of this tune will be found at No. 253.

ERE we leave Thine altar, Lord,
Where Thy Son we have adored,
Let our thanks again arise
For this holy sacrifice.

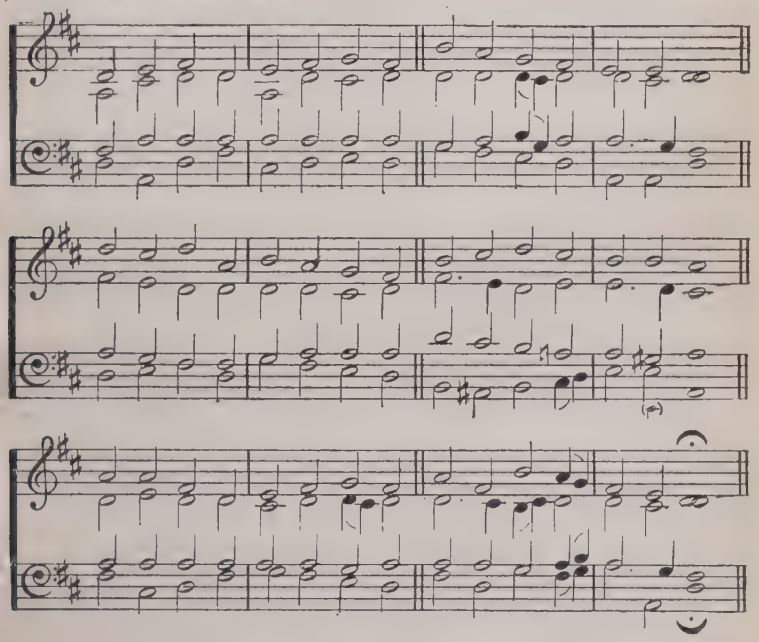
And if thoughts have entered in
Which have mixed our prayers with sin,
Let Thy Son's pure Blood and grace
All the sinfulness efface.

Make us, Lord, our whole life through,
Love the good, and speak the true,
Work our work with all our might,
Stand up bravely for the right.

T. I. BALL.

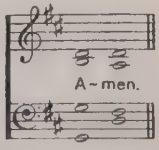


96 **ST. THOMAS.**
Moderately slow and dignified. 87.87.87. S. WEBBE.

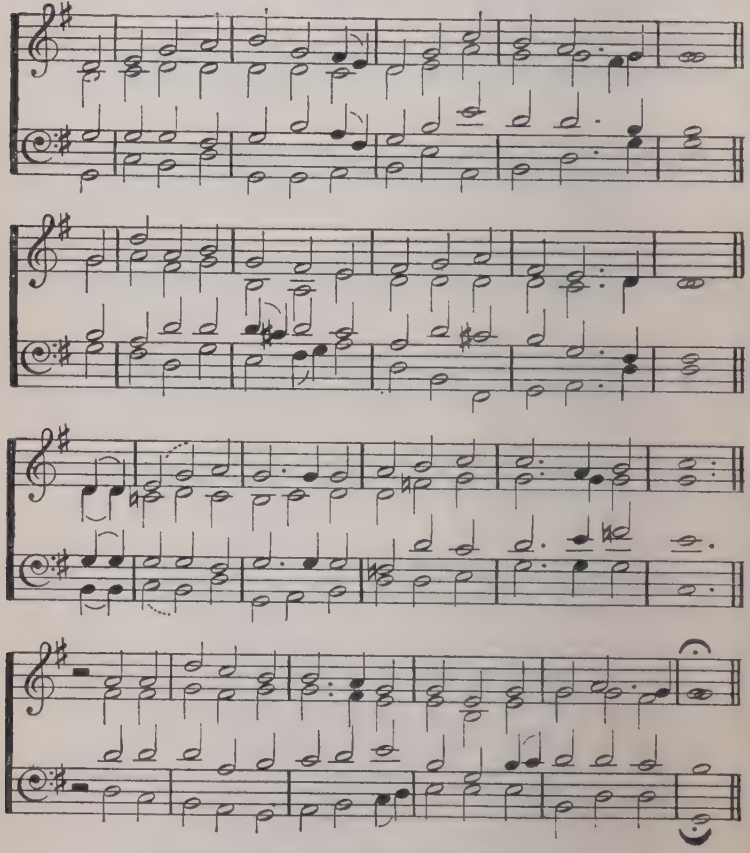


FATHER, hear our supplications;
Bless the gifts before Thee spread:
Son of God, vouchsafe Thy Presence
When Thine own true words are said:
Come, O Holy Ghost, descending,
Sanctify this wine and bread.

ANON.



97 **SHEEN.**
In moderate time. 14.14.14.15. G. T. Holst.

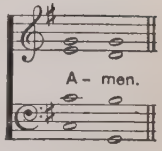


By permission of Mr. G. T. Holst.

FROM glory to glory advancing,
we praise Thee, O Lord;
Thy name with the Father and
Spirit be ever adored.
From strength unto strength we go
forward on Zion's highway,
To appear before God in the city
of infinite day.

Thanksgiving, and glory, and worship, and blessing, and love,
One heart and one song have the saints upon earth and above.
Evermore, O Lord, to Thy servants Thy presence be nigh;
Ever fit us by service on earth for Thy service on high.

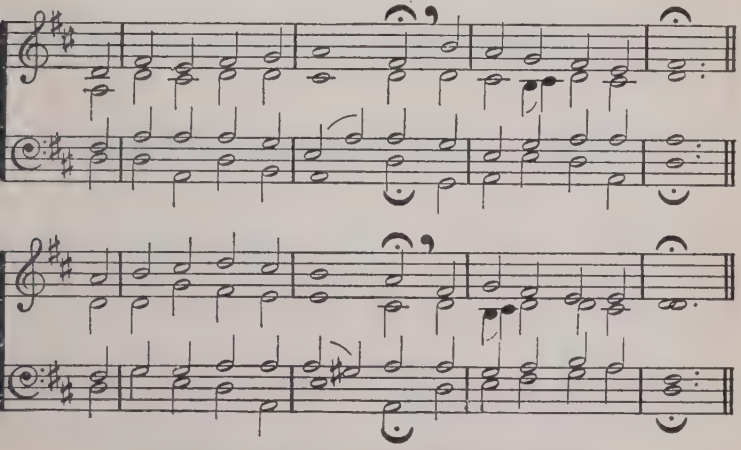
C. W. HUMPHREYS.



98 CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN.

76.76.

M. VULPIUS.



This Hymn may also be sung to MAGDALENA (No. 332).

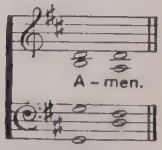
I WORSHIP Thee, Lord Jesu,
As children did of old,
Who sang within Thy temple
Hosannas manifold.

I worship Thee, Lord Jesu,
Who in Thy love divine
Art hiding here Thy Godhead
'Neath sign of bread and wine.

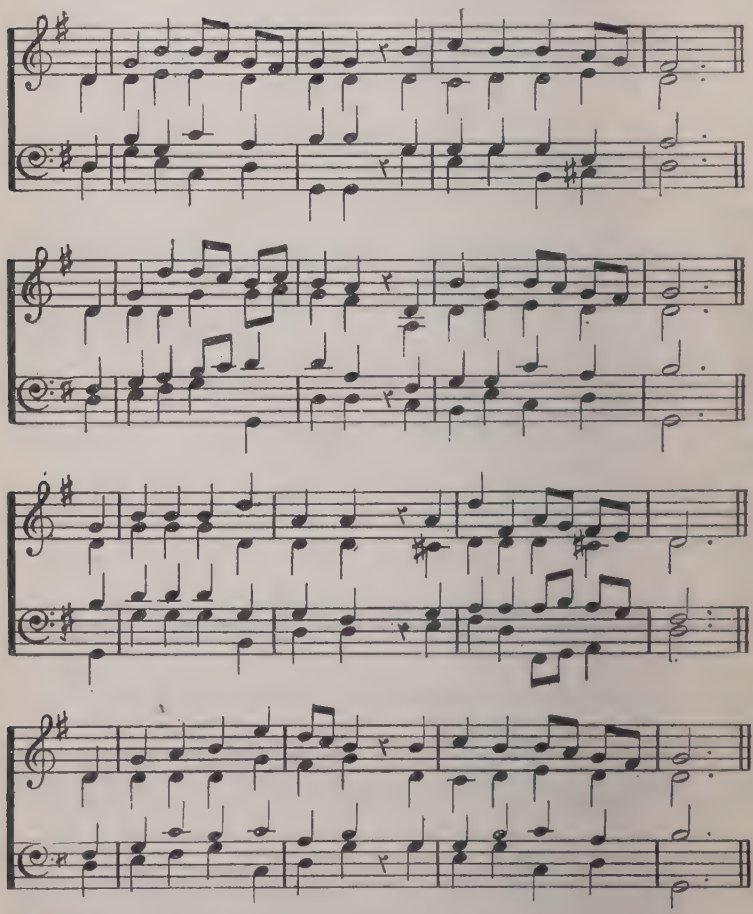
I worship Thee, Lord Jesu,
And, kneeling unto Thee,
By Thy great love for sinners,
I pray Thee come to me.

I worship Thee, Lord Jesu,
My King and Saviour mild,
Thou hast blest little children,
Bless also me, Thy child.

R. F. LITTLEDALE.



99 HODNET. 76.76.D. "UNION TUNE BOOK," 1842.



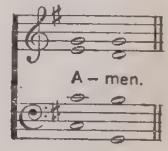
I HAVE Thee now, O Jesu,
Enshrined within my soul
In all Thy love and fulness,
With power to make me whole;

Though cold and so unworthy,
Though weak and stained with sin,
I opened to Thee, Jesu,
And Thou hast entered in.

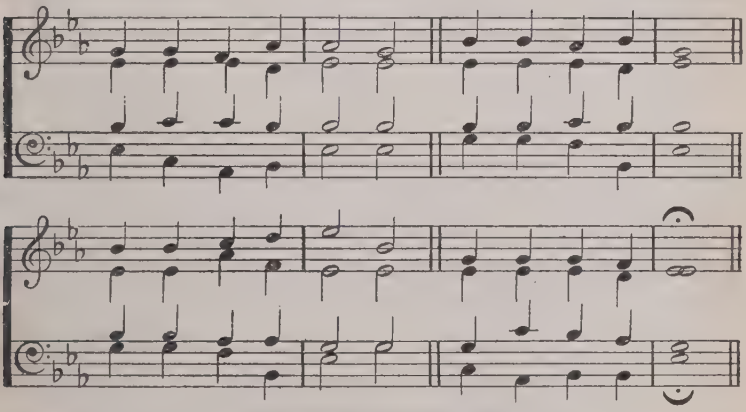
I have Thee now, O Jesu,
And O, the thrill divine,
To feel that Thou art in me,
To know that Thou art mine!
I have Thee, too, O Jesu,
As pledge of future bliss,
But faith is lost in wonder
At rapture more than this.

I have Thee now, O Jesu,
Purge all my dross away,
Light up my inmost being
With Thy full flood of day;
Do Thou, O Lord, shine through me
In all my words and ways,
Till others catch Thy glory
And join in endless praise.

F. G. Scott.



100 ST. LAMBERT. 65.65. R. R. Chope.



By permission of the Rev. R. R. Chope.

JESU, gentlest Saviour,
God of might and power,
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.

Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory
And Thy royal state.

Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

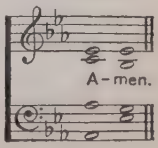
Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

Jesu, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art in us now;
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

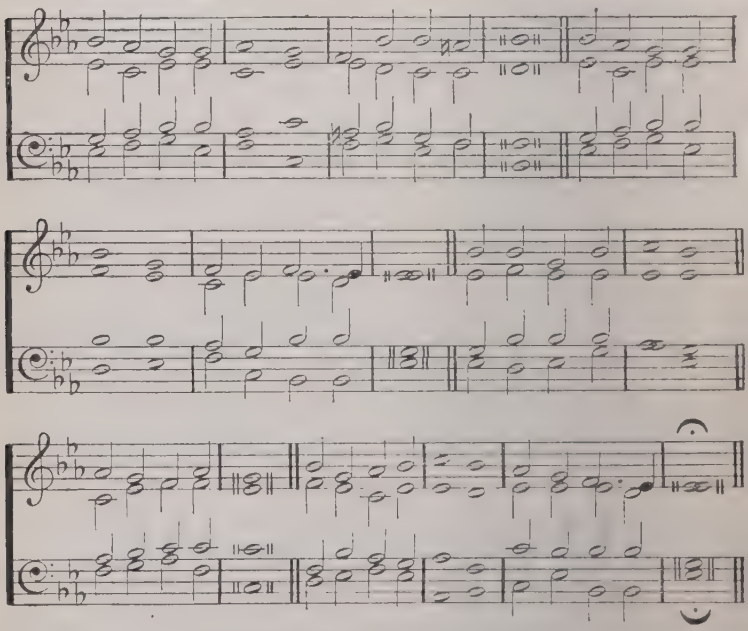
Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere.

F. W. Faber.

This Hymn may also be sung to Gladness (No. 311).



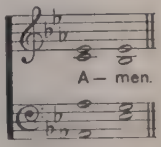
101 **ADORO TE.** In moderate time. 65.65.D. BELGIAN MELODY. *Arr. by* CANON VAN DAMMI.



FATHER, see Thy children bending at Thy throne,
Pleading here the Passion of Thine only Son,
Pleading here before Thee all His dying love,
As He pleads it ever in the courts above.

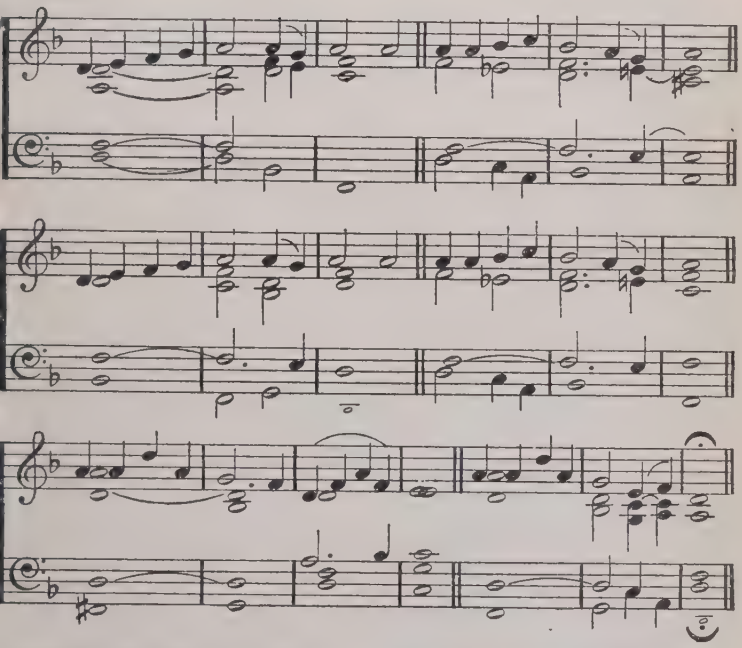
Not for our wants only we this Offering plead,
But for all Thy children who Thy mercy need:
Bless Thy faithful people, win Thy wandering sheep,
Keep the souls departed who in Jesus sleep.

W. H. H. JERVOIS AND W. B. TREVELYAN.



102 **PICARDY.** In moderate time. 87.87.87. FRENCH TRADITIONAL CAROL.

Unison.



LET all mortal flesh keep silence,
And with fear and trembling stand;
Ponder nothing earthly-minded,
For with blessing in His hand
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
Our full homage to demand.

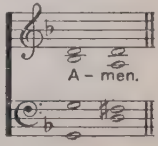
King of kings, yet born of Mary,
As of old on earth He stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture—
In the Body and the Blood—
He will give to all the faithful
His own Self for heavenly Food.

Rank on rank the host of heaven
Spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the Light of Light descendeth
From the realms of endless day,
That the powers of hell may vanish
As the darkness clears away.

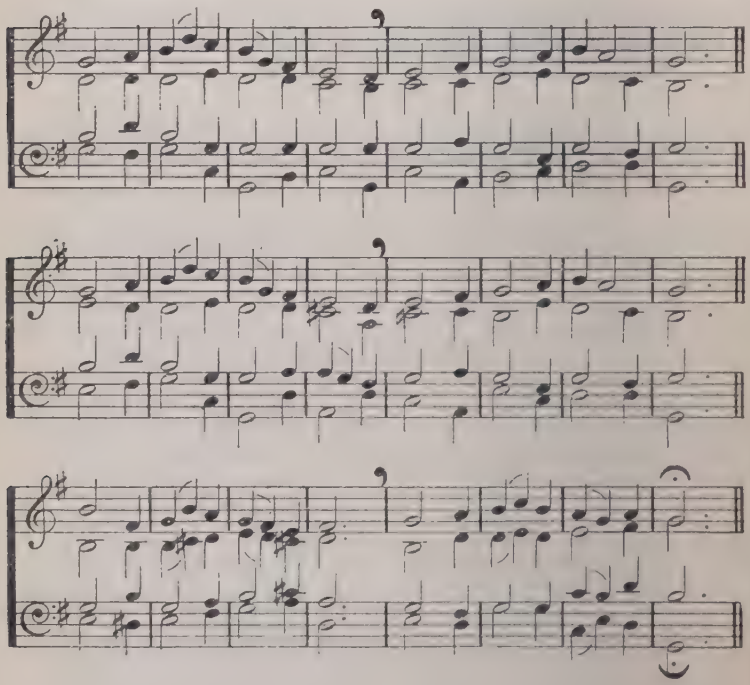
At His feet the six-winged Seraph,
Cherubim with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the Presence,
As with ceaseless voice they cry,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia! Lord most high.

Tr. G. MOULTRIE.

This Hymn may also be sung to ST. THOMAS (No. 96).



103 GOTT DES HIMMELS (FIRST TUNE). 87.87.77 H. ALBERT.
In moderate time.



LORD, accept the alms we offer,
Tokens of our love to Thee;
Out of grateful hearts we render
This our act of charity:
Even though full well we know
All we have to Thee we owe.

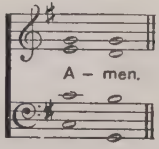
Use them, Father, to Thy glory,
Teach us fully how to give,
For His sake who leaving heaven
Gave us all that we might live:
All we have could not suffice
To repay His sacrifice.

Now the Priest upon the altar
Doth present the bread and wine,
To become, in wondrous manner,
For our souls the Food divine:
Soul and body by Thee fed—
Praise we give for daily bread.

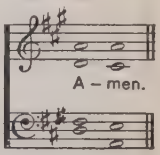
With our alms and our oblations
Take, O Lord, our prayers of love.
Make Thy Church in fullest concord
Serve as one, below, above:
And in fellowship complete
Reach at last Thy mercy-seat.

S. N. SEDGWICK.

1st Tune.

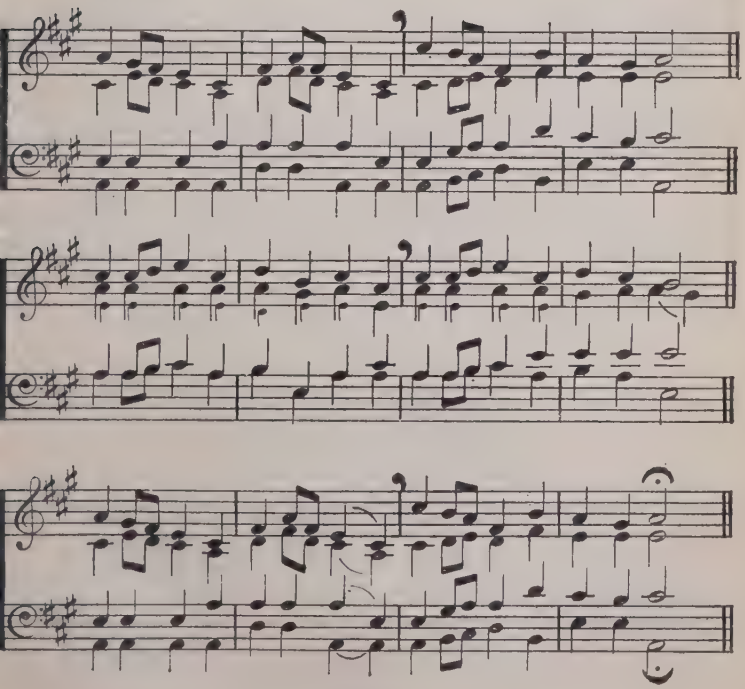


2nd Tune.

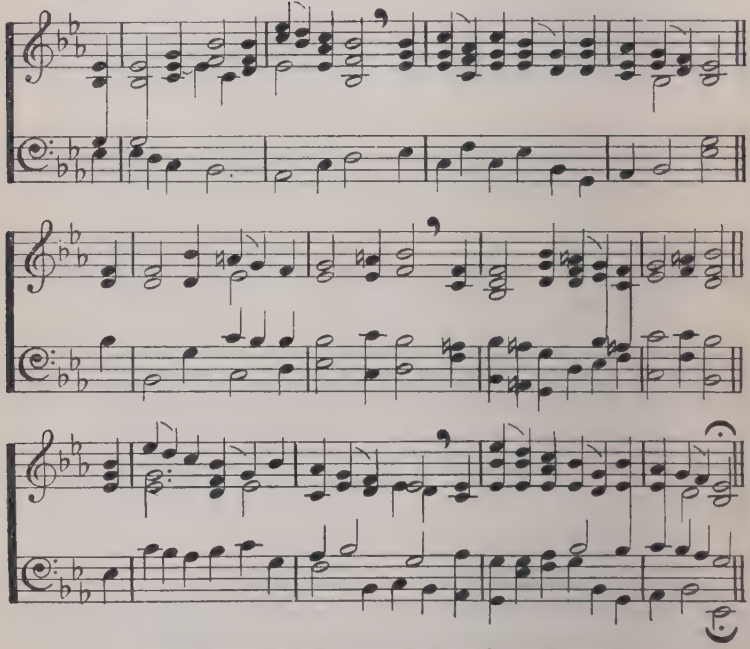


DISMISSAL (SECOND TUNE).

Not too quickly. 87.87.77. W. L. VINER.



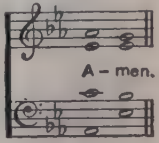
104 **ALSATIAN.** In moderate time. *Unison.* 88.88.88. ALSATIAN AIR. *Har. by* G. GARDNER.



Harmony Copyright of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal.

LORD Jesu, we adore Thee now,
For Thou art truly present here;
We bend before Thine altar-throne,
Thy hidden majesty revere;
Jesu, our Lord, we Thee adore;
O make us love Thee more and more!

W. H. H. JERVOIS.



105 TALLIS' ORDINAL.

Moderately slow. C.M. T. TALLIS.

This Hymn may also be sung to ST. FLAVIAN (No. 230).

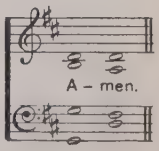
O GOD, unseen yet ever near,
Thy Presence may we feel;
And thus inspired with holy fear
Before Thine altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The Manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly Food;
Our meat, the Body of the Lord,
Our drink, His precious Blood.

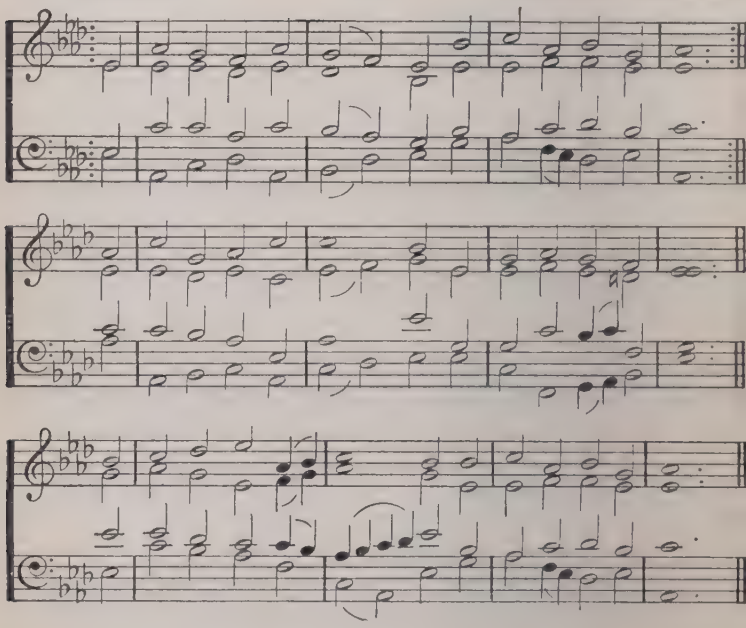
Thus may we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

E. OSLER.



106 TALYLLYN.

Rather quick. 76.76.D. TRADITIONAL WELSH MELODY

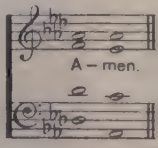


WE hail Thee now, O Jesu,
Upon Thine altar-throne,
Though sight and touch have failed us,
And faith perceives alone;
Thy love has veiled Thy Godhead,
And hid Thy power divine,
In mercy to our weakness,
Beneath an earthly sign.

We hail Thee now, O Jesu,
In silence hast Thou come,
For all the hosts of heaven
With wonderment are dumb–
So great the condescension,
So marvellous the love,
Which for our sakes, O Saviour,
Have drawn Thee from above.

We hail Thee now, O Jesu;
For law and type have ceased,
And Thou in each Communion
Art Sacrifice and Priest;
We make this great memorial
In union, Lord, with Thee,
And plead Thy death and passion
To cleanse and set us free.

F. G. SCOTT.



107 **TYHOLLAND.** 777. *Arr. by* D. R. Wilson.

With dignity.

By permission of Canon D. R. Wilson.

GOD, who sees us everywhere,
Meets us in His house of prayer.
Gladly let me seek Him there.

Jesus said, "Where two or three
Gathered are, there I will be."
"Let the children come to Me."

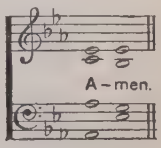
When we see His Table spread,
Meekly we should bow the head
At the breaking of the Bread.

For we know the Bread and Wine
Are His Own appointed Sign
Of His Presence all-divine.

He is here in very deed.
Here through Him we intercede,
His own Sacrifice we plead.

Christ will help us by His grace.
Christ in heaven prepares our place.
There we hope to see His face.

R. W. Barber.

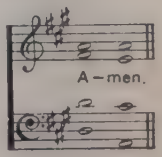


108 **WAREHAM.** L.M. W. KNAPP.

Very slow and dignified.

O LAMB of God, O Saviour dear,
We do believe that Thou art here.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more!

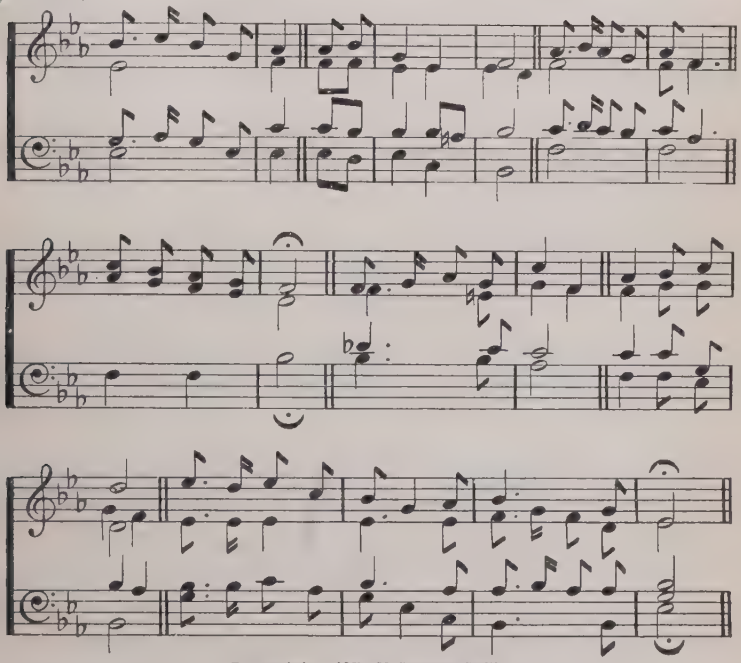
R. W. BARBER.



The following Hymn may also be used at Holy Communion:
Alleluia, sing to Jesus. No. 286.

109 **CALDECOTT.** Not too quickly. 55.65.64.64. M. SAUMAREZ SMITH.

Unison.



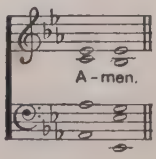
By permission of Miss M. Saumarez Smith.

JESUS bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night;
In this world of darkness
So we must shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

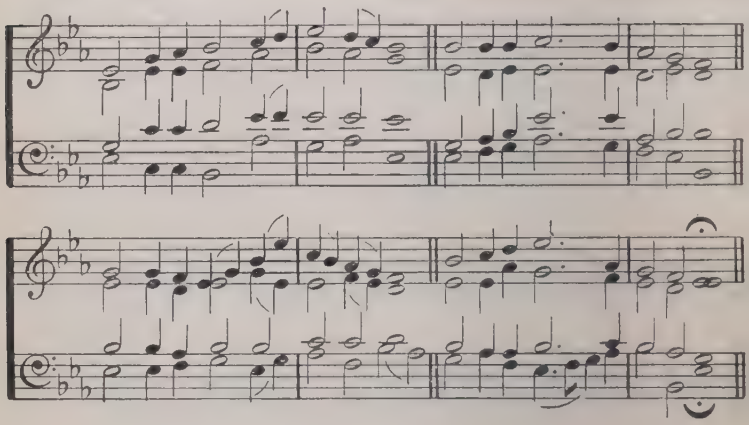
Jesus bids us shine
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it,
If our light grows dim;
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine,—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around
Many kinds of darkness
In the world abound,—
Sin and want and sorrow;
So we must shine,—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

ANON.



110 **DUKE ST.** (FIRST TUNE). L.M. J. HATTON.
In moderate time.



FLING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,—
The sun that lights its shining folds
The Cross on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonders of the love divine.

Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

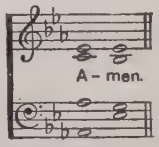
Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

THE CHURCH OVERSEAS

Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours:
We conquer only in that sign.

BP. G. W. DOANE.

1st Tune.



GONFALON ROYAL (SECOND TUNE).

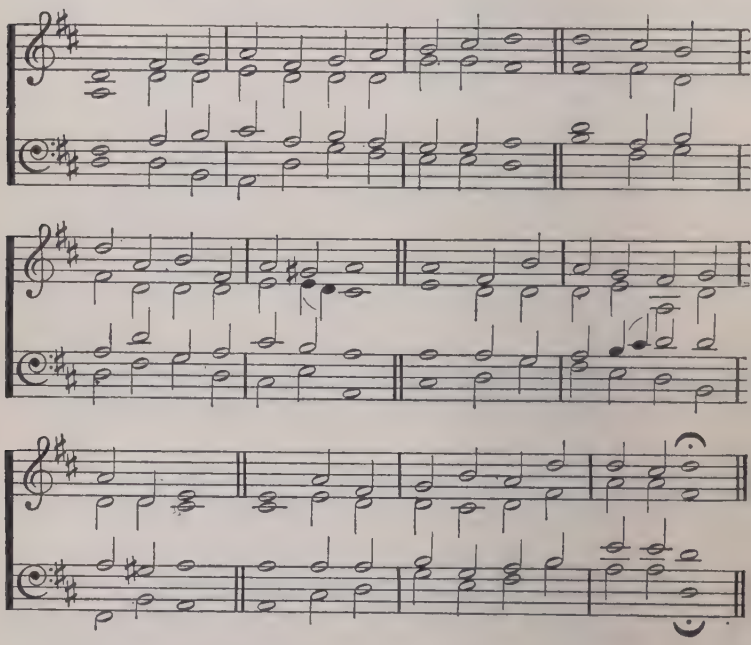
Unison with movement. L.M. P. C. BUCK.

A · · · · · · · · · men.

By permission of Dr. P. C. Buck.

111 **FARLEY CASTLE.** 10.10.10.10. H. LAWES

In moderate time.



FAR round the world Thy children sing their song,
From East and West their voices sweetly blend;
Praising the Lord in whom young lives are strong,
Jesus our Guide, our Hero, and our Friend.

Guide of the pilgrim clambering to the height,
Hero on whom our fearful hearts depend,
Friend of the wanderer yearning for the light,
Jesus our Guide, our Hero, and our Friend.

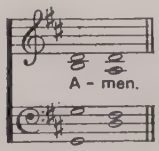
Where Thy wide ocean, wave on rolling wave,
Beats through the ages on each island shore,
They praise their Lord, whose hand alone can save—
Whose sea of love surrounds them evermore.

Thy sun-kissed children on earth's spreading plain,
Where Asia's rivers water all the land,
Sing, as they watch Thy fields of glowing grain,
Praise to the Lord who feeds them with His hand.

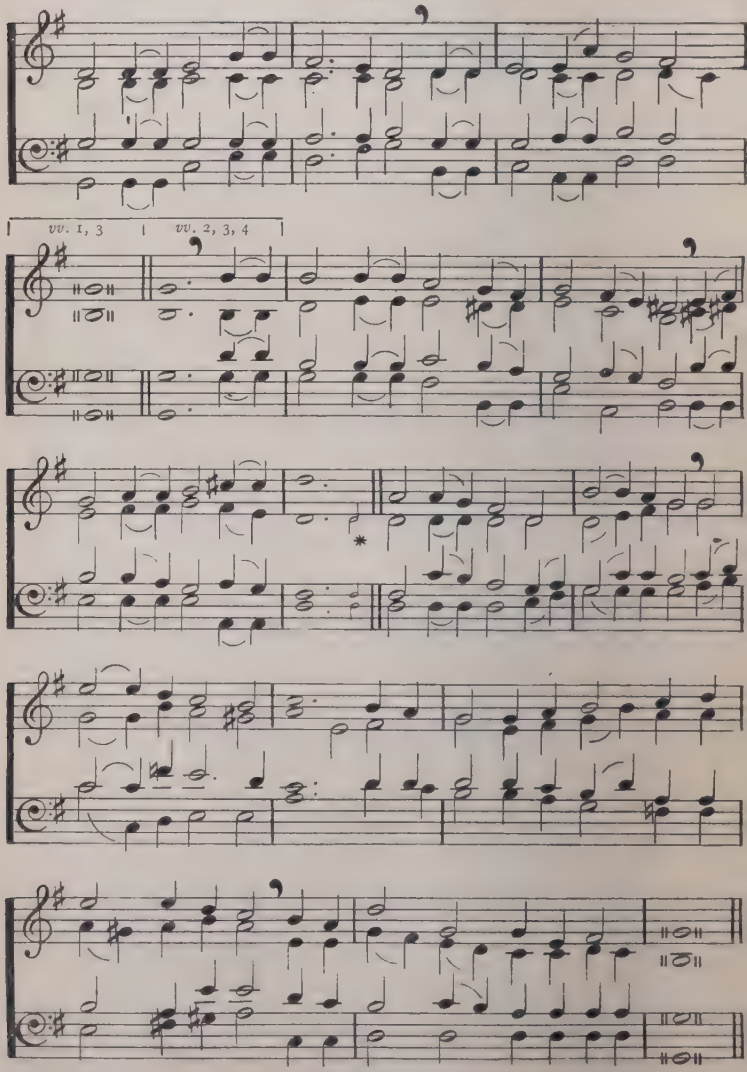
Still there are lands where none have seen Thy face,
Children whose hearts have never shared Thy joy,
Yet Thou would'st pour on these Thy radiant grace ;
Give Thy glad strength to every girl and boy.

All round the world let children sing Thy song,
From East and West their voices sweetly blend ;
Praising the Lord in whom young lives are strong,
Jesus our Guide, our Hero, and our Friend.

BASIL MATHEWS.



112 **BENSON.** Irregular. M. D. KINGHAM



* For verses 2 and 5.

By permission of the S.P.C.K.

GOD is working His purpose out,
as year succeeds to year :
God is working His purpose out,
and the time is drawing near—
Nearer and nearer draws the time,
the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with
the glory of God, as the waters
cover the sea.

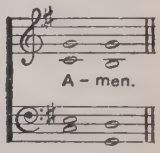
From utmost East to utmost West,
where'er man's foot hath trod,
By the mouth of many messengers
goes forth the voice of God ;
"Give ear to Me, ye continents ;
ye isles, give ear to Me,
That the earth may be filled with
the glory of God, as the waters
cover the sea."

What can we do to work God's
work, to prosper, and increase
The brotherhood of all mankind—
the reign of the Prince of
peace ?
What can we do to hasten the time,
the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with
the glory of God, as the waters
cover the sea ?

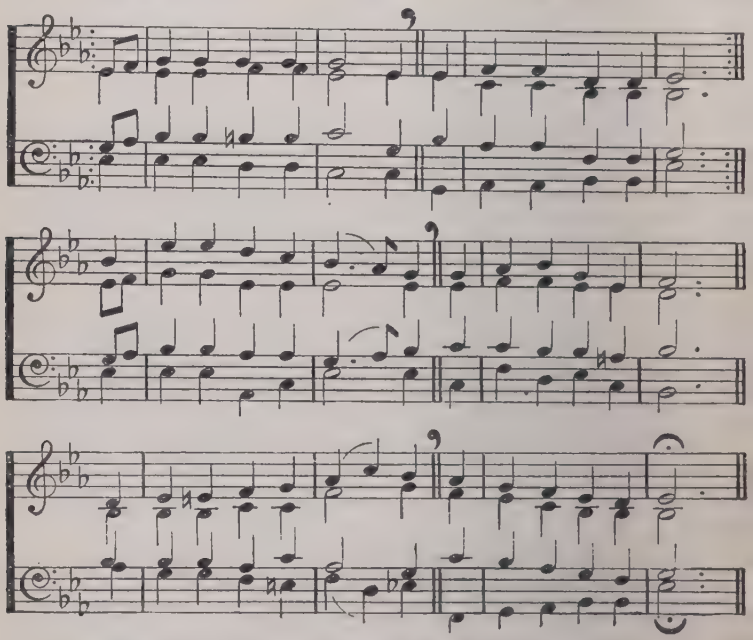
March we forth in the strength of
God, with the banner of Christ
unfurled,
That the light of the glorious gospel
of truth may shine throughout
the world :
Fight we the fight with sorrow and
sin, to set their captives free,
That the earth may be filled with
the glory of God, as the waters
cover the sea.

All we can do is nothing worth,
unless God blesses the deed,
Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide,
till God gives life to the seed ;
Yet nearer and nearer draws the
time, the time that shall surely
be,
When the earth shall be filled with
the glory of God, as the waters
cover the sea.

A. C. AINGER.



113 **CALCUTTA.**
In moderate time. 76.76.D. MELODY BY BP. R. HEBER



This Hymn may also be sung to AURELIA (No. 285) or to HODNET (No. 99).

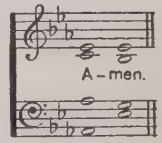
FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

BP. R. HEBER.



114 **TRURO.** In moderate time. L.M. "PSALMODIA EVANGELICA," 1790.

This Hymn may also be sung to DUKE ST. (No. 110).

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

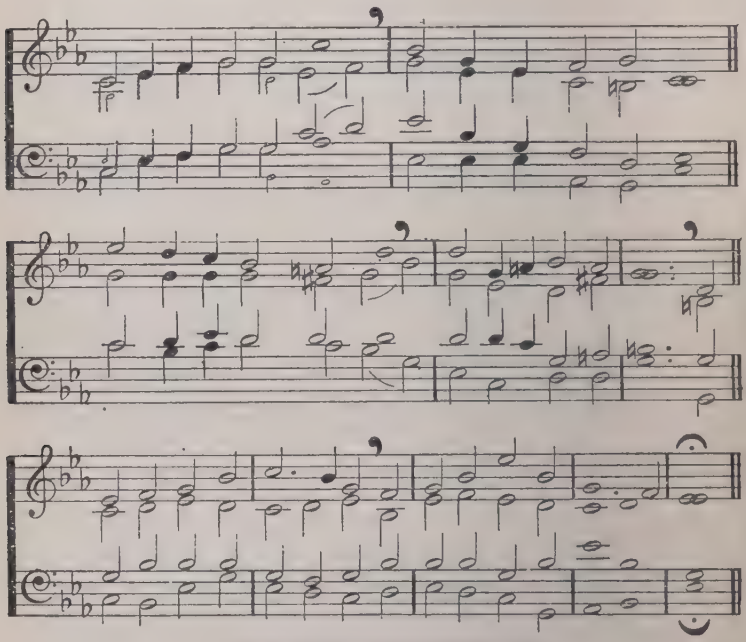
People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

I. WATTS (18th cent.).

115 LITTLE CORNARD. 66.66.88. MARTIN SHAW.



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HILLS of the North, rejoice,
River and mountain spring,
Hark to the Advent voice,
Valley and lowland, sing:
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh;
He judgment brings and victory.

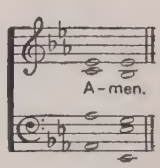
Isles of the Southern seas,
Deep in your coral caves
Pent be each warring breeze,
Lulled be your restless waves:
He comes to reign with boundless sway
And make your wastes His great highway.

Lands of the East, awake,
Soon shall your sons be free;
The sleep of ages break,
And rise to liberty.
On your far hills, long cold and grey,
Has dawned the everlasting day.

Shores of the utmost West,
Ye that have waited long,
Unvisited, unblest,
Break forth to swelling song:
High raise the note, that Jesus died,
Yet lives and reigns—the Crucified!

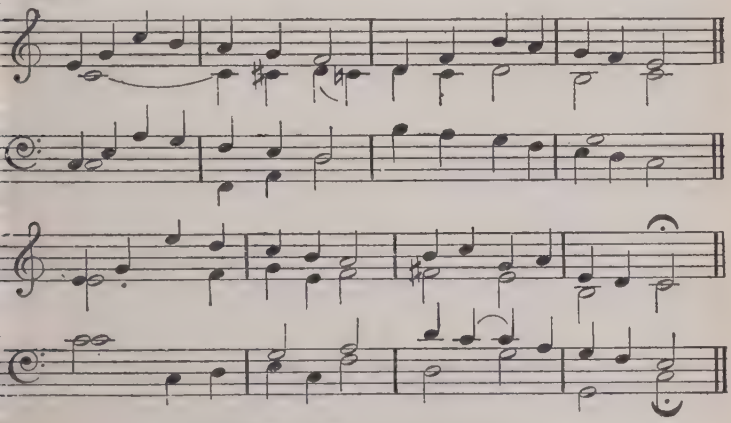
Shout while ye journey home,
Songs be in every mouth ;
Lo, from the North we come,
From East, and West, and South.
City of God, the bond are free ;
We come to live and reign in Thee.

C. E. OAKLEY.



16 SWISS COTTAGE. 77·77. MARTIN SHAW.

Unison.



By permission of Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons. Ltd.

LOVING Saviour, Thou didst come
To a lowly Jewish home,
And didst make for ever Thine
That fair land of Palestine.

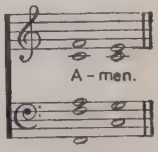
Thou didst teach us when we pray
Thine own Hebrew prayer to say,
And the same sweet psalms we sing
Made the temple pillars ring.

Jewish martyrs gladly died
Lest the faith should be denied,
Counting all the world but loss
For the glory of the Cross.

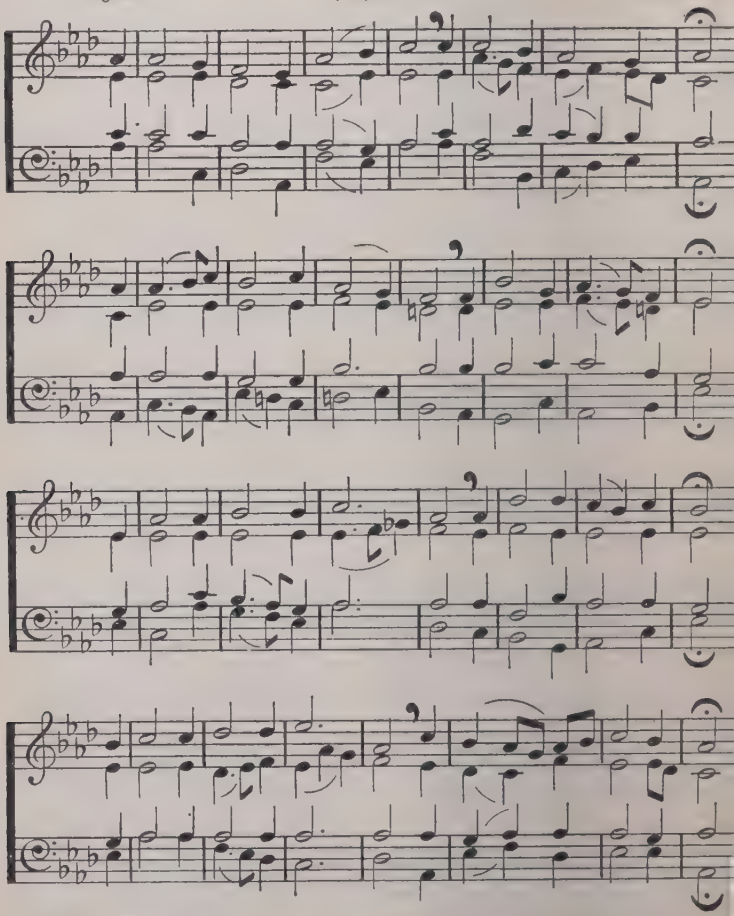
Hebrew poet, priest and seer,
Gave to us the book most dear,
Guarding, in a world of strife,
Words of truth and peace and life.

Jewish people wandering far
Still Thine own dear children are ;
Bring them home, dear Lord, to Thee,
Safe from sin and sorrow free.

R. K. TUCK.



117 **CLUNY.** Dignified. 76.76.D. WELSH MELOD



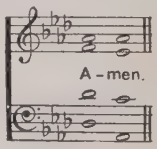
THE whole wide world for Jesus—
This shall our watchword be,
Upon the highest mountain,
Down by the widest sea—
The whole wide world for Jesus!
To Him shall all men bow,
In city or in prairie—
The world for Jesus now!

The whole wide world for Jesus,
Inspires us with the thought
That every son of Adam
Should by His blood be bought;
The whole wide world for Jesus!
O faint not by the way!
The cross shall surely conquer
In this our glorious day.

The whole wide world for Jesus—
The marching order sound—
Go ye and preach the Gospel
Wherever man is found.
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Our banner is unfurled—
We battle now for Jesus,
And faith demands the world!

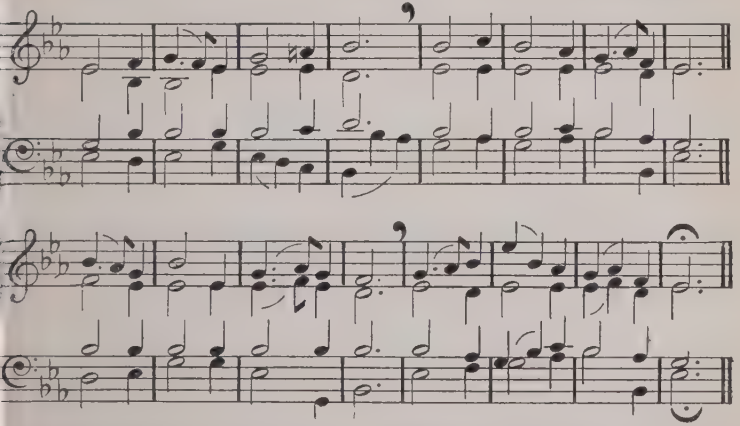
The whole wide world for Jesus—
In the Father's house above
Are many wondrous mansions—
Mansions of light and love;
The whole wide world for Jesus!
Ride forth, O conquering King,
Through all the mighty nations
The world to glory bring!

J. D. HAMMOND.



118 LYNE.

In moderate time. 77·77· "MAGDALEN HYMNS," 1760.



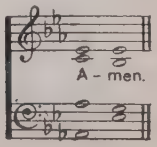
ONCE again, dear Lord, we pray
For the children far away,
Who have never even heard
Jesus' name—our sweetest word.

Little lips that Thou hast made,
'Neath the far-off temple's shade
Give to gods of wood and stone
Praise that should be all Thine own.

Little hands, whose wondrous skill
Thou hast given to do Thy will,
Offerings bring, and serve with fear
Gods that cannot see or hear.

Teach them, O Thou heavenly King,
All their gifts and praise to bring
To Thy Son, who died to prove
Thy forgiving, saving love.

M. J. WILLCOX.



119 RANGOON.

Stately. Irregular. C. Woo

Org.

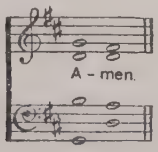
By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

TRUMPET of God, sound high,
Till the hearts of the heathen shake,
And the souls that in slumber lie
At the voice of the Lord awake.
Till the fencèd cities fall
At the blast of the Gospel call,
Trumpet of God, sound high!

Hosts of the Lord, go forth:
Go, strong in the power of His rest,
Till the South be at one with the North,
And peace upon East and West;
Till the far-off lands shall thrill
With the gladness of God's Goodwill,
Hosts of the Lord, go forth!

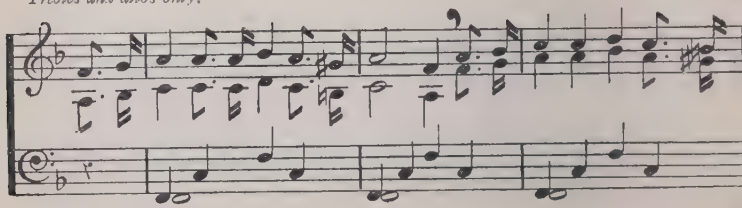
Come, as of old, like fire;
O Force of the Lord, descend,
Till with love of the world's Desire
Earth burn to its utmost end;
Till the ransomed people sing
To the glory of Christ the King;
Come, as of old, like fire!

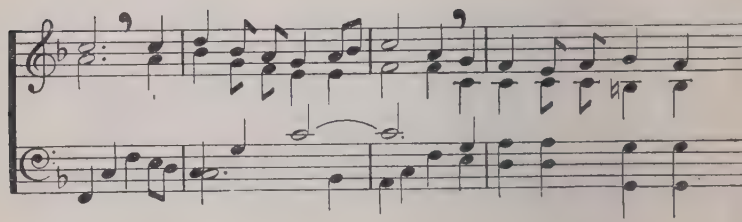
A. BROOKS.



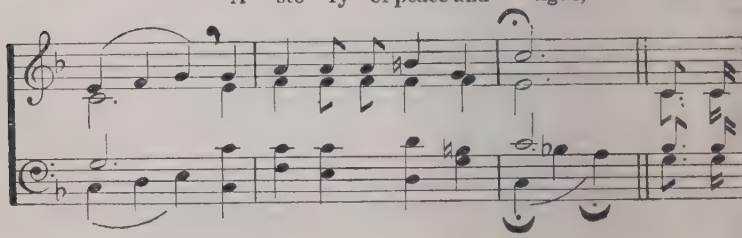
120 **MESSAGE.**
In march time. Irregular. H. E. Nichol

Trebles and altos only.

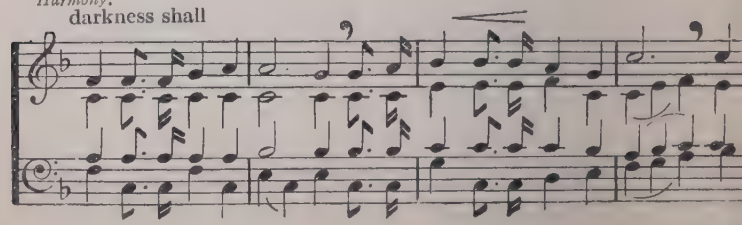




A sto - ry of peace and light, *Chorus.* For the



Harmony.
darkness shall



Unison.

For the darkness And Christ's

Harmony.

WE'VE a story to tell to the nations,
That shall turn their hearts to the right,
A story of truth and sweetness,
A story of peace and light.

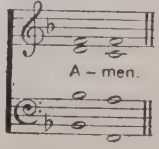
For the darkness shall turn to dawning,
And the dawning to noon-day bright,
And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth,
The kingdom of love and light.

We've a song to be sung to the nations,
That shall lift their hearts to the Lord,
A song that shall conquer evil,
And shatter the spear and sword.

We've a message to give to the nations,
That the Lord who reigneth above
Hath sent us His Son to save us,
And show us that God is love.

We've a Saviour to show to the nations,
Who the path of sorrow has trod,
That all of the world's great peoples
Might come to the truth of God.

COLIN STERNE.



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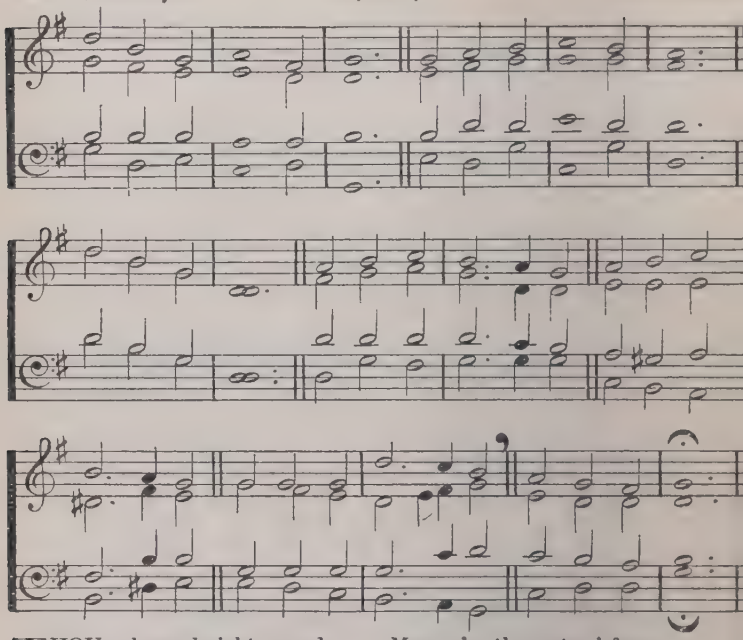
121 **MOSCOW.** Moderately slow. 664.66.64. F. DE GIARDIN.



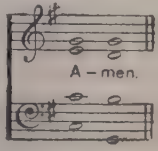
THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light!

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

J. MARRIOTT.



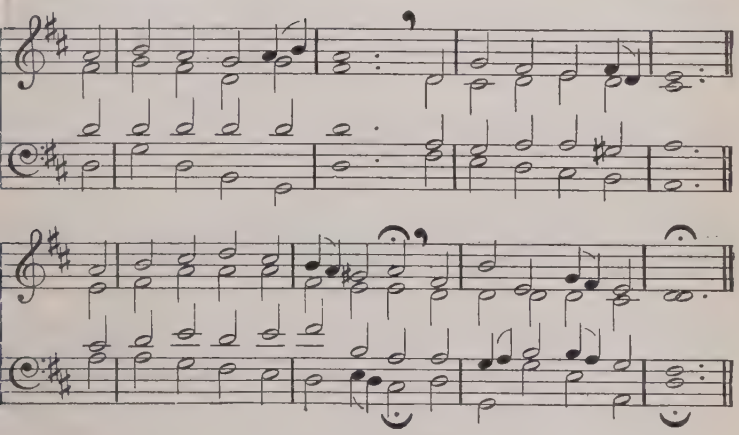
The following Hymns may also be used for the Church Overseas:

Thy kingdom come, O God. No. 280.

The following Hymns are suitable for young children:

Over the sea there are little brown children. No. 337.
We bring to Thee our offerings. No. 319.

122 **WINDERMERE.** S.M. A. SOMERVELL.
Moderately slow.



By permission of Dr. A. Somervell.

WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

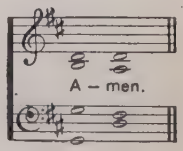
O, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

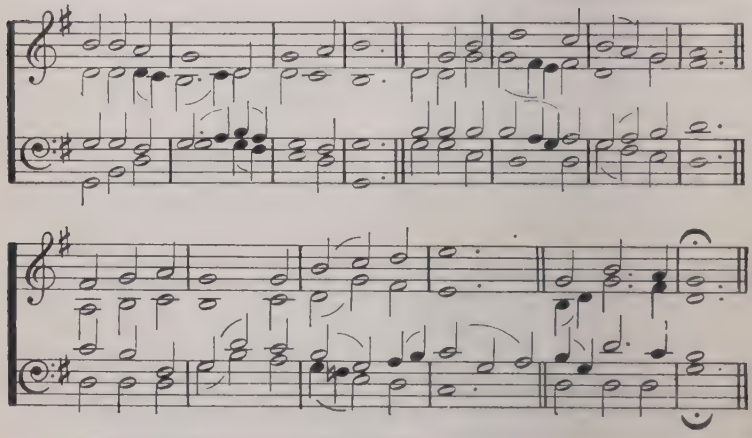
The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace—
It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

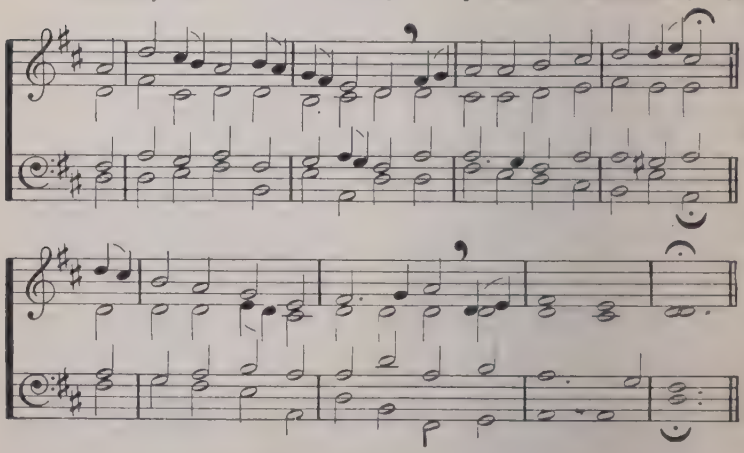
BP. W. W. How.



123 ALMSGIVING (FIRST TUNE). 88.84. J. B. DYKES.



ES IST KEIN TAG (SECOND TUNE).
Moderately slow. 88.84. J. MEYER'S "SEELENFREUD," 1692.



O LORD of heaven, and earth,
and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all ?

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all.

Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessèd dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

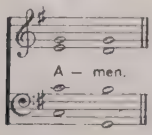
For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of Heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all ?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all;

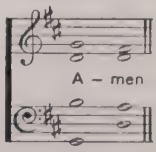
To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give :
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all !

BP. C. WORDSWORTH.

1st Tune.



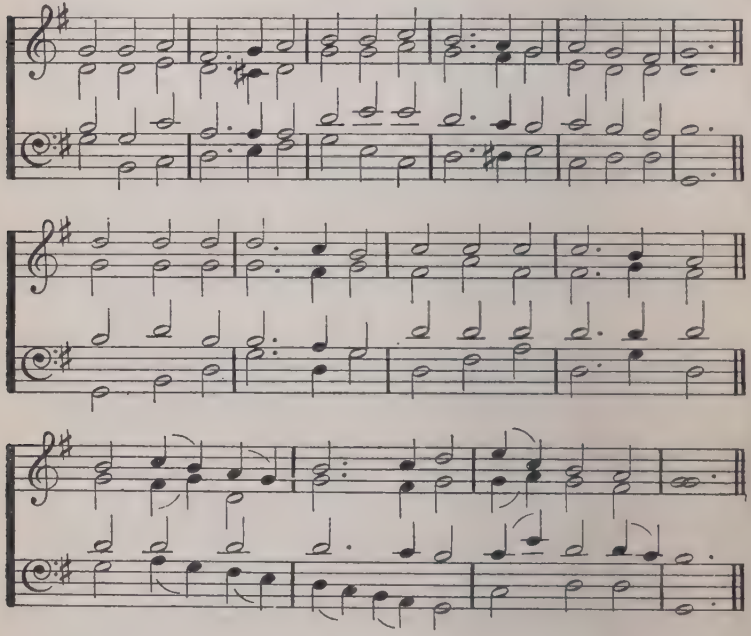
2nd Tune.



The following Hymn may be also used for Almsgiving :
O dearest Lord, by all adored. No. 179.

The following Hymns are suitable for young children :
Here we come with gladness. No. 311.
We bring to Thee our offerings. No. 319.

124 **NATIONAL ANTHEM.**
Very slow. 664.66.64. ANON.

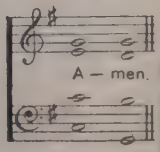


GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King!

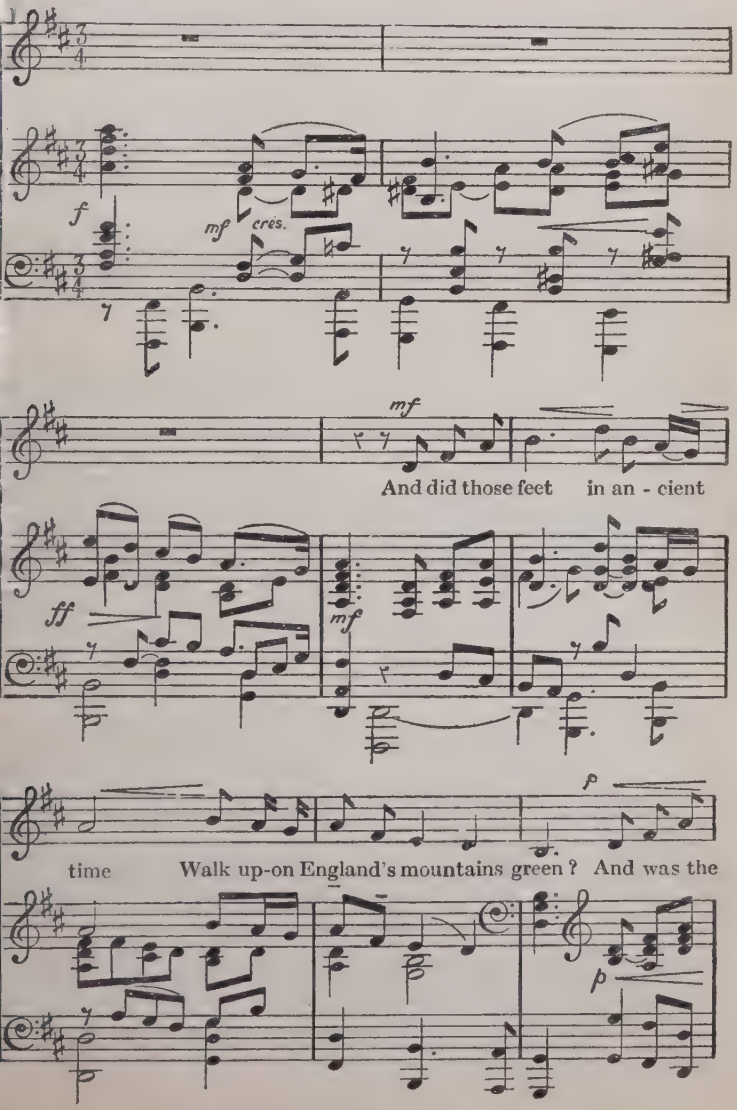
O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix;
God save us all!

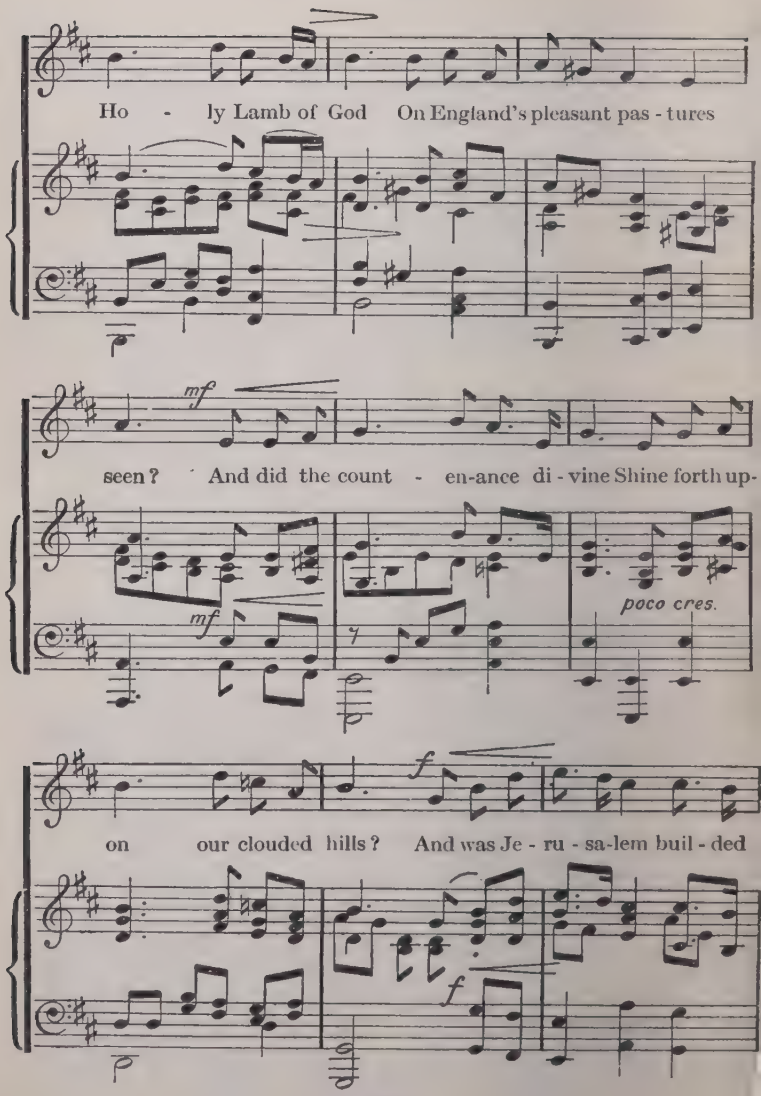
Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

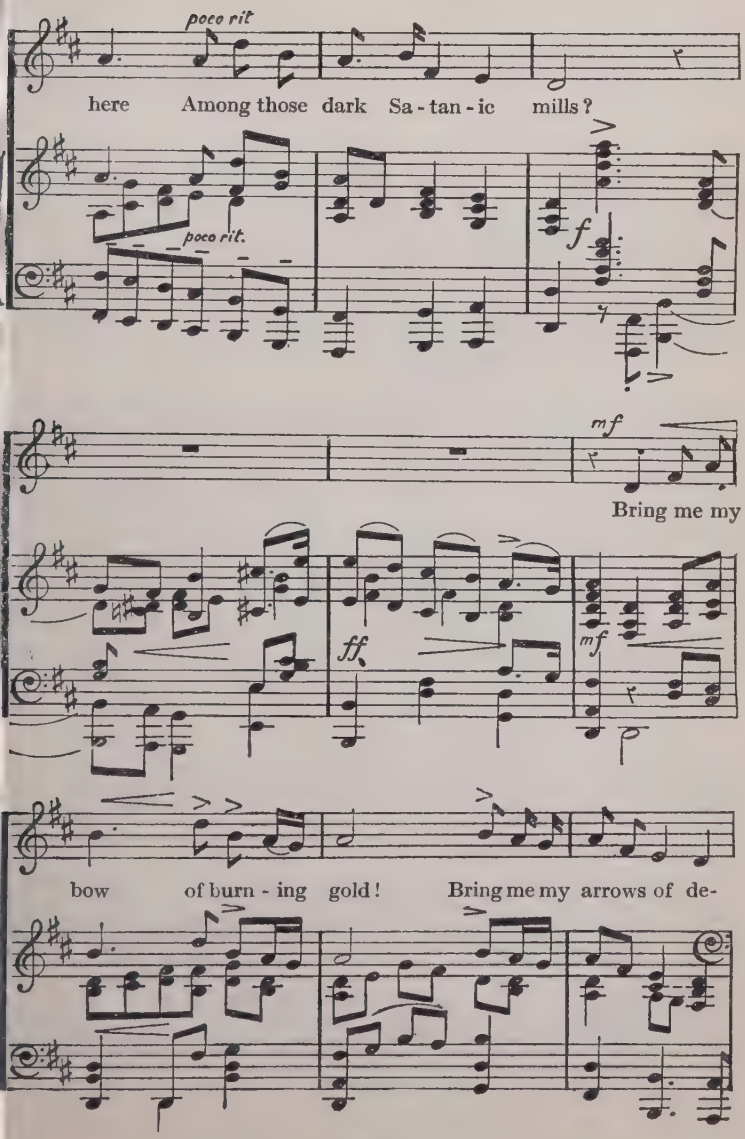
ANON.



25 **JERUSALEM.**
Slow but with animation. 88.88.88.88. C. HUBERT H. PARRY.




Ho - ly Lamb of God On England's pleasant pas - tures
mf
seen? And did the count - en-ance di - vine Shine forth up-
mf
poco cres.
f
on our clouded hills? And was Je - ru - sa-lem buil - ded
f

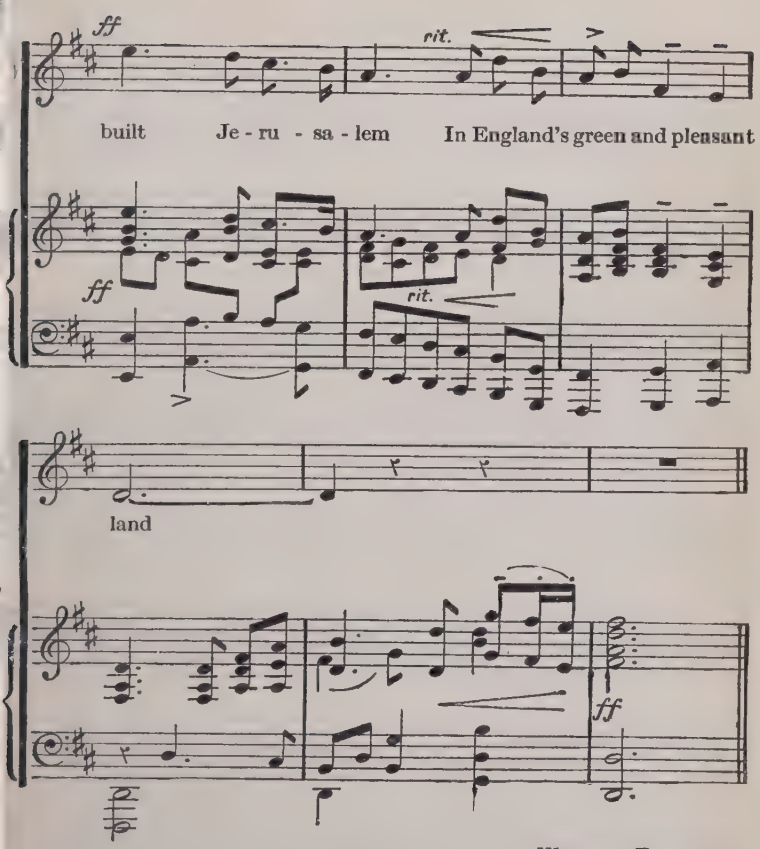

poco rit
here Among those dark Sa - tan - ic mills?
poco rit.
f
mf
Bring me my
ff
mf
bow of burn - ing gold! Bring me my arrows of de-

sire! Bring me my spear! O clouds un - fold! Bring me my

Cha - ri - ot of Fire! I will not cease from mental

allargando

fight Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand Till we have

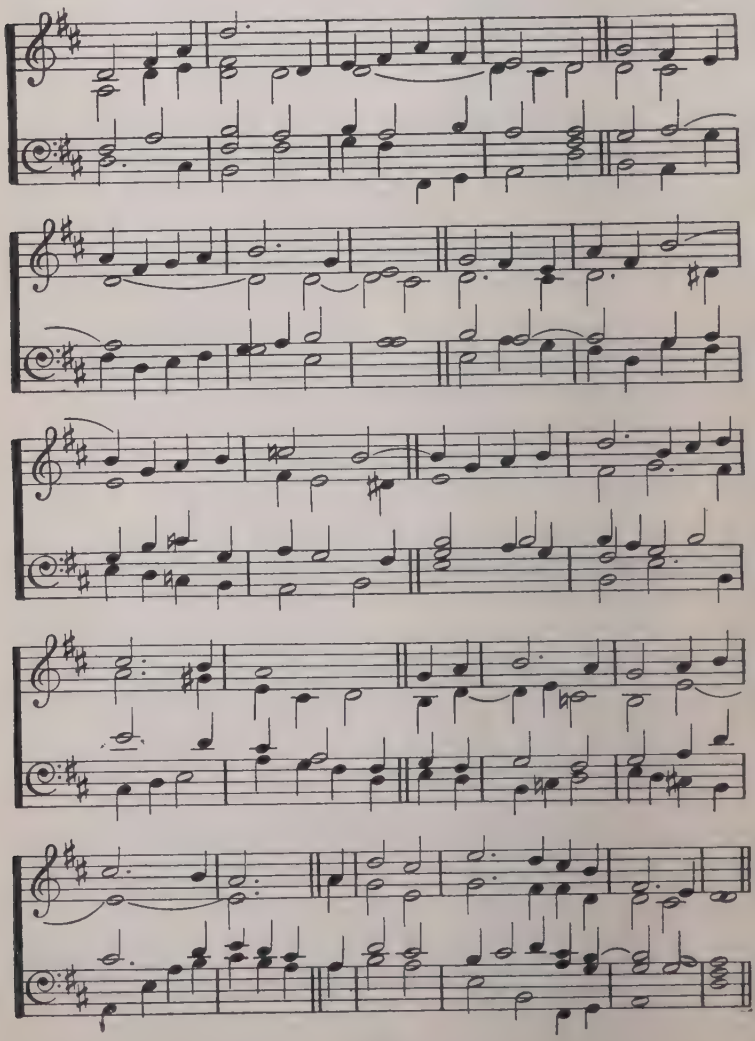


WILLIAM BLAKE.

By permission of the Executors of the late Sir Hubert Parry and of the Publishers, Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.

126 SOUTHPORT. 11.10.11.10.55.10. C. HYLTON STEWART.

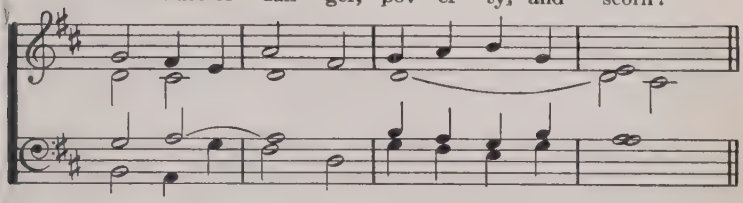
Unison.



NATIONAL

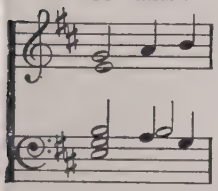
Line 2 of v. 3.

Com-rades of dan - ger, pov - er - ty, and scorn!



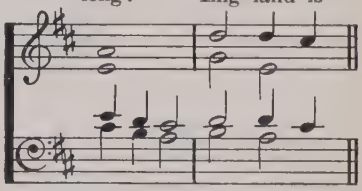
Line 4 of v. 3.

Gi - ants re-



Lines 6 and 7 of v. 3.

long: Eng - land is



By permission of Mr. C. Hylton Stewart.

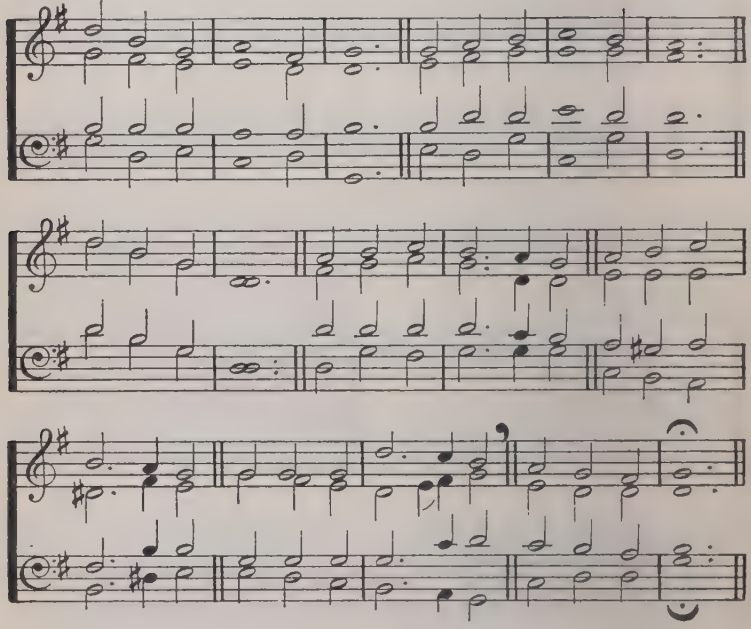
ENGLAND, arise! the long, long night is over,
Faint in the east behold the dawn appear;
Out of your evil dream of toil and sorrow
Arise, O England, for the day is here!
From your fields and hills,
Hark! the answer swells:
Arise, O England, for the day is here!

People of England! all your valleys call you,
High in the rising sun the lark sings clear;
Will you dream on, let shameful slumber thrall you?
Will you disown your native land so dear?
Shall it die unheard,
That sweet pleading word?
Arise, O England, for the day is here!

Forth then, ye heroes, patriots, and lovers!
Comrades of danger, poverty, and scorn!
Mighty in faith of freedom, your great mother,
Giants refreshed in joy's new rising morn,
Come and swell the song,
Silent now so long:
England is risen! And the day is here!

E. CARPENTER.

127 **MOSCOW.** Moderately slow. 664.66.64. F. DE GIARDINI.

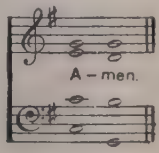


GOD bless our native land,
May heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore;
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more.

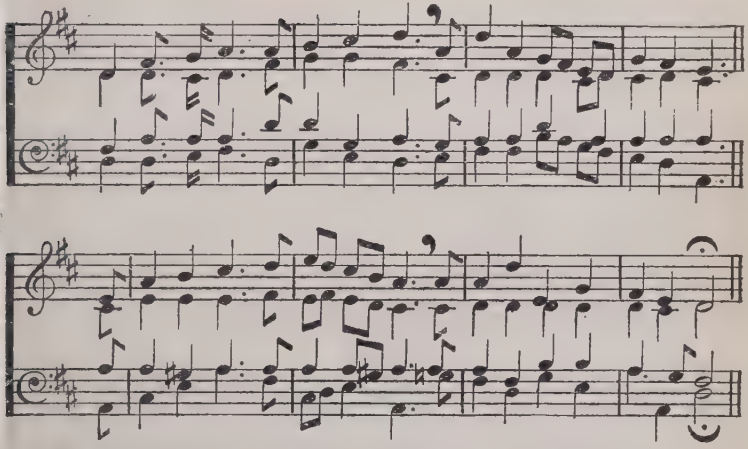
May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle.
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind heaven may smile.

Nor on this land alone,
But be God's mercies known
From shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

W. E. HICKSON.



128 TRURO. In moderate time. L.M. "PSALMODIA EVANGELICA," 1790.



LAND of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven, who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefilèd heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That in our time Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

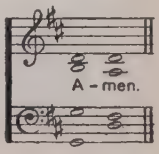
Teach us to rule ourselves, alway
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek
By deed or thought to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs,
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died,
O motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!

RUDYARD KIPLING.



129 O ENGLAND.

In moderate time, with dignity. 66.63.66.64. G. T. Holst.

f

8ve.

f

1. What he-roes thou hast bred, O Eng - land, my
2. Then let me take my place, O Eng - land, my

8ve.

coun - try! I see the mighty dead Pass in
coun - try! A - mid the gallant race That is

line, Each with un - daun - ted heart
thine; Rea - dy to hear thy call,

Play - ing his gal - lant part, Ma - king thee
Rea dy to fight and fall, Rea - dy to

1st verse 2nd verse

what thou art, Mo - ther of mine!
give thee all, Mo - ther of mine!

Words by G. K. Menzies.

By permission of Mr. G. T. Holst and Messrs. Stainer & Bell.

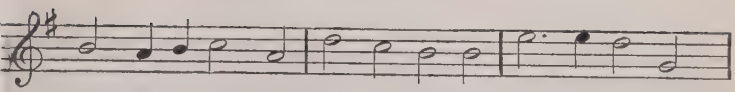
130 **KENDAL.** Moderately slow. 76.76.88.85. A. Somervell.

When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy,
Shall crime bring crime for ev - er, Strength aid - ing still the
When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy,

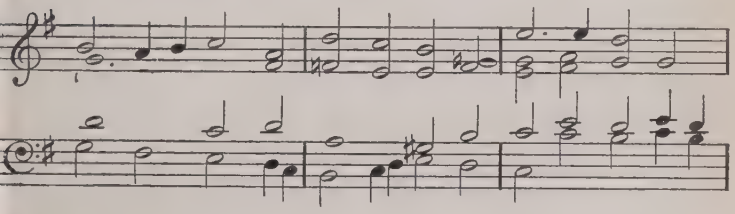
when? The peo - ple, Lord, the peo - ple, Not
strong? Is it Thy will, O Fa - ther, That
when? The peo - ple, Lord, the peo - ple, Not

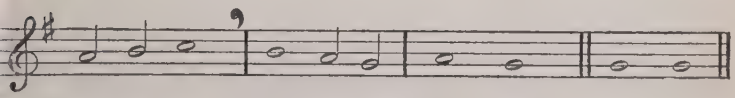
thrones and crowns, but men! Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are the
man shall toil for wrong? "No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skie
thrones and crowns, but men! God save the people; Thine they ar

NATIONAL



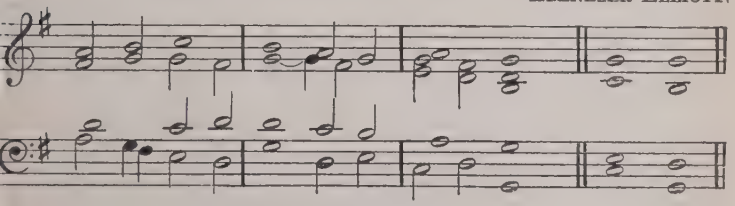
Let them not pass, like weeds, a-way, Their her - it - age a
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise, And songs be heard in-
Thy children, as Thy ang - els fair; From vice, op - press - ion,





sun - less day. God save the peo - ple!
stead of sighs. God save the peo - ple!
and de - spair, God save the peo - ple! A - men.

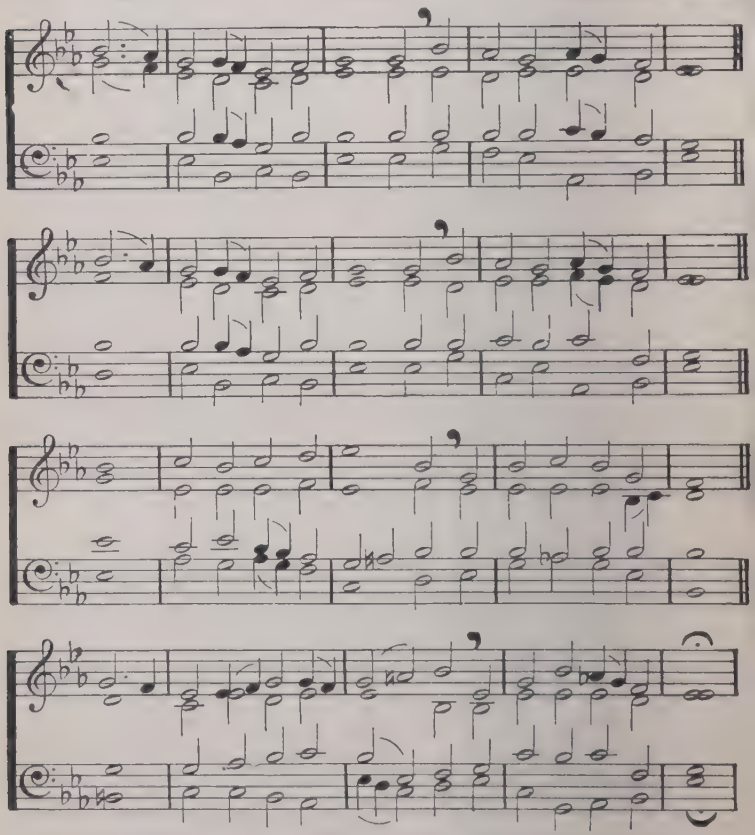
EBENEZER ELLIOTT.



By permission of Dr. A. Somervell.

131 **MEIRIONYDD.** 76.76.D. WELSH HYMN MELODY.

In moderate time.



This Hymn may also be sung to GOSTERWOOD (No. 137).

GOD, who conceals His glory
From prudent men and wise,
Reveals His wondrous story
To simple childlike eyes;—
A mother's arms enfolding
Her babe in close embrace,
And infant gaze, beholding
A mother's gentle face.

Jesus, we see Thee lying
  Upon Thy mother's breast;
Jesus, we see Thee dying
  By sin and grief distrest;
What though the world deride
    Thee,
  Thou from Thy Cross dost bend
To comfort her beside Thee
  And love her to the end.

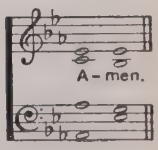
Save us from ever scorning
  A love that, like Thine own,
From childhood's early dawning
  Has been to us made known;
May we, with pure endeavour,
  Be constant to repay
Our mother's love, that ever
  Has shined upon our way.

For mighty is that nation
  And shall be mightier yet,
Whose stones of sure foundation
  Within her homes are set;
Her hope shall never perish
  Her glory ne'er remove,
Whose sons and daughters cherish
  A mother's changeless love:

Till, in that city, splendid
  With streets of burnished gold,
God, by His saints attended,
  His glories shall unfold;
Then, all her foes defeated,
  His Church at length shall stand
Our Home, in Him completed,
  Our perfect Motherland.

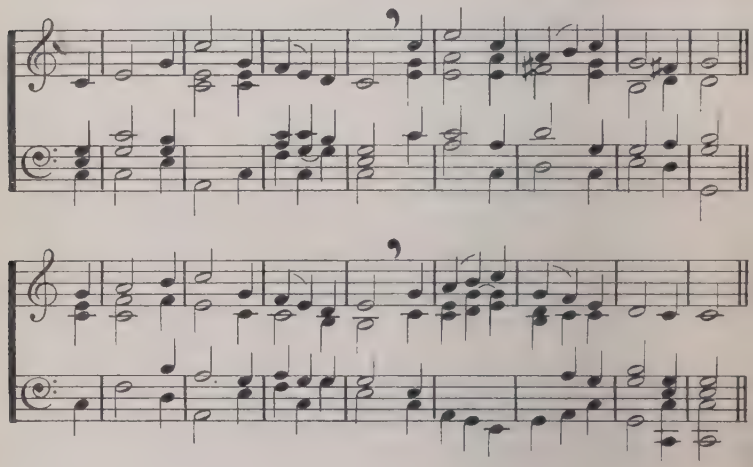
R. F. PECHEY.

This Hymn is specially suitable to Mothering Sunday (4th in Lent).



132 DEUS TUORUM MILITUM.

In moderate time. L.M. GRENOBLE CHURCH MELODY.



O GOD, whose mighty works of old
Our fathers to their sons have told,
Be with us still from age to age,
Our children's children's heritage.

Thine are the kingdoms : at Thy feet
All peoples of the earth do meet
In equal lowliness of prayer
To find Thine equal pity there.

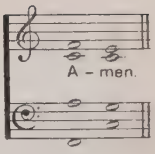
Thy strength made strong our fathers' hands,
A people great on seas and lands,
To win, till earth shall pass away,
Such honour as the earth can pay.

Be with their children : give us grace
To know, nor fear to hold, their place,
Nor meanly shrink, nor boast at ease—
A people great on lands and seas.

Boys only :—
Keep Thou our boyhood free and fair
And quick to help and brave to dare :
From greed and selfishness and shame
Guard Thou, O Lord, the English name.

Girls only :—
Keep Thou our girlhood fair and free
In mirth and love and modesty :
From ugly thought and deed and word
Guard Thou our English homes, O Lord.

O God, whose mighty works of old
Our fathers to their sons have told,
Be Thou our strength from age to age,
Our children's children's heritage.
J. M. C. CRUM.



133 THESE THINGS SHALL BE.

Moderately slow. L.M. MARTIN SHAW.

By permission of Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons.

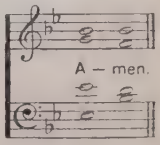
THESE things shall be—a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

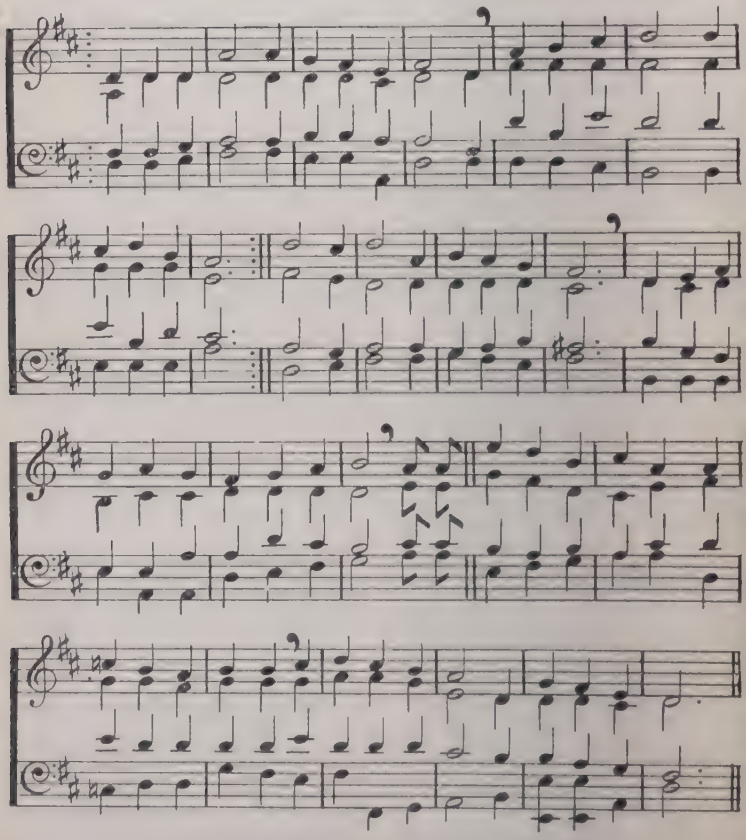
Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.
J. A. SYMONDS.



134 KENT. Irregular. C. HYLTON STEWART.

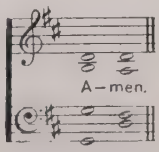


Copyright of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal.

GOD who hast made the valleys of England
Peaceful and smiling everywhere,
Voices of sheep and lambs in the meadows,
Voices of skylarks high in the air,
May Thy Christ be teaching us still,
In at our lessons or out at our game,
Till the hum of our classroom and shout of our playground
Are music that sings the praise of Thy Name!

God who hast made us children of England
Born in a land so pleasant and free,
Some to go work in the town or the village,
Some to go sailing over the sea,
May Thy Christ be teaching us still,
Out at our business or in at our home,
Till the life and the work and the love of our country
Are music that sings the praise of Thy Name!

J. M. C. CRUM.

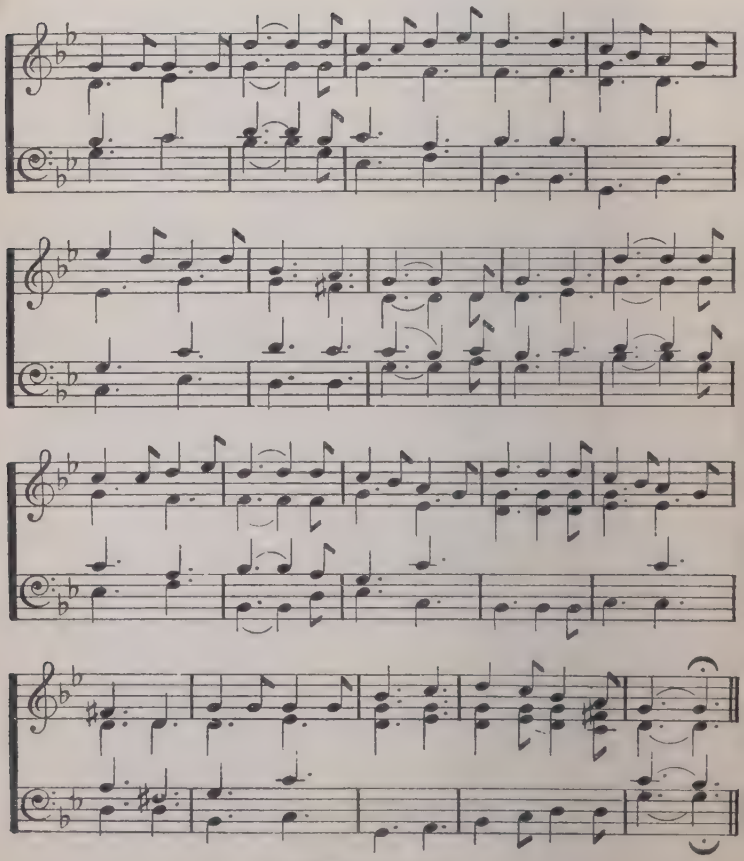


135

Unison.

12.11.10.77.11.

French Traditional Air.
Arr. by J. D. Chandler.



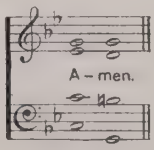
By permission of the S.P.C.K.

LET us thank the Christ for all who did their duty,
Famous men of old and great of heart in fight:
Who fought their way and laboured for their day,
And strove to make our England
A happy, lovely England,
Happy in His praise and lovely in His light.

Now they thank the Christ, who called them to be captains:
Now they sing His praise in everlasting light:
And still they pray, they pray the Lord to-day
That He would make our England
A happy, lovely England,
Happy in His praise and lovely in His light.

Let us pray the Christ that He would make us soldiers
Truer in His ways and braver in His fight:
That we, as they, may loyally obey,
And help to make our England
A happy, lovely England,
Happy in His praise and lovely in His light.

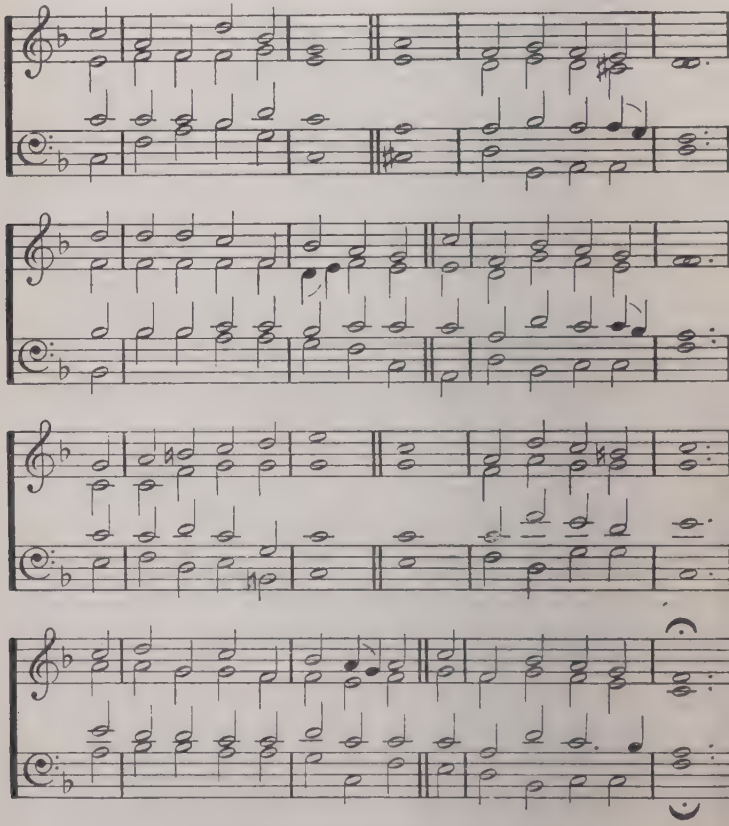
J. M. C. CRUM.



The following Hymn may also be used on these occasions:

O Faith of England. No. 258

136 **ST. MARTIN'S NEW.** D.S.M. R. Cook
Moderately slow.



This Hymn may also be sung to SELMA (No. 43).

WE children, Lord, have come
Into Thy courts to-day,
Bringing Thee flowers from school
and home,
Glad with our offerings gay.

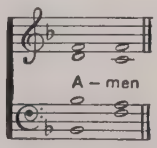
Not for ourselves we bring
This growth of sun and rain,
But for Thy children suffering
Dark hours on beds of pain.

Here is the deep red rose,
Emblem of Martyr's love ;
Here, too, are lilies white like those
Who walk with Christ above.
Sweet are they all, O Lord,
And sweet to give our best ;
But sweeter still Thy promised word
To give the sufferers rest.

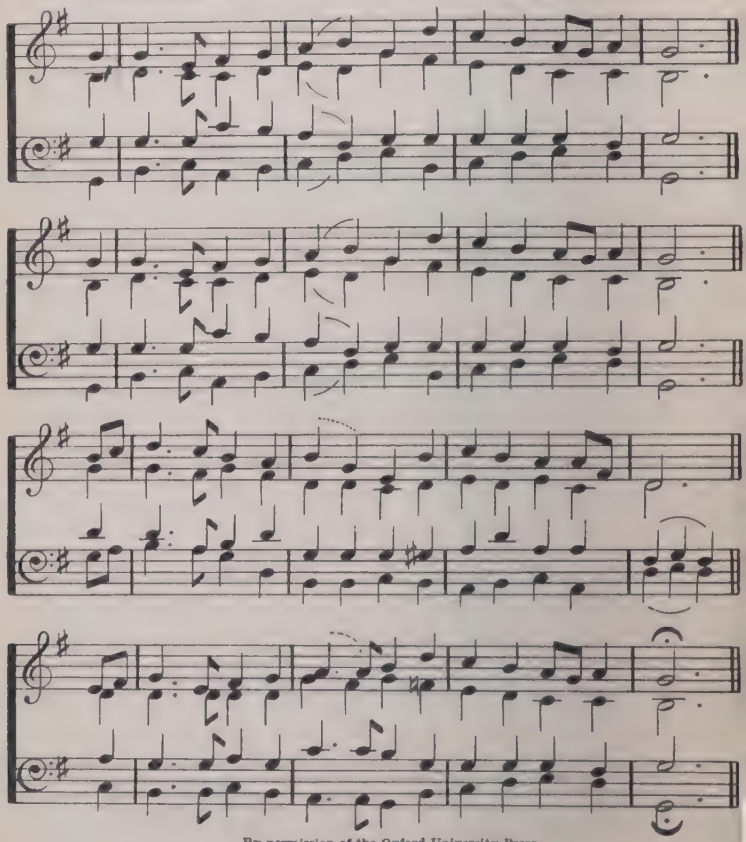
Fair are these earthly flowers,
Varied their bright array,
Short is their term of sunny hours,
Brief is their summer day.
So must we too appear,
As in Thy light we stand,
So short, so brief our sojourn here,
So close the unknown land.

Happy the child who grows
Healthy, and good, and wise,
Free as the meadow flower that blows
Under the open skies.
Blessèd are also ye
Who higher still can reach,
Learning through patient sympathy
The lessons pain can teach.

W. C. Dix.



137 GOSTERWOOD. In moderate time. 76.76.D. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL MELODY



By permission of the Oxford University Press.

WE thank Thee, O our Father,
For all Thy loving care;
We thank Thee that Thou mad'st the world
So very bright and fair.
We thank Thee for the sunshine,
And for the pleasant showers;
And we thank Thee, O our Father,
We thank Thee for the flowers.

Out in the sunny meadows,
  And in the woodlands cool,
And under every hedgerow,
  And by each reedy pool,
And on the lonely moorland,
  And by the broad highway ;
All pure, and fresh, and stainless,
  They spring up every day.

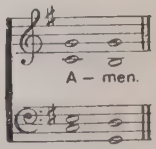
And in the dusty city,
  Where busy crowds pass by,
And where the tall dark houses
  Stand up and hide the sky,
And where through lanes and alleys
  No pleasant breezes blow,
Even there, O God, our Father,
  Thou mak'st the flowers grow.

And whether in the city
  Or in the fields they dwell,
Always the same sweet message
  The sweet young flowers tell.
For they are all so wonderful,
  They show Thy power abroad ;
And they are all so beautiful,
  They tell Thy love, O God.

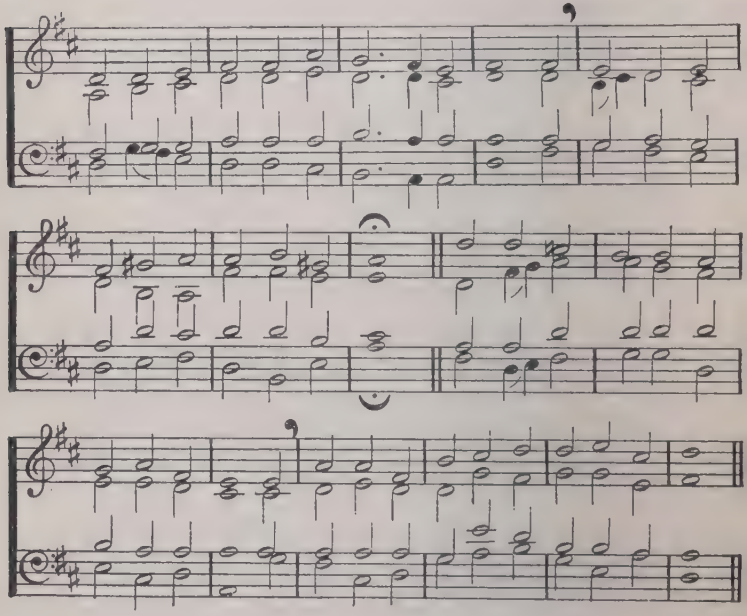
Thou see'st each seed that lieth
  Down in the dark, cold clay ;
Thou sendest rain upon it
  And sunshine, day by day ;
Out of the earth that holds it
  Thou bidd'st it spring and grow ;
And every flower that bloometh
  Thou, God, dost see and know.

Therefore we love the flowers
  As precious gifts from Thee,
We prize and tend and keep them
  And touch them tenderly.
And when we see them growing
  In fields and garden bowers
We thank Thee, O our Father,
  We thank Thee for the flowers.

C. M. MacSorley.



138 WAS LEBET, WAS SCHWEBET (FIRST TUNE).
Moderately slow. 11.10.11.10. GERMAN 18TH CENT.



HERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
Bloom from the garden, and flowers from the field,
Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou carest
More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

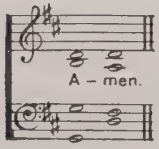
Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace,
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying,
Grant the departing a gentle release.

Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened,
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast quickened
Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.

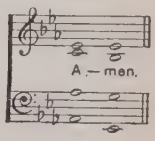
We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;
We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,
Grant us a place in Thy House in the sky.

G. BLUNT.

1st Tune.



2nd Tune.

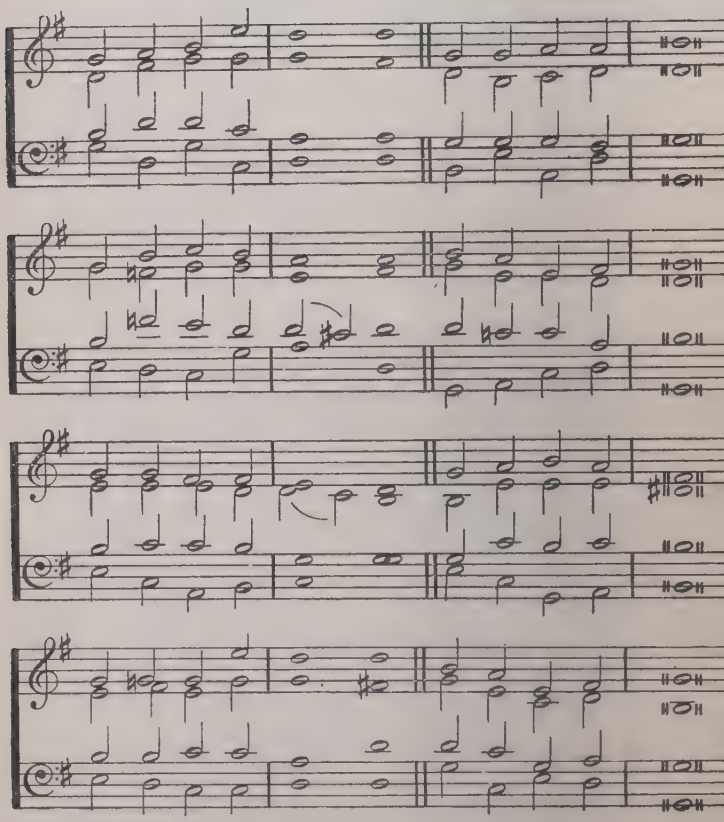


SPRINGFIELD (SECOND TUNE).

11.10.11.10.

P. MAURICE.

139 GROSVENOR. 65.65.D. C. STEGGA

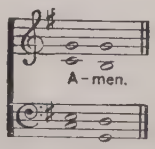


PANSIES, lilies, roses,
Flowers of every hue,
Take each one as coming
Straight from God to you;
Telling wondrous secrets
Of His power and love,
Wearing still the brightness
Of the home above.

Just as earth's creation
Showed the might of God,
So does every floweret
Springing from the sod.
He who guides the star-worlds,
Curbs the ocean's power,
With the same hand painteth
Every leaf and flower.

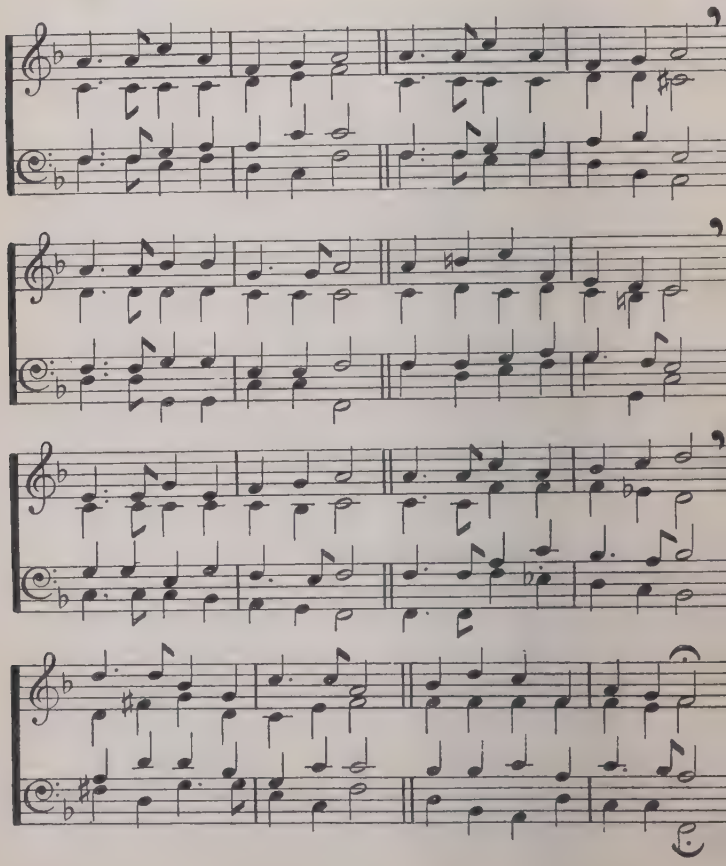
Praise Him then with singing,
Tell His love abroad;
Be the whole earth ringing
With the name of God.
Lakes and hills be telling,
Sunset skies, and flowers,
Something of the beauty
Of this God of ours.

CAROLINE GRIFFITH.



The following Hymn may also be used at Flower Services:
Not here for high and holy things. No. 227.

140 **ST. GEORGE.** Brightly. 77·77·D. G. J. Elve



HARVEST

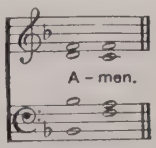
COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:—
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

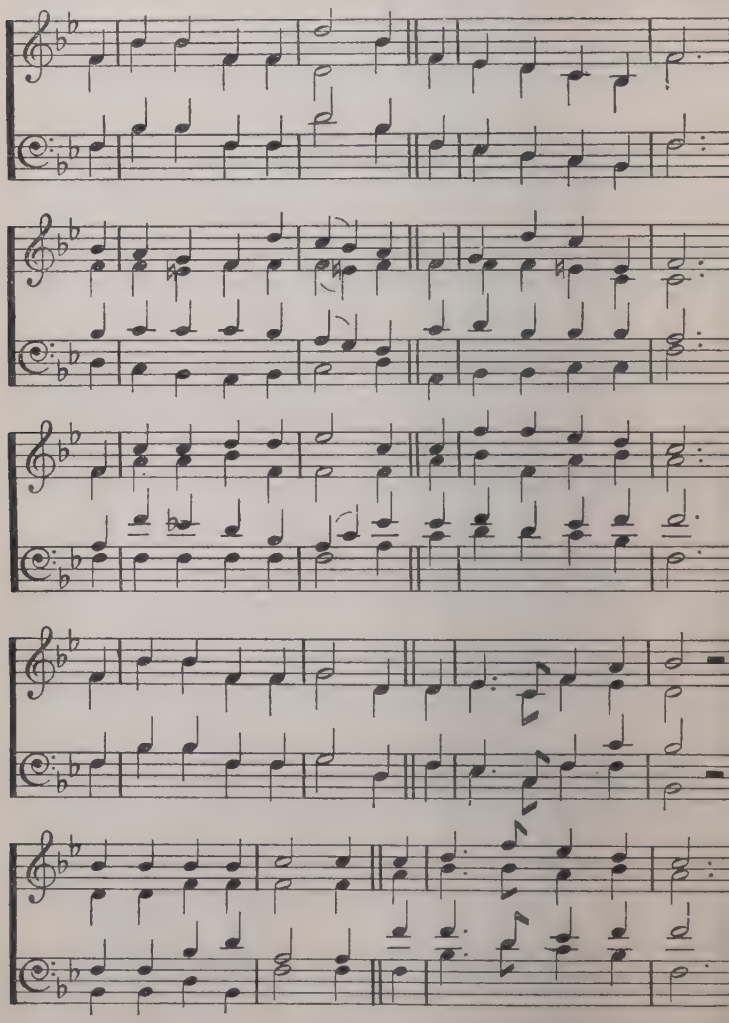
For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

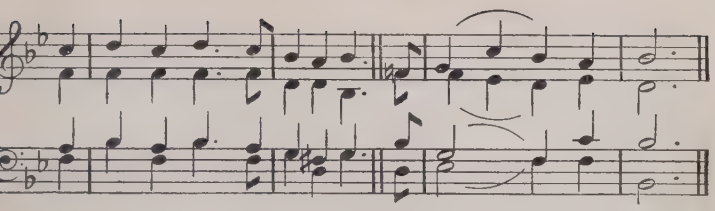
Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home!

H. ALFORD.



141 **WIR PFLÜGEN.**
In moderate time. 76.76.76.76.66.84. J. A. P. Schulz (



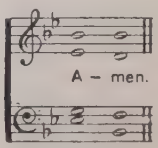


WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand ;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain ;
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above ;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all His love !

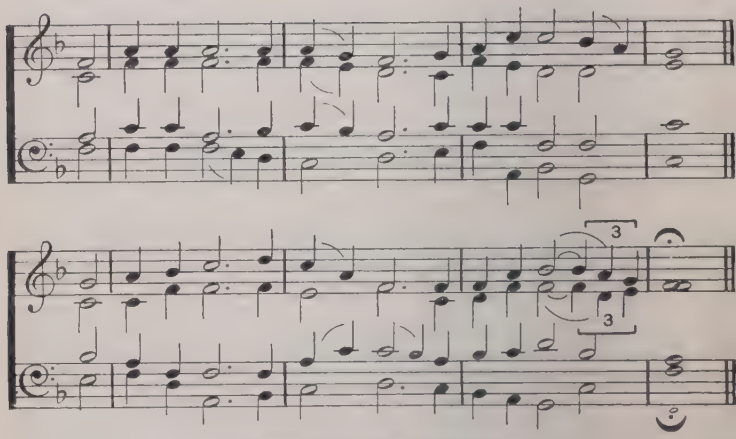
He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far ;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star ;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed ;
Much more to us His children
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good ;
The seedtime and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food ;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, etc.

Tr. J. M. CAMPBELL.



142 **DEVONSHIRE.** In moderate time. 76.76. English Traditional Melod



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This Hymn may also be sung to Magdalena (No. 332).

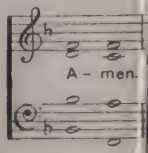
THE ever-changing seasons
  In silence come and go;
But Thou, eternal Father,
  No time or change canst know.

O, pour Thy grace upon us,
  That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
  To dwell in heaven with Thee.

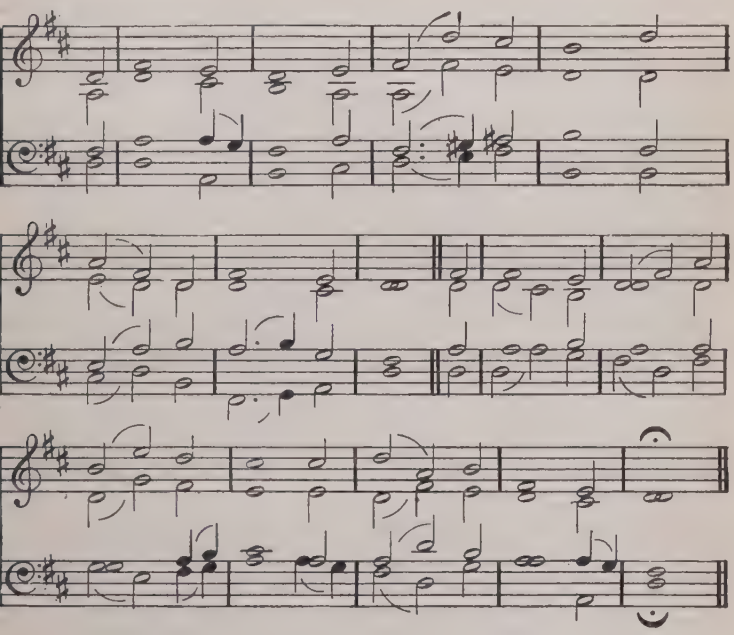
Behold the bending orchards
  With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
  Let heavenly fruits abound.

O, by each mercy sent us,
  And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
  And sorrows like the rain,

Our barren hearts make fruitful
  With every goodly grace,
That we Thy name may hallow,
  And see at last Thy face.
  Br. W. W. How.



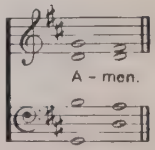
143 STRACATHRO. C.M. SCOTTISH HYMN MELODY.



DEAR heavenly Father, pity those
Who lie in weary pain;
O Saviour, stand beside their beds,
And make them well again!

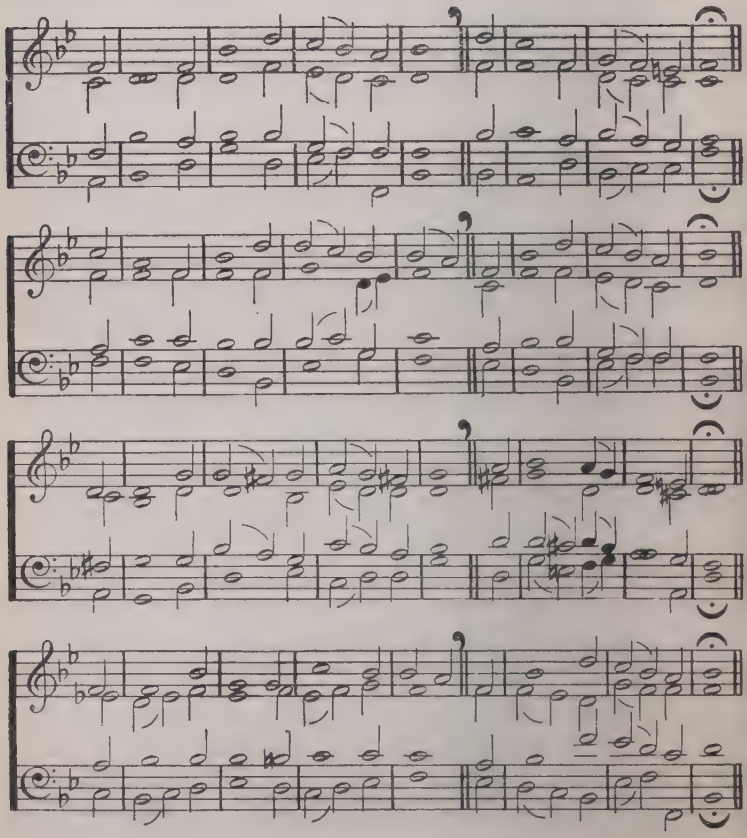
O Holy Spirit, make men wise
To cure and to prevent,
That all may serve Thee sound and strong,
As our dear Father meant.

M. M. PENSTONE.



144 **ST. MATTHEW.** D.C.M. W. CROFT.

In moderate time.

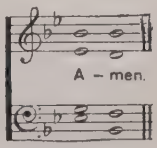


THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave;
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied, and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame;

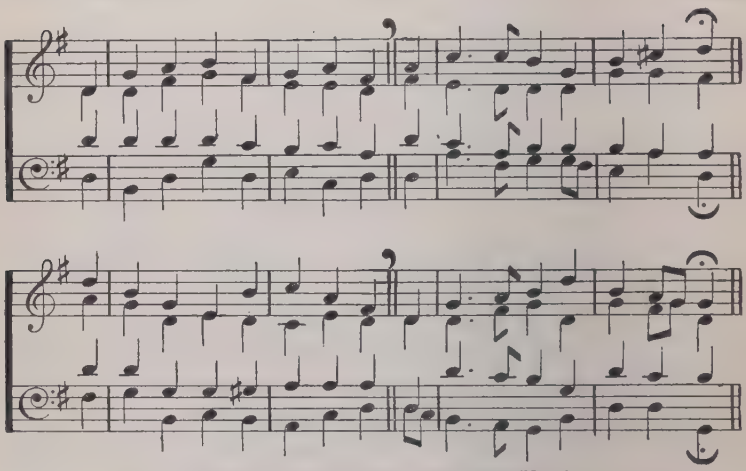
And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee the Lord of Light.
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty, as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

Be Thou our great deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath.
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.



145 **BROCKHAM.** Moderately fast. L.M. J. CLARK.



This Hymn may also be sung to MELCOMBE (No. 2).

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

O, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet!
O, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet!

O, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea!

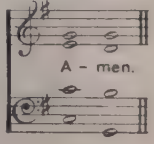
O, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart!
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart!

O, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour!

O, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show!

O, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share!

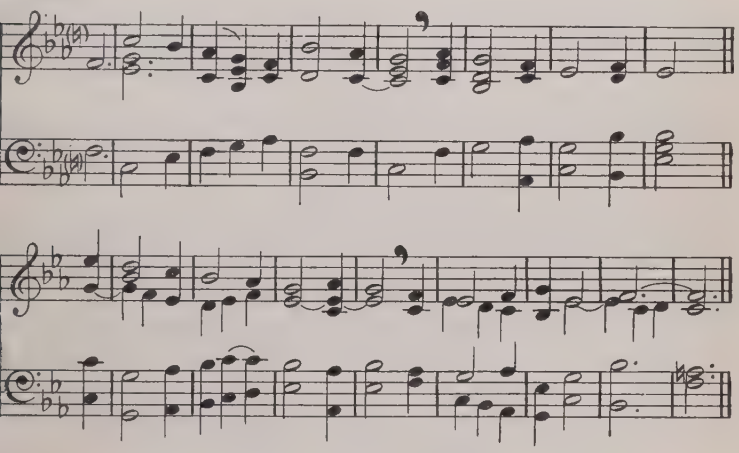
F. R. HAVERGAL.



146 THE WESTERN WYNDE.

Dignified. C.M. *Arr. by* G. GARDNER.

Unison.



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This tune may sound best when sung in bare unison without accompaniment.

This Hymn may also be sung to MENDIP (No. 173).

O IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Ah, God is other than we think,
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

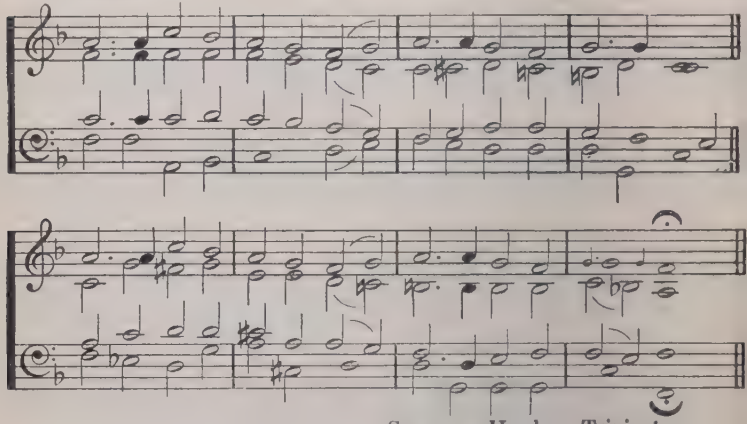
Workman of God! O, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like,
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame
And beckons thee His road.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter were to sin.

F. W. FABER.

147 **ST. MARK.** Quietly. 77.77. and 77.76 M. F. Bell



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Part 1.

GOD the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne :
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

Jesu, Saviour ever mild,
Born for us a little Child
Of the Virgin undefiled :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, by the Mother-Maid
In Thy swaddling-clothes arrayed,
And within a manger laid :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, at whose infant feet
Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
Knelt to pay their worship meet :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, unto whom of yore
Wise men, hastening to adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense bore :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, to Thy temple brought,
Whom, by Thy good Spirit taught,
Simeon and Anna sought :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, who didst deign to flee
From King Herod's cruelty
In Thy earliest infancy :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, whom Thy Mother found
'Midst the doctors sitting round,
Marvelling at Thy words profound :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Part 2.

By Thy birth and early years,
By Thine infant wants and fears,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

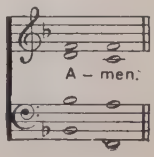
By Thy pattern bright and pure,
By the pains Thou didst endure
Our salvation to procure :
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy wounds and thorn-crowned
head,
By Thy Blood for sinners shed,
By Thy rising from the dead :
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the name we bow before,
Human name, which evermore
All the hosts of heaven adore :
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thine own unconquered might,
By Thy glory in the height,
By Thy mercies infinite :
Save us, Holy Jesu.

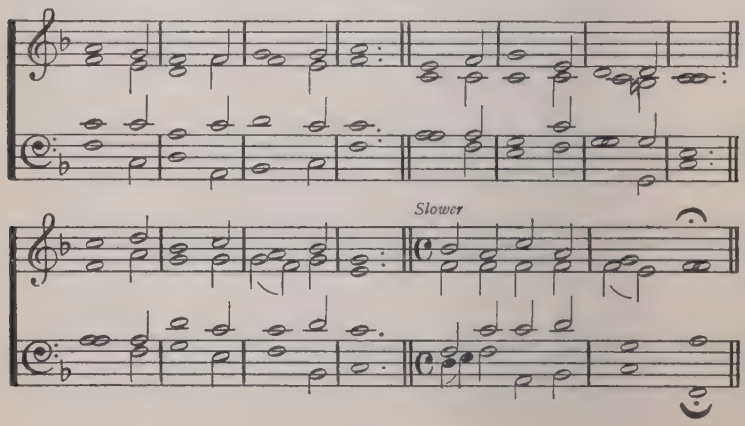
Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.
Our Father.



V. *Lord, hear our prayer ;*
R. *And let our cry come unto Thee.*

148 HELFER MEINER ARMEN SEELE.

In moderate time. 77.76. SCHEFFLER'S "HEILIGE SEELENLUST," 1657.



Part 1.

HOLY Jesu, Child divine,
By the glories that are Thine,
Veiled within so poor a shrine,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the angels' holy song,
As around they wondering throng,
Owning Thee their Ruler strong,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the lowly cattle-shed,
By the narrow manger-bed,
By the rough clothes o'er Thee spread,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the solemn praise and prayer,
By the gifts and offerings rare
Laid in lowly homage there,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy Mother's blessèd woes,
By Thy fleeing from Thy foes,
By Thy grief that no man knows,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy life, so long and still,
By Thy waiting to fulfil,
In its time, Thy Father's will,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the care that weighed on Thee,
By Thy toil and poverty,
By Thy sorrows yet to be,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Part 2.

Jesu, Holy Child divine,
On our darkened nature shine,
Give us virtues like to Thine :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Make us pure and undefiled,
Gentle, patient, loving, mild,
Trustful as a little child :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Make us ever long to know
Where our God would have us go,
Shrinking not from toil or woe :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

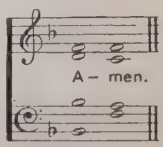
May we mark the pattern fair
Of Thy life of work and prayer,
And for truth all perils dare :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we calmly suffer blame,
Bear the Cross, despise the shame,
In Thy strength and in Thy name :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

As we live from year to year,
Jesu, be Thou ever near,
Make us like Thee, Saviour dear :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

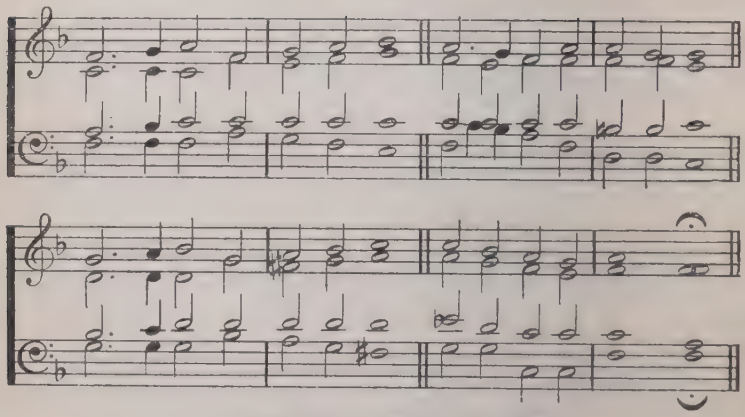
Bid us come at last to Thee,
And for ever perfect be,
Where Thy glory we shall see :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.
Our Father.



V. *Lord, hear our prayer ;*
R. *And let our cry come unto Thee.*

149 RICHMOND. 77·76. F. A. J. HERVEY.



HEAVENLY Father, from Thy throne
Look in love and pity down
On each kneeling little one ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Jesu, Saviour undefiled,
Once on earth a helpless Child,
Thou on little ones hast smiled ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Blessèd Spirit, gentle Dove,
From Thy home in heaven above
Come and fill our hearts with love ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the pains which Thou didst bear,
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Hearken to our lowly prayer ;
Jesu, Saviour, hear us.

By Thine hour of agony
Passed in dark Gethsemane,
When the angel strengthened Thee,
Jesu, Saviour, hear us.

By the scourging Thou hast borne,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By the reed and crown of thorn,
Jesu, Saviour, hear us.

By Thy going forth to die,
By that oft-repeated cry,
"Crucify Him, crucify!"
Jesu, Saviour, hear us.

By the Cross men laid on Thee,
By Thy Death on Calvary,
Death, which sets Thy children free,
Jesu, Saviour, hear us.

By Thy pattern, pure and bright,
Lead our wills to what is right,
Wash our evil nature white;
Jesu, Saviour, hear us.

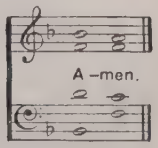
From all childish sins that stain,
From all words that might give pain,
From all wicked thoughts and vain,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.
Our Father.

V. *Lord, hear our prayer;*

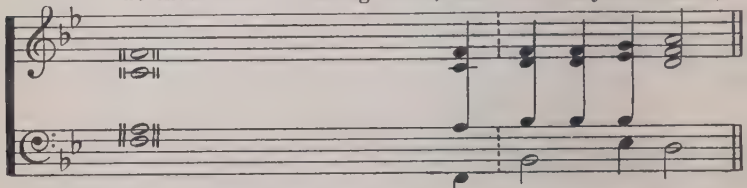
R. *And let our cry come unto Thee.*

R. F. Littledale.

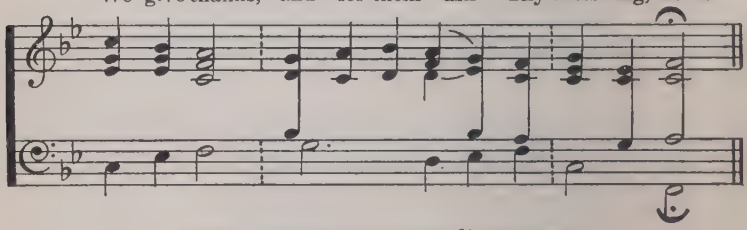


150 **LITANY OF THE CHILDREN.** *Adapted from Plain Chant*
In ordinary speech rhythm and not too slowly. *by* G. GARDNER.

To those who . . . roaring rivers, that we may be housed,



We give thanks, and for them ask Thy bless - ing, Lord.



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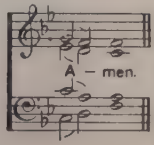
TO those who in deep forests, all the winter through, fell the giant trees and float them down the roaring rivers, that we may be housed,
We give thanks, and for them ask
Thy blessing, Lord.

To those who in deep and dangerous mines dig for the gleaming coal that we may be warm,
We give thanks, and for them ask
Thy blessing, Lord.

To those who toss on the great salt seas and dare death to bring us food,
We give thanks, and for them
ask Thy blessing, Lord.

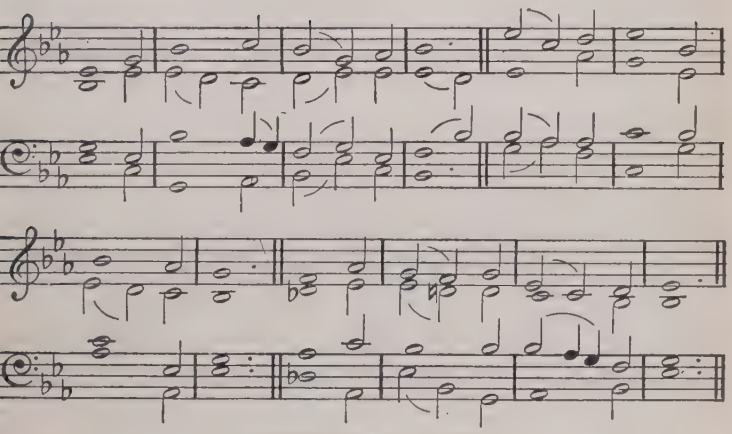
To those whose life work it is to make bright our lives, who make our surroundings as beautiful and as healthful as they can, to our teachers, and to those whose children we are,
We give thanks, and for them ask
Thy blessing, Lord.



VIVIENNE DAYRELL.

GOD

151 **TYHOLLAND** 777. *Arr. by* D. R. Wilson.



By permission of Canon D. R. Wilson.

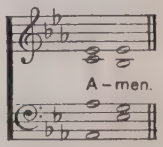
WHAT is Holy Trinity ?
'Tis the name that teaches me
God is One, in Persons Three.

God made everything I see ;
Bird, and beast, and flower, and tree.
God made all men. God made me.

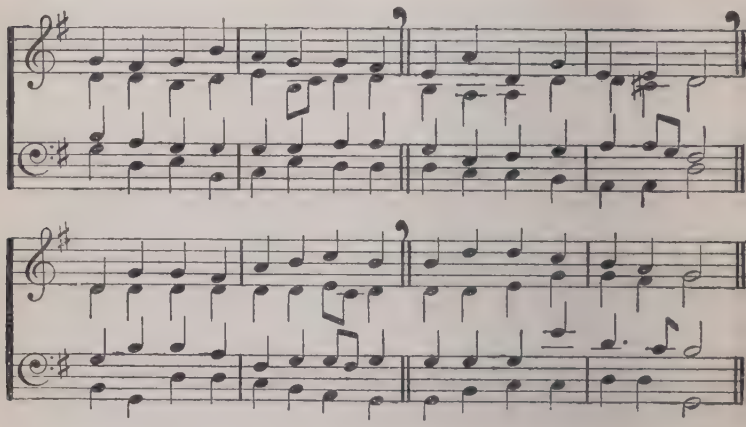
God came down our flesh to wear ;
All our pain and grief to share ;
On the Cross our sins to bear.

God the Holy Ghost doth will
Our poor hearts with grace to fill,
Making Jesus present still.

R. W. Barber.



152 REDHEAD No. 46.
In moderate time. 87.87. R. REDHEAD



BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:

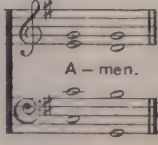
"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."

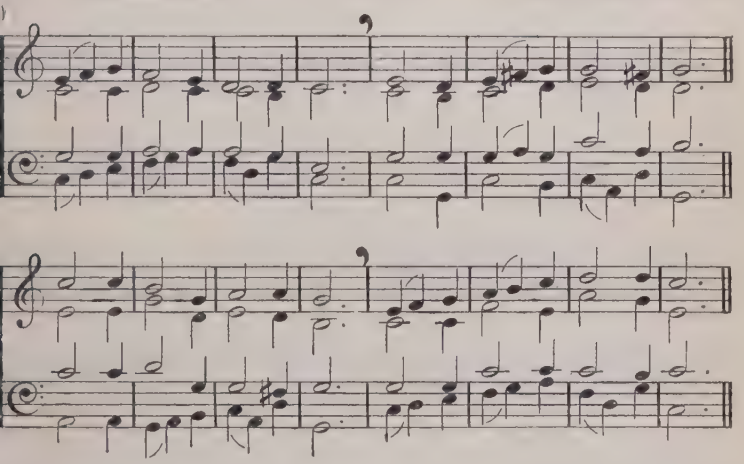
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."

BP. R. MANT.



153 KEINE SCHÖNHEIT HAT DIE WELT. SCHEFFLER'S
In moderate time. 77·77· "HEILIGE SEELENLUST," 1657.



ADVENT tells us, Christ is near:
Christmas tells us Christ is here!
In Epiphany we trace
All the glory of His grace.

Those three Sundays before Lent
Will prepare us to repent;
That in Lent we may begin
Earnestly to mourn for sin.

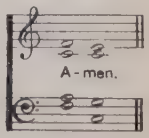
Holy Week and Easter, then,
Tell who died and rose again:
O that happy Easter Day!
"Christ is risen indeed," we say.

Yes, and Christ ascended too
To prepare a place for you;
So we give Him special praise,
After those great Forty Days.

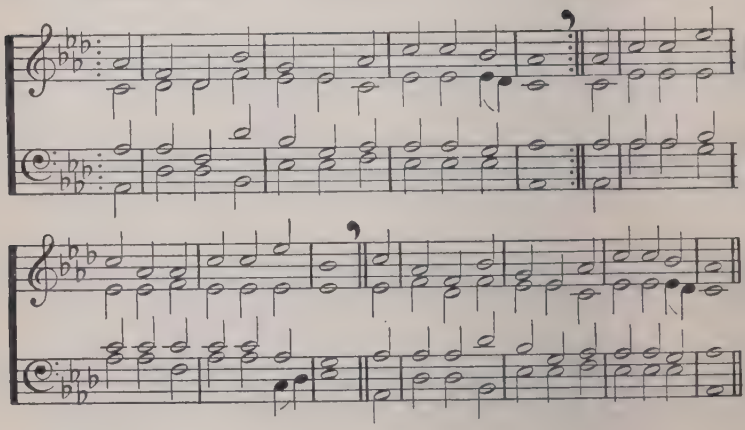
Then He sent the Holy Ghost,
On the Day of Pentecost,
With us ever to abide:
Well may we keep Whitsuntide!

Last of all, we humbly sing
Glory to our God and King,
Glory to the One in Three,
On the Feast of Trinity.

K. HANKEY.



154 **ST. DENIO.** In moderate time. 11.11.11.11. WELSH HYMN MELODY.



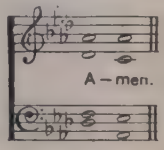
IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessèd, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

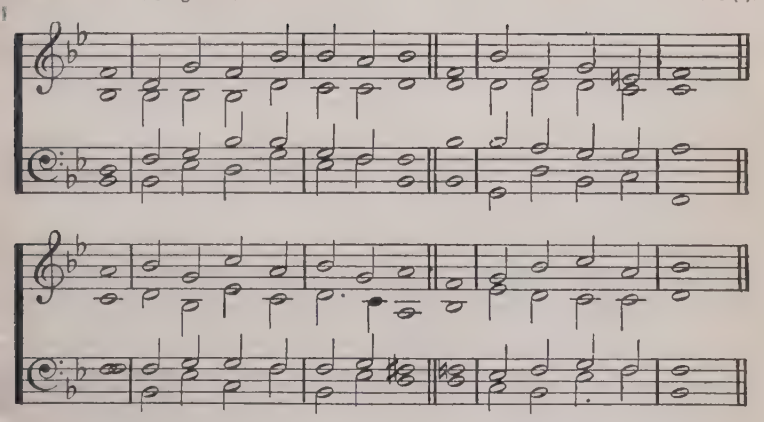
To all life Thou givest—to both great and small;
In all life Thou livest. the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish—but nought changeth Thee.

Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render: O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee.

W. CHALMERS SMITH.



155 **ST. ANNE.** C.M. W. CROFT (?).
Slow and dignified.



O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast.
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

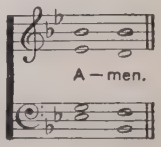
Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

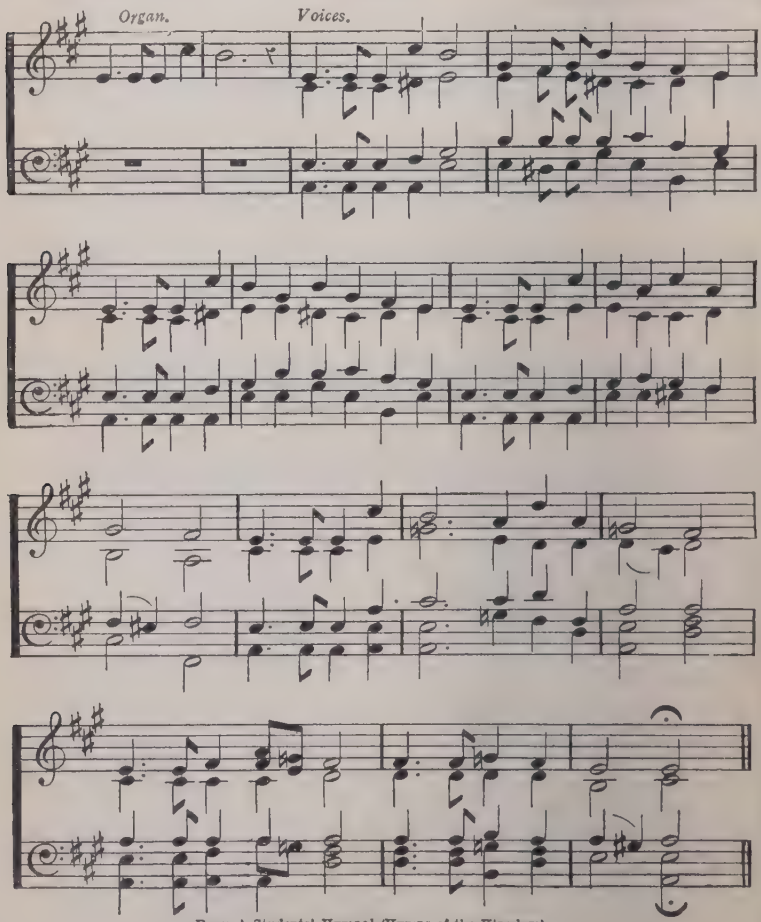
O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

I. WATTS (18th cent.).



156 GOD BE IN MY HEAD.

Meditatively. 12.10.10.10.11. H. WALFORD DAVIES.



From A Students' Hymnal (Hymns of the Kingdom).
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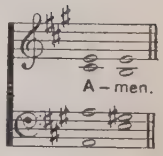
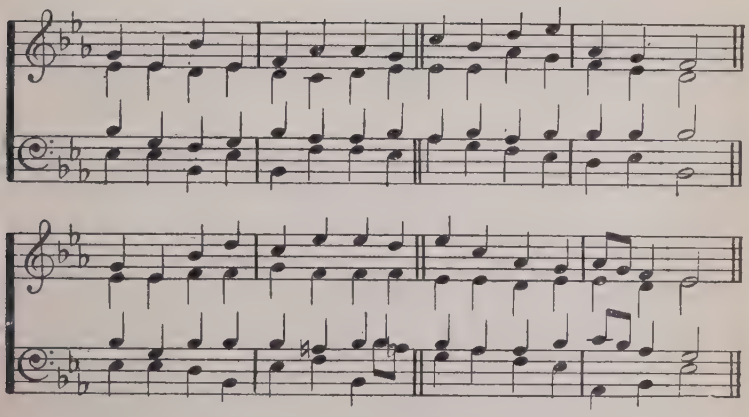
GOD be in my head, And in my
understanding;
God be in my eyes, And in my
looking;
God be in my mouth, And in my
speaking;

God be in my heart, And in my thinking;
God be at my end, And at my departing.
SARUM PRIMER (16th cent.).

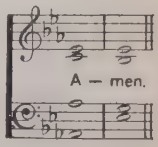


157 **THIRSK.**
Moderately slow. 87.87. W. BOYCE.



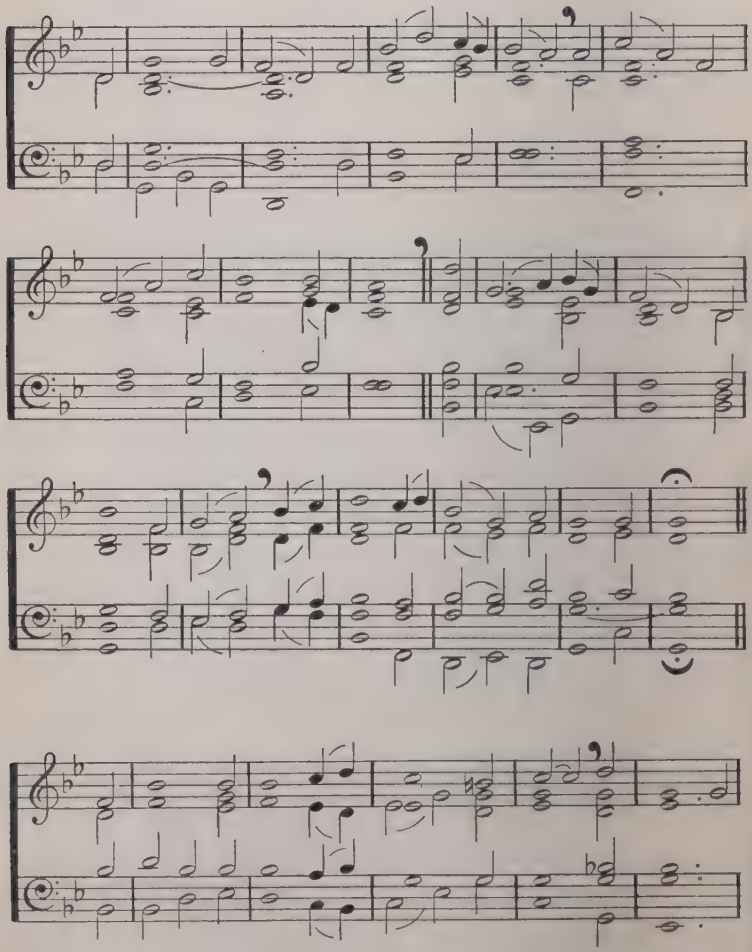
MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

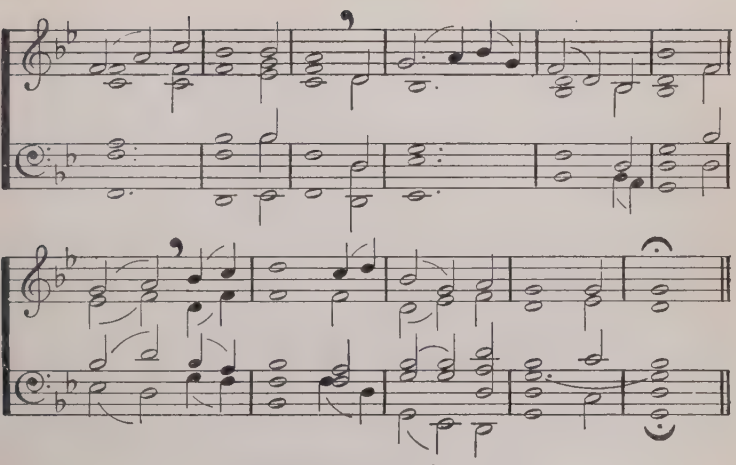
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in sweet communion
Joys which earth cannot afford.
J. NEWTON (18th cent.).



158 **ST. PATRICK.** Moderately slow. D.L.M. ANCIENT IRISH HYMN MELODY. *Arr. by* C. V. STANFORD.

Unison.



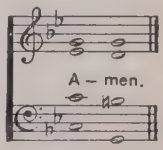


By permission of Messrs. Stainer & Bell, Ltd.

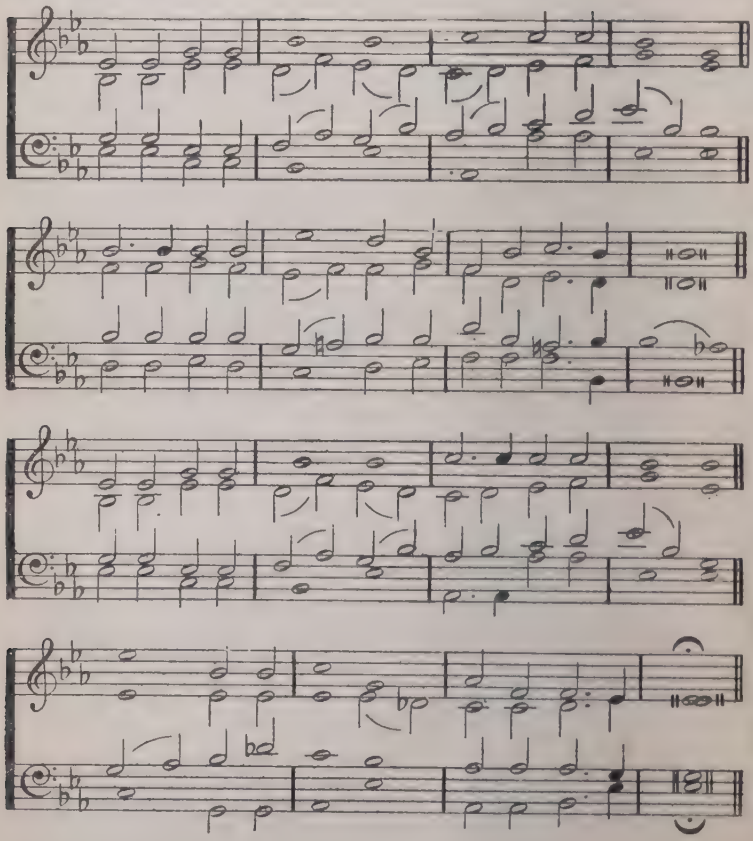
I BIND unto myself to-day
The power of God to hold and lead,
His eye to watch, His might to stay,
His ear to hearken to my need;
The wisdom of my God to teach,
His hand to guide, His shield to ward;
The word of God to give me speech,
His heavenly host to be my guard.

I bind unto myself the name,
The strong name of the Trinity;
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One, and One in Three,
Of whom all nature hath creation;
Eternal Father, Spirit, Word;
Praise to the Lord of my salvation,
Salvation is of Christ the Lord.

Tr. C. F. ALEXANDER.



159 NICÆA.
Moderately slow. 11.12.12.10. J. B. DYKES.



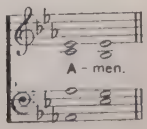
HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

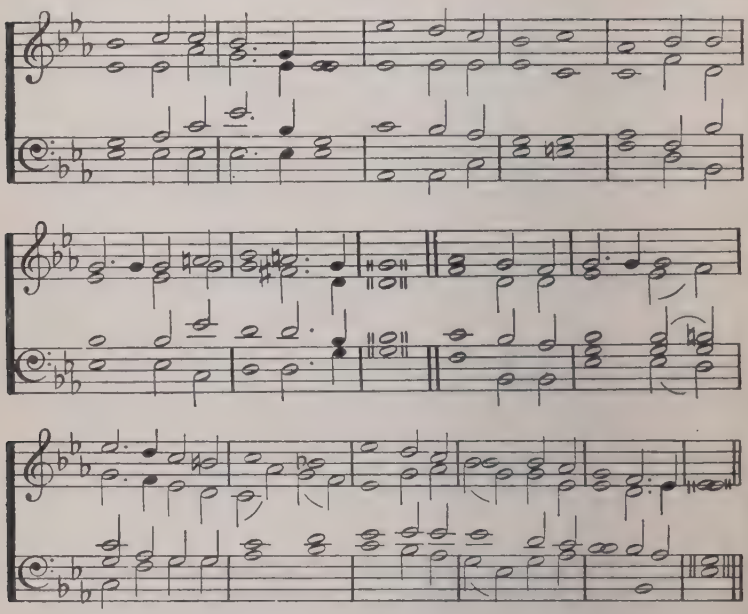
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity.

Bp. R. Heber.



160 RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

With dignity. 11.10.11.9. A. Lwoff.

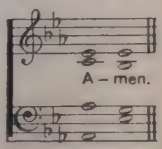


MAKER of morning light, who in the dimness
Callest the beauty of the day to arise,
Now, in our dawn of life, fresh as early morning,
Clear be the light of Thy love in our eyes.

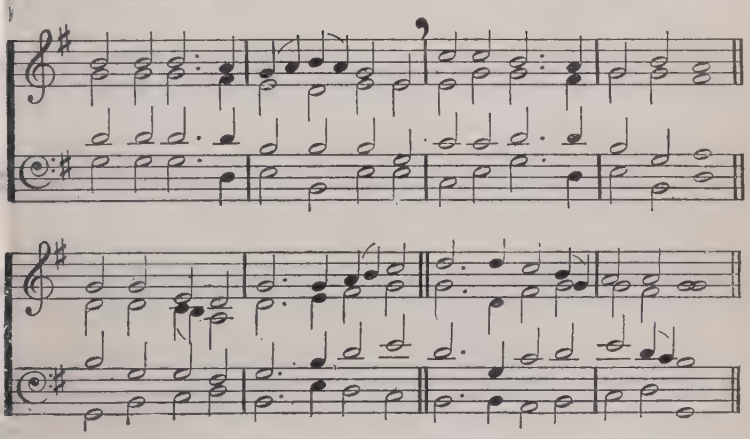
Giver of youthfulness, sender of spring-time
Waking to life again the green-wood and hill,
Give us light hearts to go out on Thine adventure,
Singing with joy to be doing Thy will.

Now while our heart is young, now in our spring-time,
Make Thou Thy morning light to shine on our ways,
Make Thou our hearts to sing, glad as birds at sunrise,
Lifting our life to the joy of Thy praise.

J. M. C. Crum.



161 **SUSSEX.** In moderate time. 87.87. English Traditional Melody.



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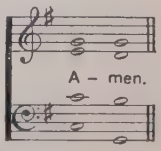
FATHER, hear the prayer we offer:
Not for ease that prayer shall be;
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly rest and stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

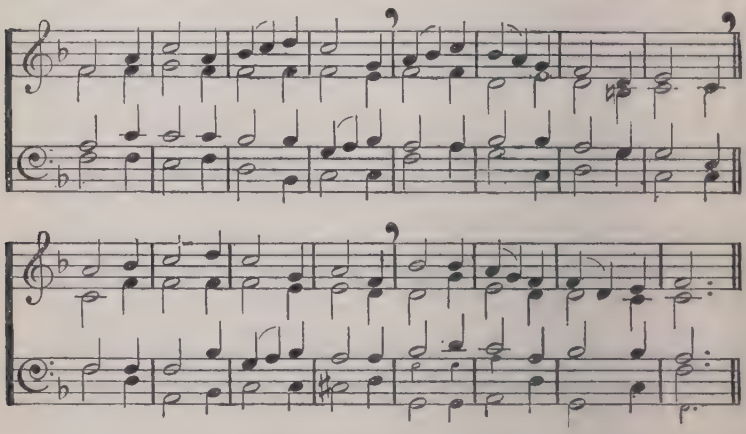
Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our guide;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.

L. M. Willis.



162 QUEM PASTORES LAUDAVERE.

In moderate time. 88.87. 15TH CENT. GERMAN MS.



FATHER, who on man dost shower
Gifts of plenty from Thy dower,
To Thy people give the power
All Thy gifts to use aright.

Give pure happiness in leisure,
Temperance in every pleasure,
Holy use of earthly treasure,
Bodies clear and spirits bright.

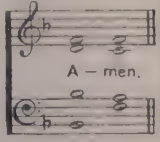
Lift from this and every nation
All that brings us degradation;
Quell the forces of temptation;
Put Thine enemies to flight.

Be with us, Thy strength supplying,
That with energy undying,
Every foe of man defying,
We may rally to the fight.

Thou who art our Captain ever
Lead us on to great endeavour;
May Thy Church the world deliver,
Give us wisdom, courage, might.

Father, who hast sought and found us,
Son of God, whose love has bound us,
Holy Ghost, within us, round us,
Hear us, Godhead infinite.

P. DEARMER.



163 **ST. ISSEY.** Slow. 64.64.D. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL MELODY.

OUR Father, as we part,
To Thee we pray—
O keep us pure in heart
From day to day;
In Christ the Holy Lord
Our faith increase,
Till, kept by Him, we dwell
In perfect peace.

CAREY BONNER.

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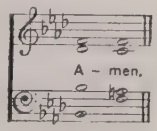


164 **RESONET IN LA'UDIBUS.** 77.88. With Refrain. GERMAN CAROL, MELODY 14TH CENT.

Moderately fast.

Unison.

Who is He, in yon - der stall, At whose feet the shepherds fall?

'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! 'Tis the Lord, the King of glo-ry!

At His feet we humbly fall; Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!

OUR LORD

At His feet we hum - bly fall—the Lord of all! Crown Him,

crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

WHO is He, in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?

'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of glory! *
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

Who is He, in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?

Who is He, in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?

Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

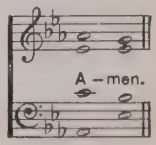
Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane!

Who is He, in Calvary's throes,
Asks for blessings on His foes?

Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?

Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?

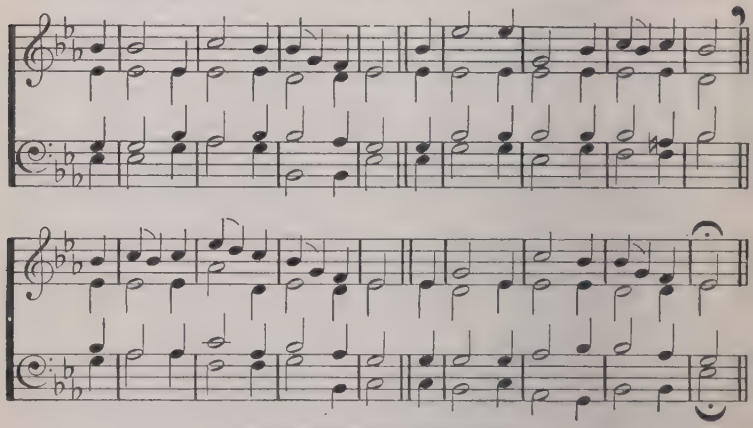
B. R. HANBY.



* *In all but first and last verses it may be well to end refrain here.*

165 HERONGATE.

In moderate time. L.M. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL MELODY.



By permission of the Oxford University Press.

IT is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from heaven,
And die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true:
He chose a poor and humble lot,
And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and died,
For love of those who loved Him not.

I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.

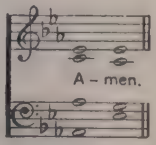
I sometimes think about the Cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails and crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me.

But even could I see Him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great love which, like a fire,
Is always burning in His heart.

It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

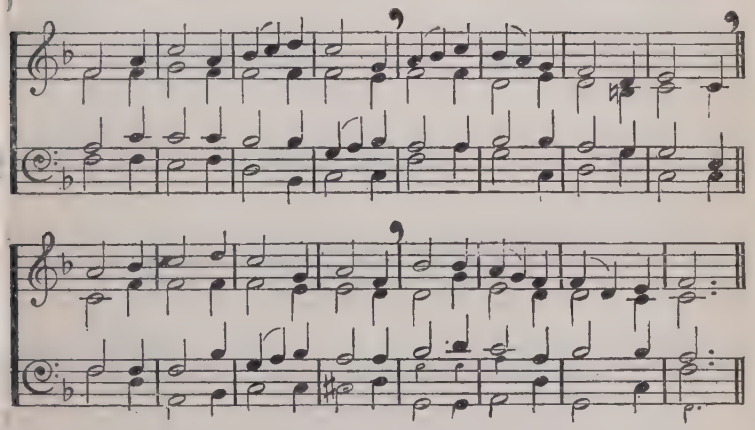
And yet I want to love Thee, Lord!
O light the flame within my heart,
And I will love Thee more and more,
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

BP. W. W. HOW.



166 **QUEM PASTORES LAUDAVERE.** 88.87. 15TH CENT. GERMAN MS.

In moderate time.



JESU, good above all other,
Gentle Child of gentle Mother,
In a stable born our Brother,
Give us grace to persevere.

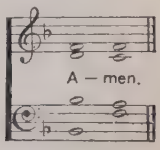
Jesu, cradled in a manger,
For us facing every danger,
Living as a homeless stranger,
Make we Thee our King most dear.

Jesu, for Thy people dying,
Risen Master, death defying,
Lord in heaven, Thy grace supplying,
Keep us by Thine altar near.

Jesu, who our sorrows bearest,
All our thoughts and hopes Thou sharest,
Thou to man the truth declarest;
Help us all Thy Truth to hear.

Lord, in all our doings guide us;
Pride and hate shall ne'er divide us;
We'll go on with Thee beside us,
And with joy we'll persevere!

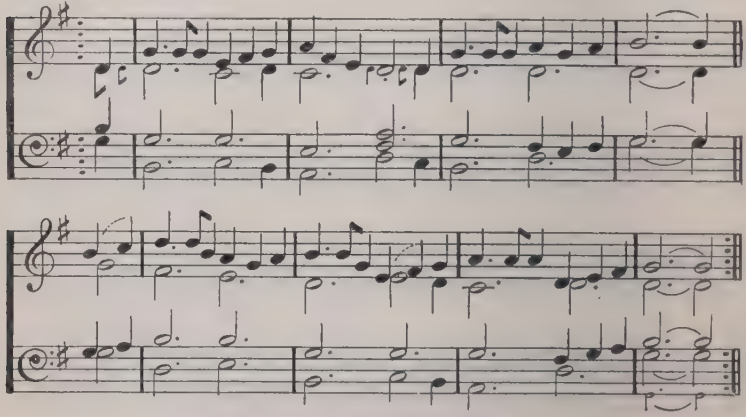
P. DEARMER.



167 EAST HORNDON.

Moderately fast. Irregular. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL MELODY.

Unison.



By permission of the Oxford University Press.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold;
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

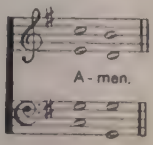
Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never hear of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The fairest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

J. LUKE.



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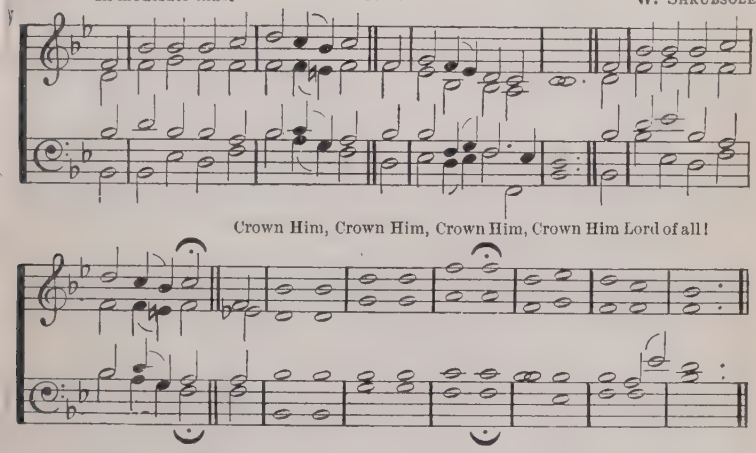
168 MILES LANE.

In moderate time. C.M. W. SHRUBSOLE.



This Hymn may also be sung to CREDITON (No. 92).

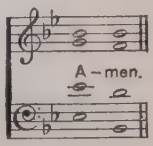
ALL hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye Martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Praise Him whose way of pain ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

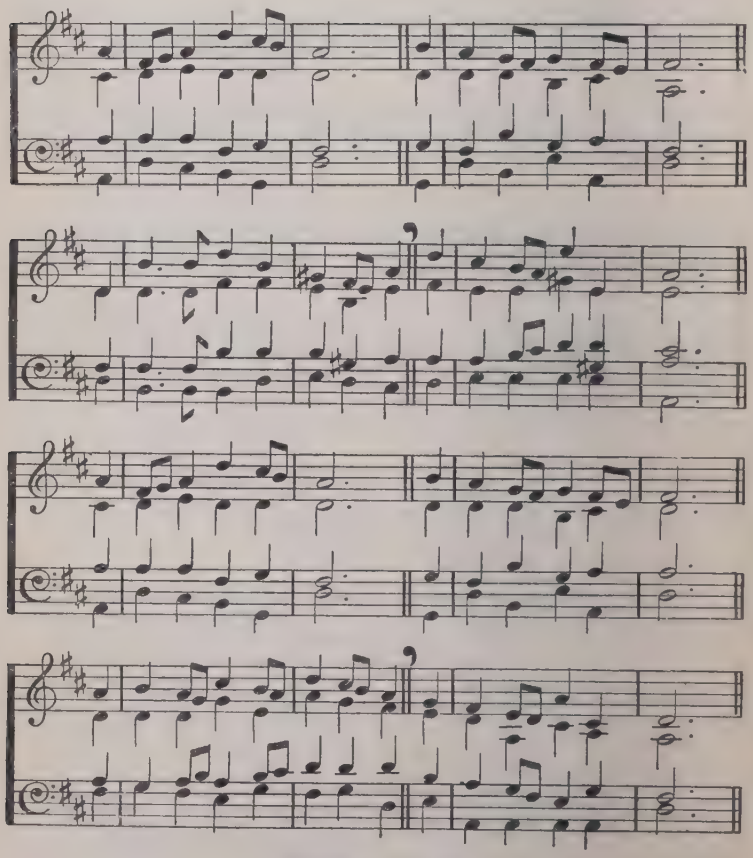
Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
Lift high the universal song
And crown Him Lord of all.

E. PERRONET.



169 **OLIVA SPECIOSA.** Moderately fast. D.S.M. ITALIAN MELODY. *Arr. by* C. T. GATTY.



By permission of Mr. C. T. Gatty.

This Hymn may also be sung to PATHWAY (No. 222).

OUR LORD

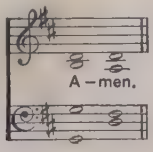
CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne :
Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own !
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save :
His glories now we sing,
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

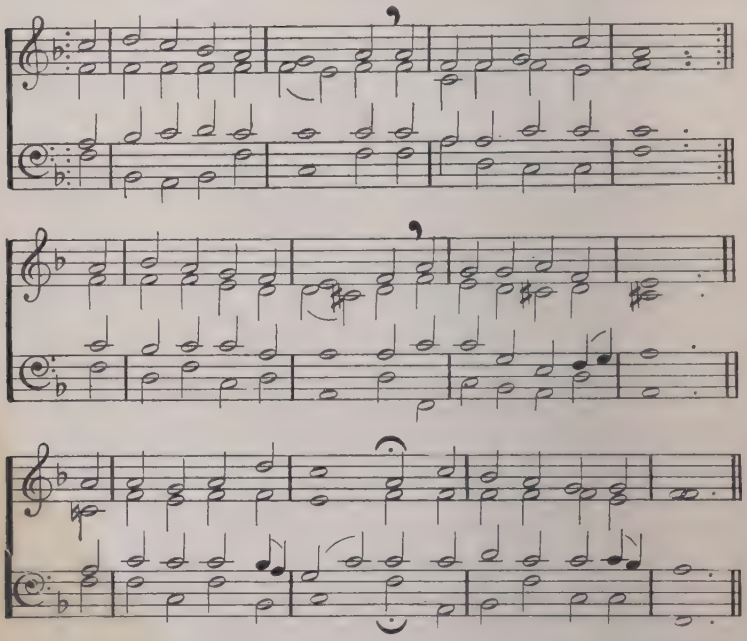
Crown Him the Lord of love !
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified :
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
All hail ! Redeemer, hail !
For Thou hast died for me ;
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

M. BRIDGES and G. THRING.



170 **CRÜGER.** Slow and dignified. 76.76.D. J. Crüger. *Arr. by* W. H. Monk.



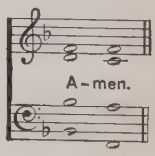
HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

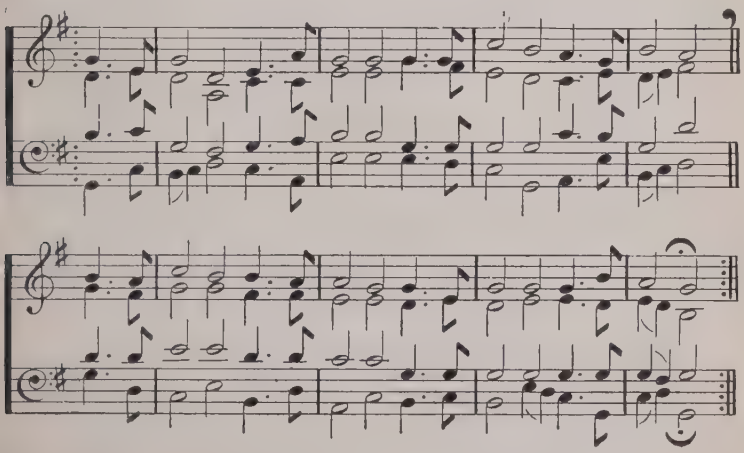
Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;
For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove :
His name shall stand for ever,
His changeless name of Love.

J. MONTGOMERY.

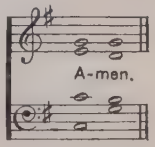


171 **DEIRDRE.** Dignified. L.M. ANCIENT IRISH MELODY.



CHRIST be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

Tr. C. F. ALEXANDER.



172 I LOVE TO HEAR.

76.76.D. with Refrain.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

Unison.

Fine

D.C.

By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

This Hymn may also be sung to GOSTERWOOD (No. 137) if the refrain be omitted.

OUR LORD

I LOVE to hear the story
  Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
  Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
  But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
  Because He loved me so.

I love to hear the story, etc.

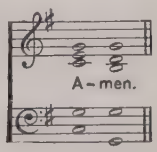
I'm glad my Blessèd Saviour
  Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
  His little ones might be ;
And if I try to follow
  His footsteps here below
He never will forget me,
  Because He loves me so.

I love to hear the story, etc.

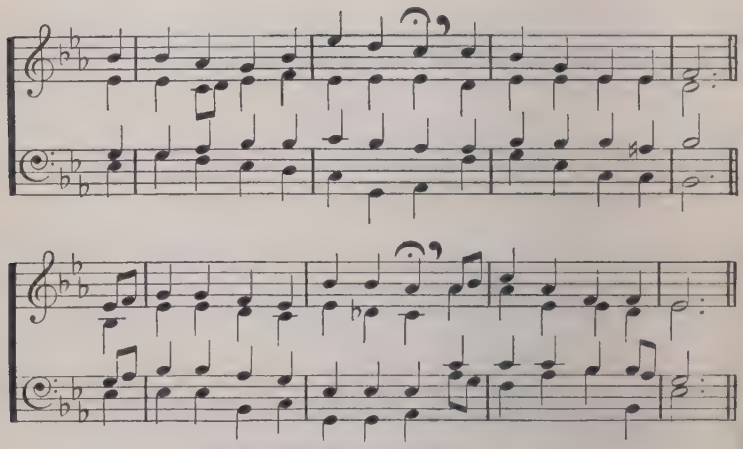
To tell His love and mercy
  My sweetest songs I'll raise ;
And though I cannot see Him,
  I know He hears my praise ;
For He Himself has promised
  That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
  Because He loves me so.

I love to hear the story, etc.

E. H. MILLER.



173 **MENDIP.** In moderate time. C.M. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL MELODY. *Arr. by* C. J. SHARP.



By permission of the executors of Mr. C. J. Sharp.

This Hymn may also be sung to CAPEL (No. 326).

DEAR Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving must Thou be,
To leave Thy home in heaven, to guard
A little child like me!

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

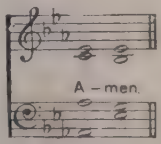
I cannot feel Thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother does
Her erring little child;

But I have felt Thee in my thought,
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

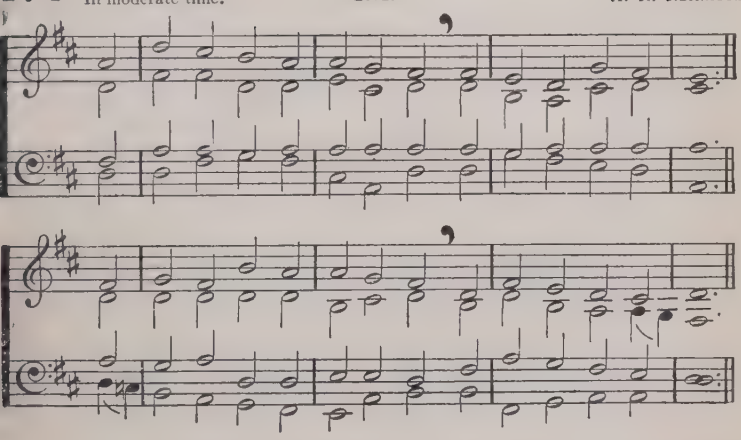
And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

Yes! when I pray, Thou prayest too;
The prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

F. W. FABER.



174 **ST. PETER.** In moderate time. C.M. A. R. Reinagle.



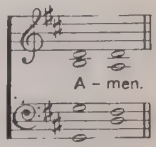
HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

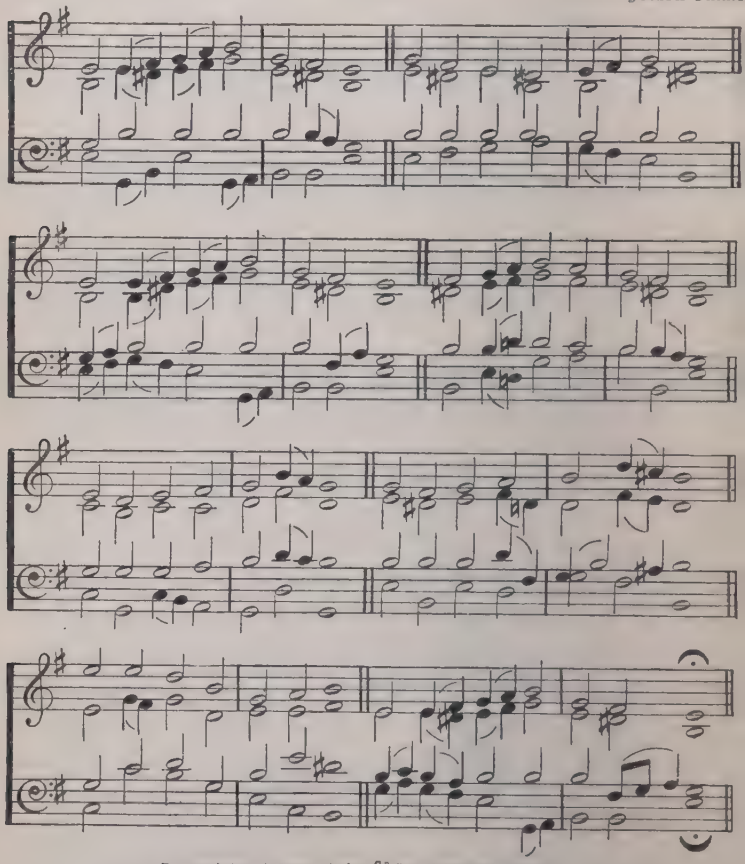
Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, mine End,
Accept the praise I bring.

J. Newton (18th cent.).



175 **ABERYSTWYTH** (FIRST TUNE). 77·77.D.

Slow. JOSEPH PARRY



By permission of Messrs. Hughes & Son, Publishers, Wrexham.

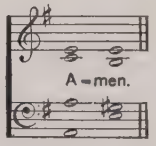
JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy Wing!

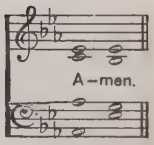
Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
  Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
  Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art;
  Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
  Rise to all eternity!

C. WESLEY (18th cent.).

1st Tune.



2nd Tune.



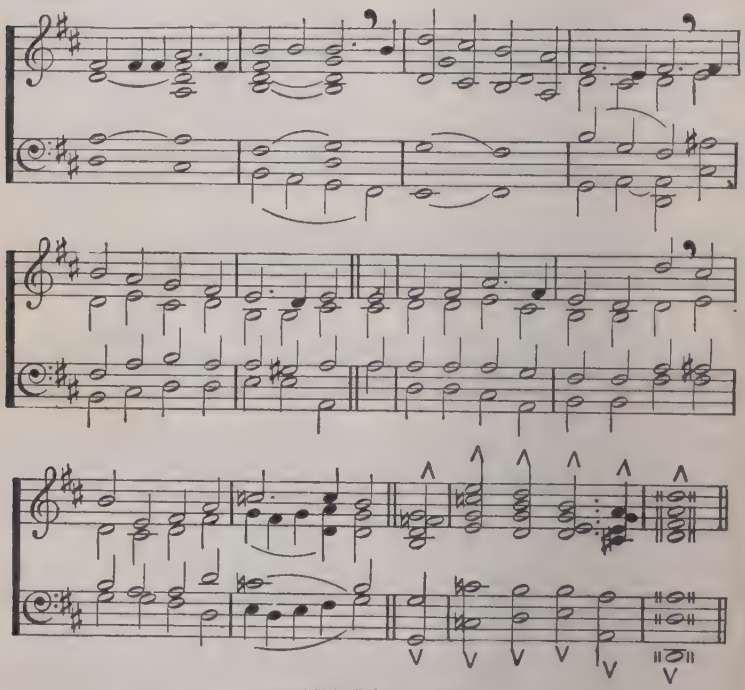
HOLLINGSIDE (SECOND TUNE).

Slow. 77.77.D. J. B. DYKES

176 DOMINUS VITAE.

Irregular. SYDNEY W. TOMS.

Unison.



Copyright by Sydney W. Toms.

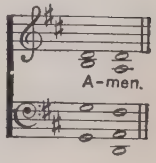
LORD of the weak, when earth You trod,
Oppressors writhed beneath Your scorn;
The weak, despised, depraved, forlorn,
You taught to hope
And know the scope
Of love divine for all who mourn.
All glory be to God!

Lord of the rich, when earth You trod,
To Mammon's power You never bowed,
But taught how men with wealth endowed
In meekness' school
Might learn to rule
The demon that enslaves the proud.
All glory be to God!

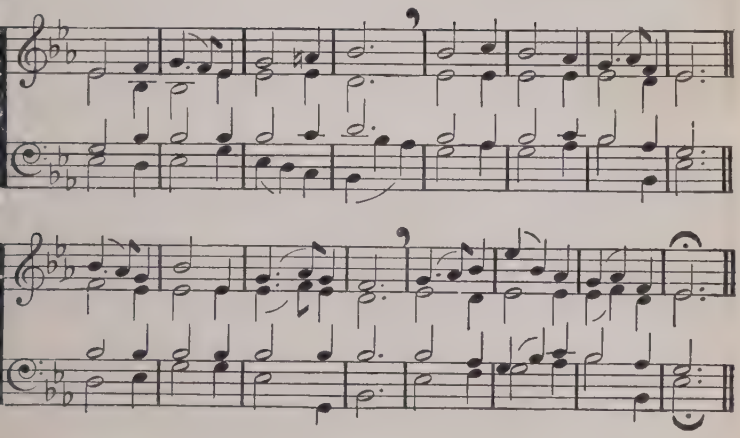
Lord of the poor, when earth You trod,
The lot You chose was hard and poor;
You taught us hardness to endure
And so to gain
Through hurt and pain
The wealth that lasts for evermore.
All glory be to God!

OUR LORD

Lord of us all, when earth You trod,
The life You led was perfect, free,
Defiant of all tyranny.
Now give us grace
That we may face
Our foes with like temerity,
And glory give to God!
DONALD HANKEY.



177 LYNE. 77·77. "MAGDALEN HYMNS," 1760.

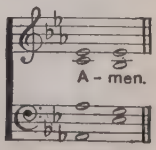


IN our work and in our play,
Jesus, be Thou ever near,
Guarding, guiding, all the day,
Keeping in Thy holy fear.

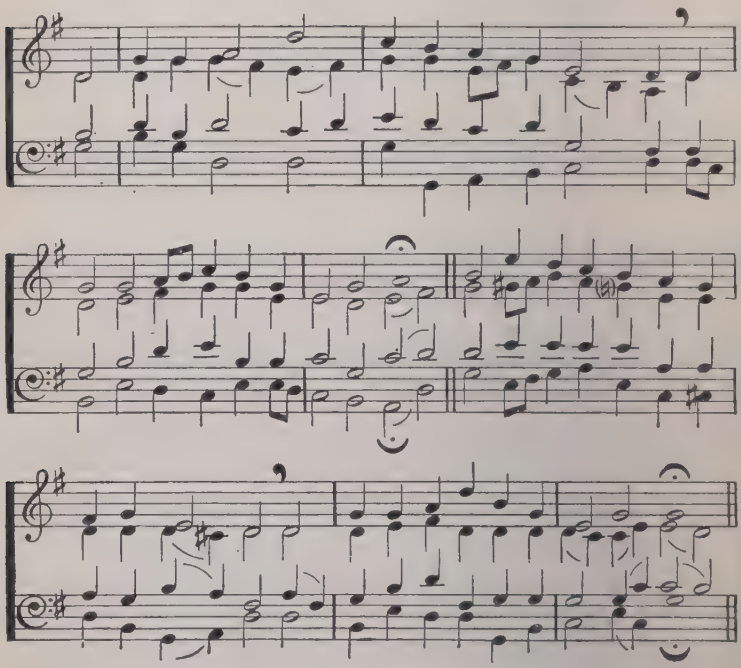
Thou didst toil, O royal Child,
In the far-off Holy Land,
Blessing labour undefiled,
Pure and honest, of the hand.

Thou wilt bless our play-hour too,
If we ask Thy succour strong;
Watch o'er all we say and do,
Hold us back from guilt and wrong.

O, how happy thus to spend
Work and play-time in His sight,
Till the rest which shall not end,
Till the day which knows not night!
W. C. DIX.



178 FOREST HILL. 11.10.11.10. UNIVERSITY OF WALES.



From A Students' Hymnal (Hymns of the Kingdom).

By permission of the Oxford University Press.

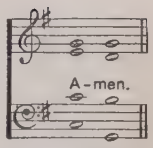
O SON of Man, our hero strong and tender!
Whose servants are the brave in all the earth,
Our living sacrifice to Thee we render,
Who sharest all our sorrow, all our mirth.

O feet so strong to climb the path of duty!
O lips divine that taught the words of truth!
Kind eyes that marked the lilies in their beauty,
And heart that kindled at the zeal of youth!

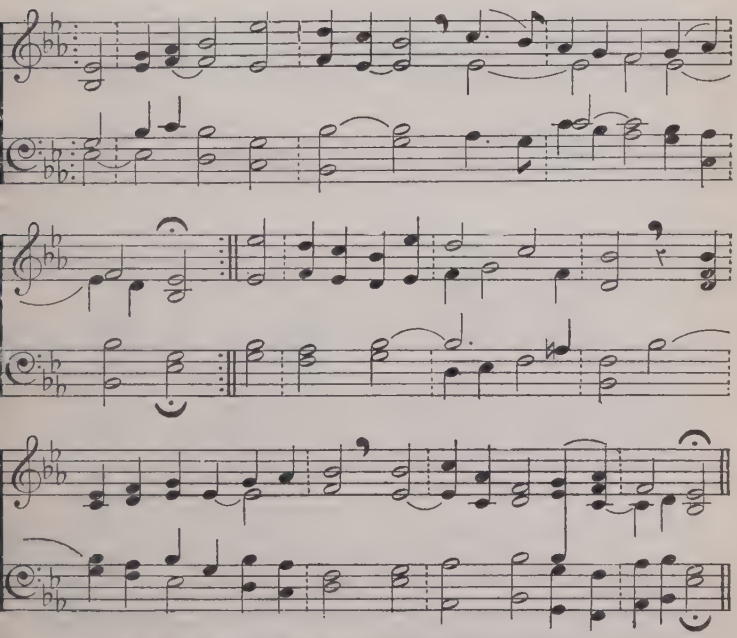
Lover of children, boyhood's inspiration,
Of all mankind the Servant and the King,
O Lord of joy and hope and consolation!
To Thee our fears and joys and hopes we bring.

Not in our failures only and our sadness
We seek Thy presence, Comforter and Friend;
O rich man's guest, be with us in our gladness!
O poor man's mate, our lowliest tasks attend!

F. FLETCHER.



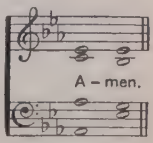
179 **MIT FREUDEN ZART.** HYMN MELODY OF THE BOHEMIAN BRETHREN.
In moderate time. 87 87.887. *Har. by* G. GARDNER.
Unison.



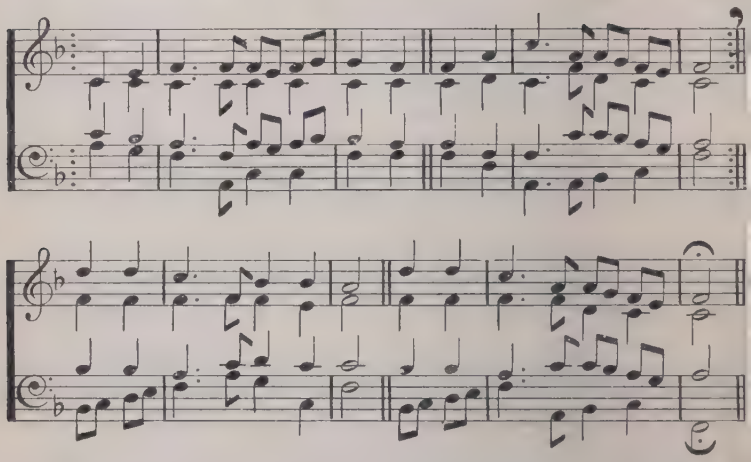
Harmony Copyright of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal.

O DEAREST Lord, by all adored,
Our trespasses confessing,
To Thee this day Thy children pray,
The holy Faith professing.
Accept, O King, the gifts we bring,
Our songs of praise, the prayers we raise,
And grant us, Lord, Thy blessing.

M. F. BELL.



180 IRBY.
In moderate time. 87.87.77. H. J. GAUNTLET



ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that Mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

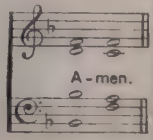
And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly Maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew,
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

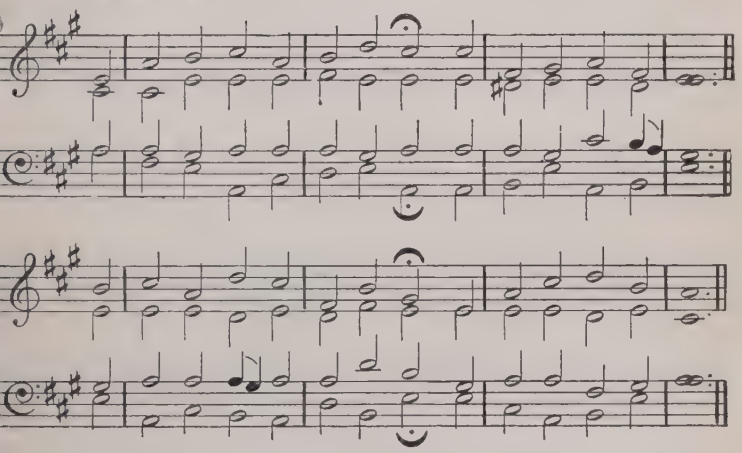
And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

C. F. ALEXANDER.



181 **ST. JAMES.** In moderate time. C.M. R. COURTVILLE.



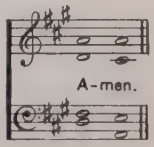
THOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

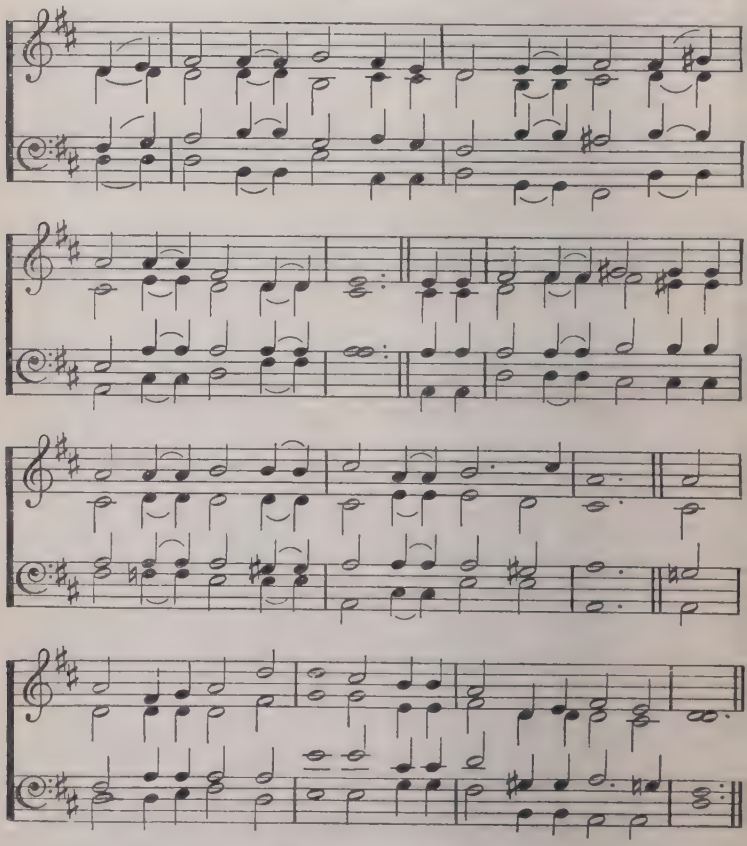
Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

BP. G. W. DOANE.



182 **MARGARET.**

In moderate time. Irregular. T. R. MATTHEWS



By permission of Messrs. Novello & Co., Ltd.

OUR LORD

THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For Thy holy Nativity.
O, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

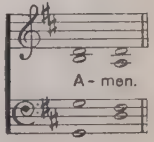
Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
O, come to my heart, etc.

The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God!
In the deserts of Galilee.
O, come to my heart, etc.

Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
O, come to my heart, etc.

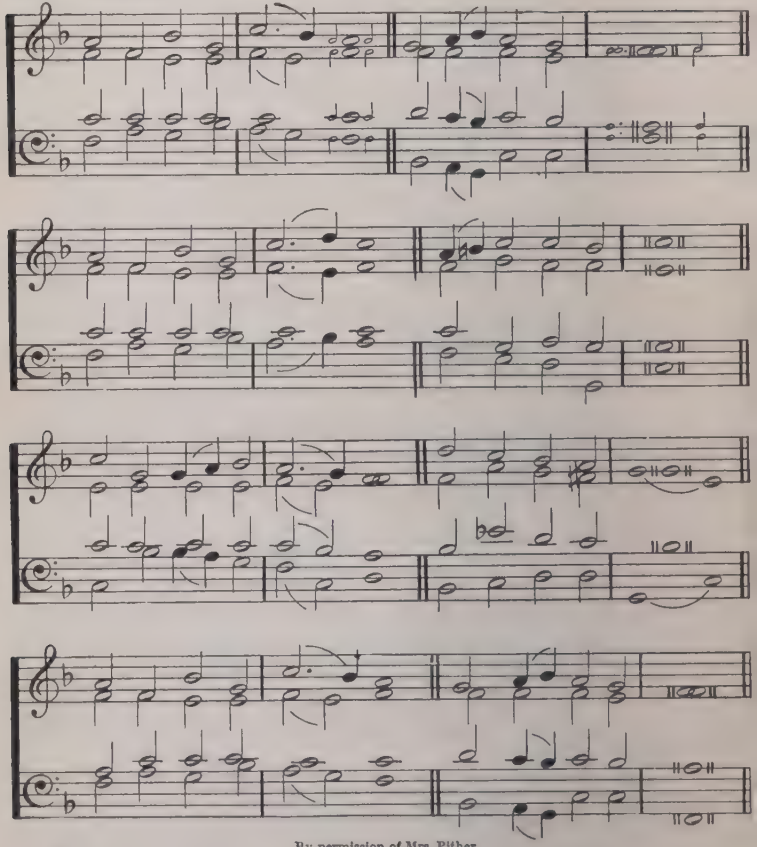
When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory;
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee";
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

E. E. S. ELLIOTT.



183 **PRINCETHORPE** (FIRST TUNE). 65.65.D. W. PITTS.

In moderate time.



By permission of Mrs. Pither.

AT the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now ;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

Name Him, brothers, name Him,
With love as strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with bated breath ;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

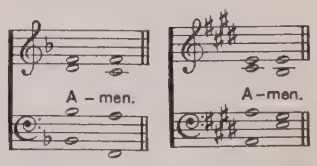
In your hearts enthrone Him ;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true :
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour ;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

OUR LORD

Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

C. M. NOEL.

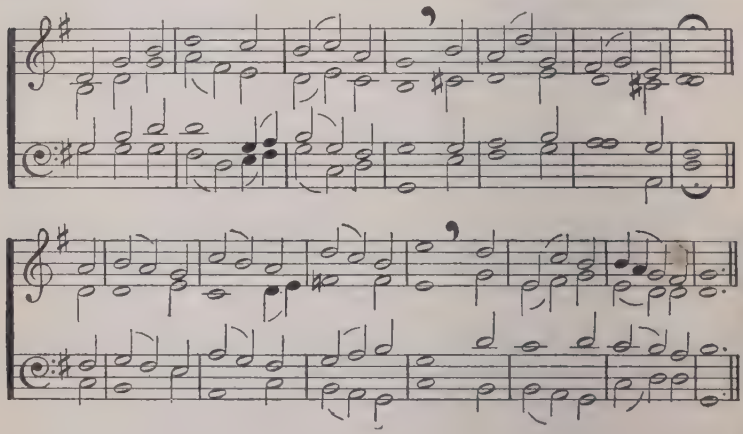
1st Tune. *2nd Tune.*



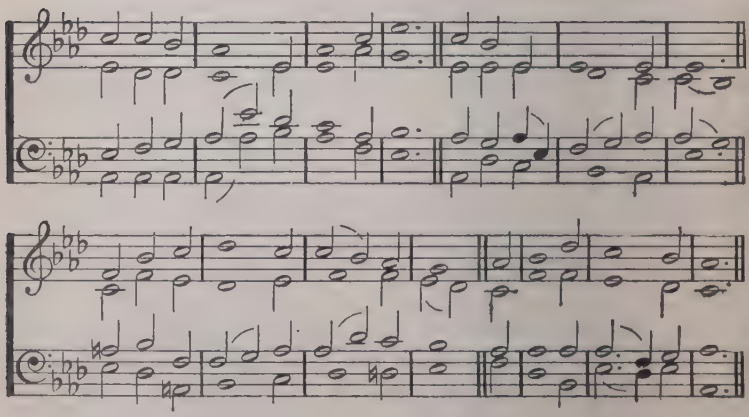
EVELYNS (SECOND TUNE).
In moderate time. 65.65.D. W. H. MONK.

By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

184 **RICHMOND** (FIRST TUNE).
Moderately slow. C.M. *Arr. from* T. HAWEIS *by* S. WEBBE, JR.



GERONTIUS (SECOND TUNE).
Moderately slow. C.M. J. B. DYKES.



OUR LORD

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways !

O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

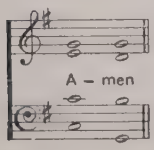
O generous Love ! that He, who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo :

And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die !

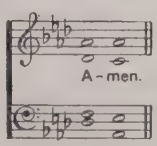
Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways !

J. H. NEWMAN.

1st Tune.



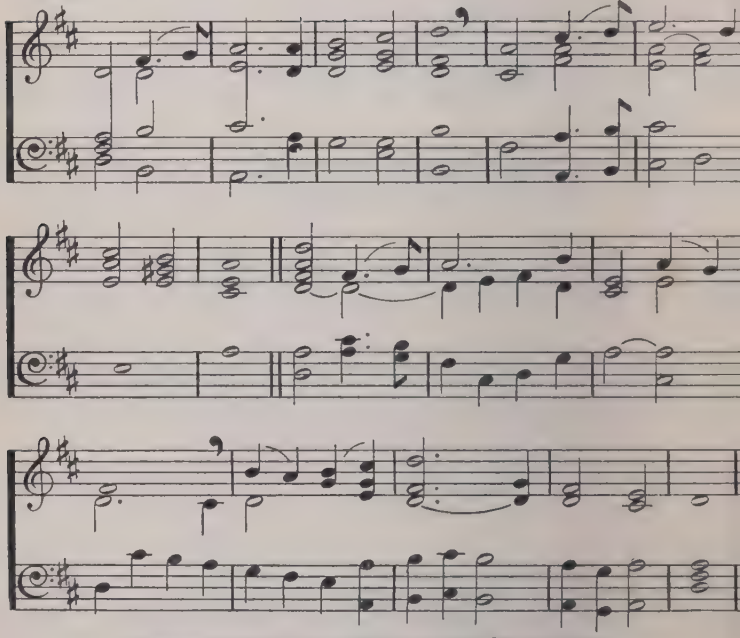
2nd Tune



185 ST. POLYCARP. 77·77·

English 18th Cent. Air
Arr. by G. Gardner

Unison.



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This Hymn may also be sung to Innocents (No. 329).

CONQUERING kings their titles take
From the lands they captive make:
Jesu, Thine was given Thee
For a world Thou madest free.

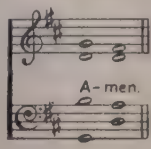
Not another name is given
Power possessing under heaven,
Strong to call dead souls to rise
And exalt them to the skies.

That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will ye madly cast away?

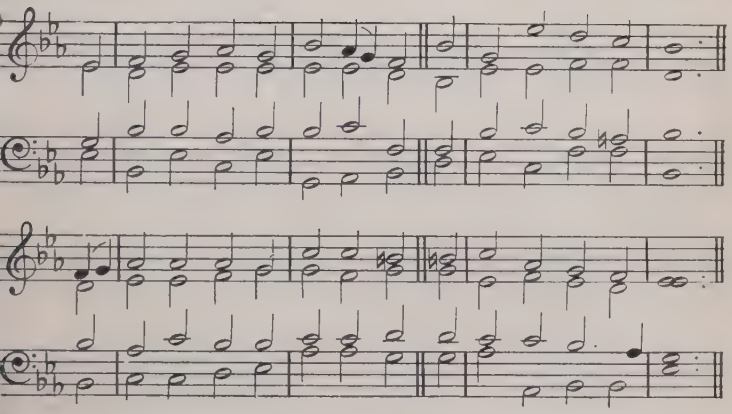
Rather gladly for that name
Bear the Cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death but victory.

Jesu, if Thou condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Ours the joy and glory be
Thus to make our boast of Thee.

Tr. J. Chandler.



86 **HORSLEY.** C.M. W. HORSLEY.
Moderately slow.



THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

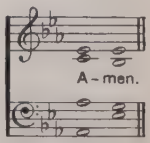
We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

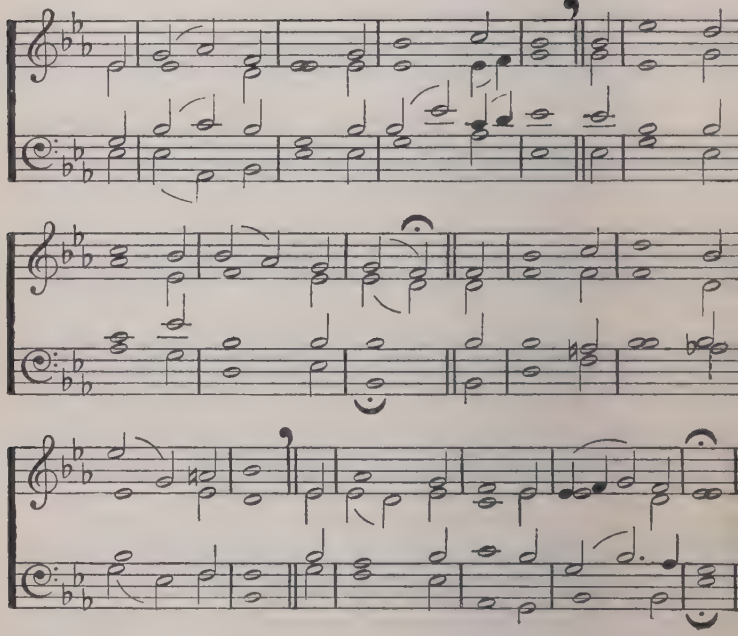
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

O, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do.

C. F. ALEXANDER.



187 ROCKINGHAM. Very slow. L.M. *Arr. by* E. MILLER



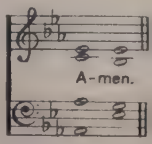
WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

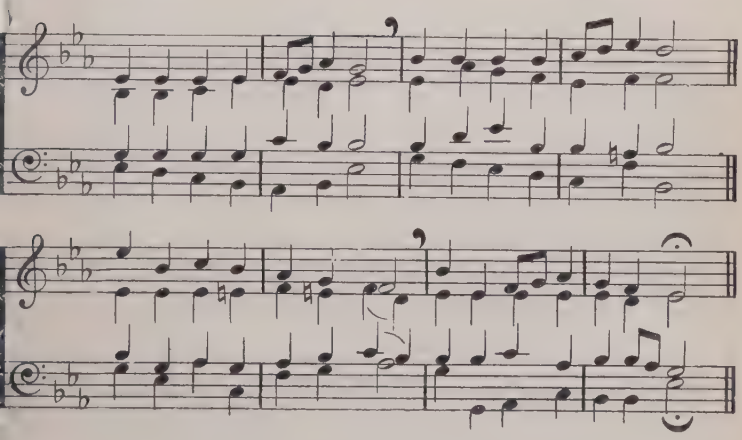
See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

I. WATTS (18th cent.).



188 **POSEN.** Moderately slow. 77·77· GEISTREICHES GESANGBUCH, 1725.



JESUS! Name of wondrous love,
Name all other names above,
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

Jesus! Name decreed of old,
To the maiden-mother told,
In her lowly cottage cell,
By the Angel Gabriel.

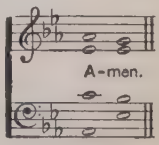
Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
"Jesus shall His people save."

Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the Holy Child
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

Jesus! Only name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

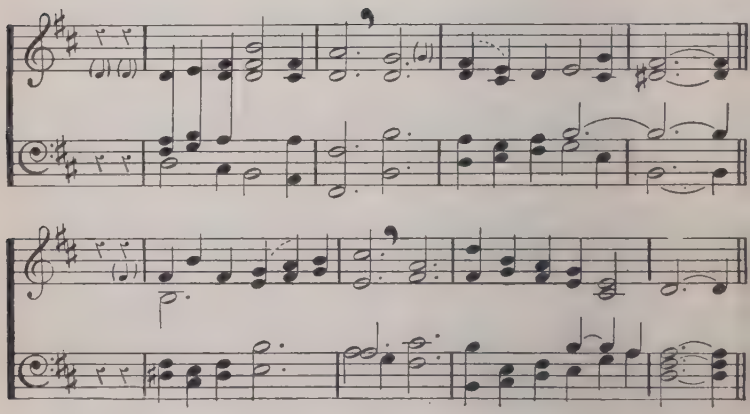
Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

BP. W. W. HOW.



189 **PRESTBURY.** Moderately slow. 77·77· G. GARDNER

Unison.



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GOD became Man that we
Might learn what a man
should be;
How tender and true and strong,
How patient to suffer wrong.

When He for our sakes did die,
And rising went up on high,
Still God and still Man, He sent
A Guide to the way He went,

Who should give to us day by day,
Grace to live our lives His way.
God became Man that we
Might learn what a man should
be.

190 **GOPSAL.** In moderate time. 66.66.88. G. F. HANDEL.

This Hymn may also be sung to DARWALL'S 148TH (No. 224).

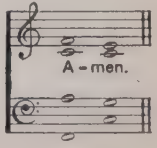
REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore:
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, etc.

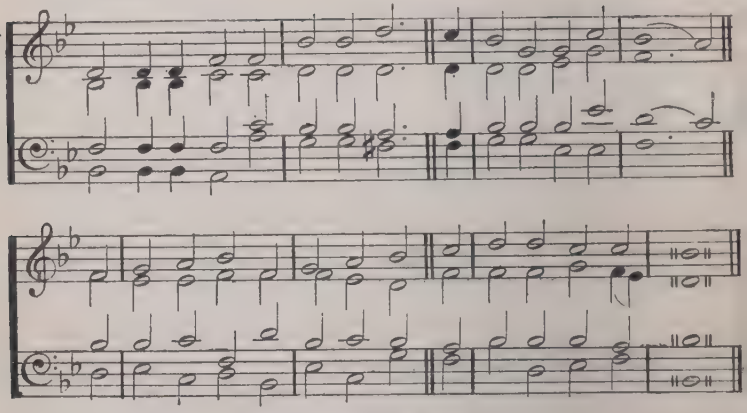
His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven:
The keys of death and hell
To Christ the Lord are given:
Lift up your heart, etc.

He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
Lift up your heart, etc.

C. WESLEY (18th cent.).



191 **NATIVITY.** Moderately fast. C.M. H. LAHEE.



By permission of Mr. M. M. Horder.

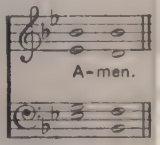
COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus";
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply;
"For He was slain for us."

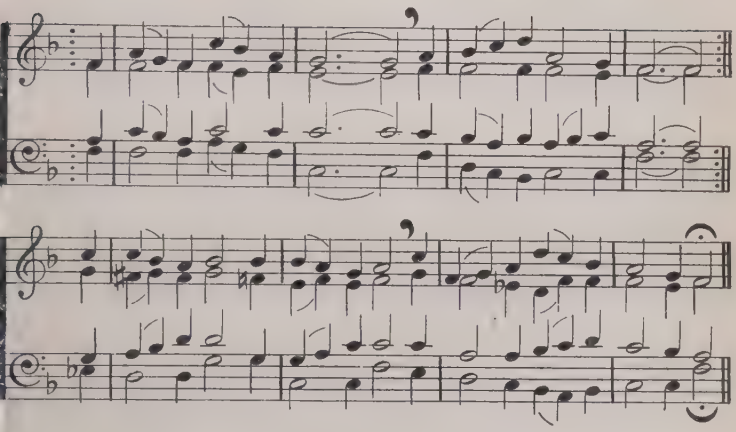
Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

I. WATTS (18th cent.).



192 **WESLEY.** Quietly. 66.66.88. ANON.



BEHOLD a little Child
Laid in a manger bed;
The wintry blasts blow wild
Around His infant head.
But who is this so lowly laid?
'Tis He by whom the worlds were made.

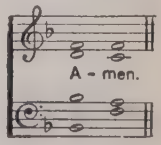
Alas! in what poor state
The Son of God is seen;
Why doth the Lord so great
Choose out a home so mean?
That we may learn from pride to flee,
And follow His humility.

Where Joseph plies his trade
Lo! Jesus labours too;
The hands that all things made
An earthly craft pursue,
That weary men in Him may rest,
And faithful toil through Him be blest.

Among the doctors see
The Boy so full of grace;
Say, wherefore taketh He
The scholar's lowly place?
That boys and girls with reverence meet
May sit and learn at Jesus' feet.

Christ! once Thyself a Boy,
Our childhood guard and guide;
Be Thou its light and joy,
And still with us abide,
That Thy dear love, so great and free,
May draw us evermore to Thee.

BP. W. W. HOW.



193 **VENI CREATOR.** To be sung lightly and not too slowly. L.M. MECHLIN. *Arr. by* G. GARDNER.

Unison.

D.C. Praise to Thy e - ter - nal

merit Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit. A - men.

rit.

Arrangement Copyright of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal.

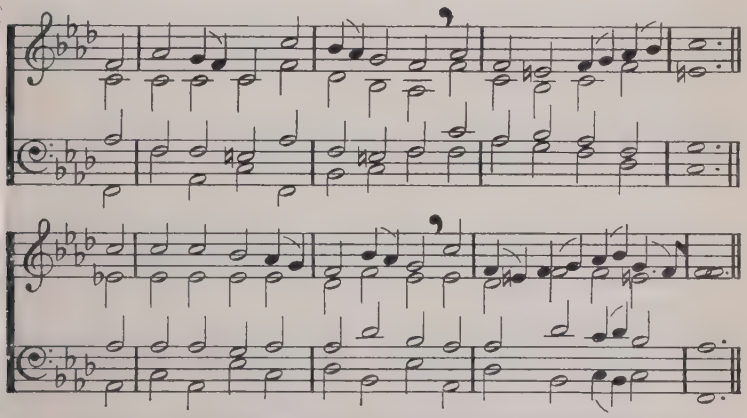
COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart:
Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song;
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Tr. Bp. J. Cosin (17th cent.).

194 WALSALL. C.M. H. Purcell (?).



This Hymn may also be sung to Richmond (No. 184), or to Capel (No. 326).

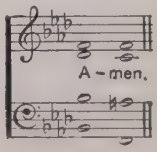
THOU Wind of God, whose coming stirred
A world as yet unmade,
And things which were not woke and heard
And answered and obeyed;

By Thee the lives that live and move
In earth and sea began,
And human thought and human love
Lit up the heart of man;

Until Thou camest, Holy One,
In Jesus' heart to dwell,
That Man, in Him, might be a Son
And please the Father well.

O Thou, who from the Father art,
Upon our spirits move,
Until the children's thankful heart
Reflects the Father's love.

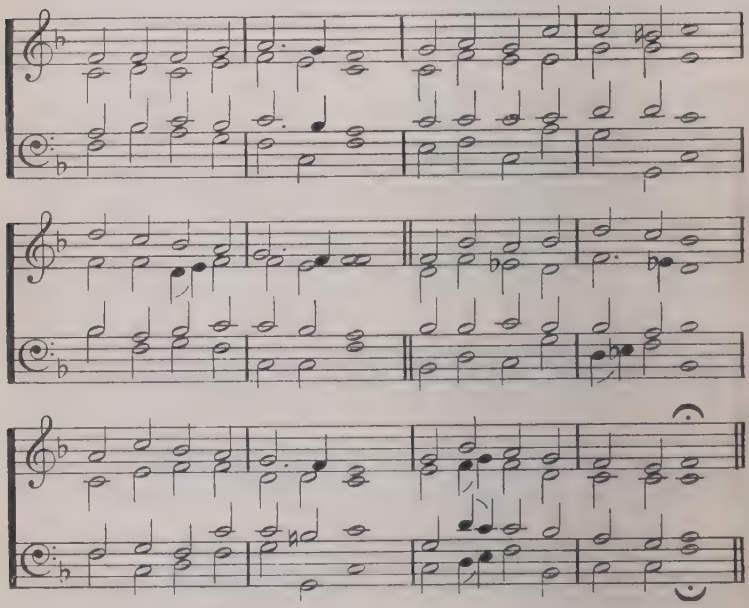
J. M. C. Crum.



195 VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

77·77·77·

S. Webbe, the elder.



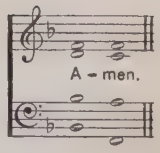
COME, Thou Holy Spirit, come;
And from Thy celestial home
Shed a ray of light divine;
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, Thou Source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine:

Thou of comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most welcome Guest,
Sweet refreshment here below;
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

O most blessèd Light divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill;
Where Thou art not, man hath nought,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.

Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:
Give them virtue's sure reward,
Give them Thy salvation, Lord,
Give them joys that never end.
Tr. E. CASWALL.



196 CAPETOWN. 77·75· F. FILITZ.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost
Holy, heavenly love.

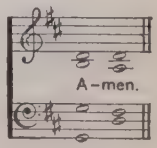
Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us Love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us Love.

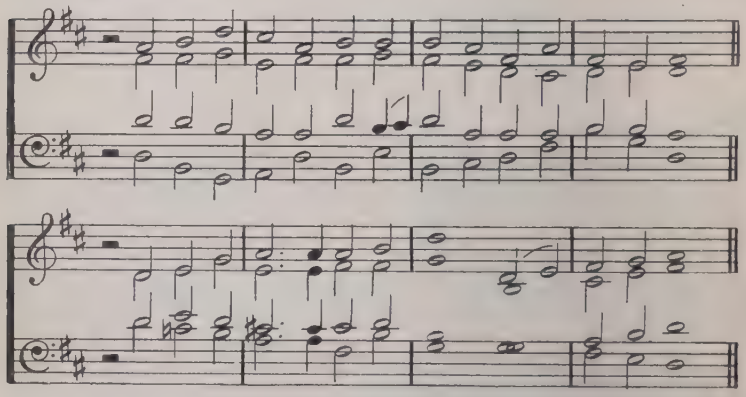
Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in Heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore give us Love.

Faith, and Hope, and Love, we see,
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.
BP. C. WORDSWORTH.

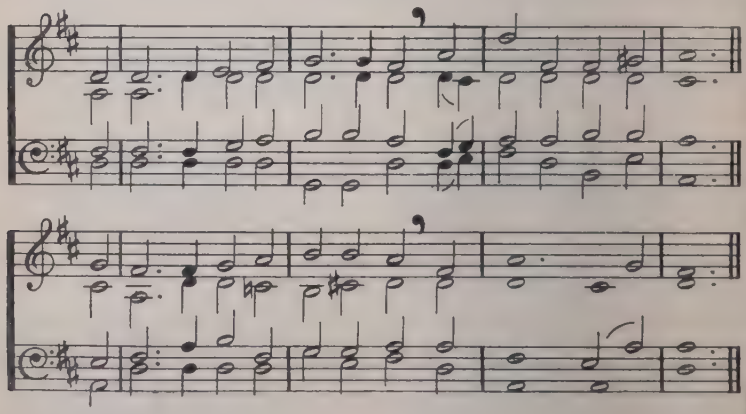


197 **ESSEX** (FIRST TUNE).
Moderately slow. 86.84. G. T. Holst.



By permission of Mr. G. T. Holst.

ST. CUTHBERT (SECOND TUNE).
Moderately slow. 86.84. J. B. Dykes.



OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

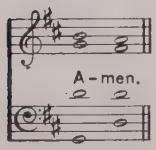
And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

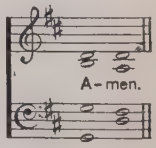
Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee !

H. AUBER.

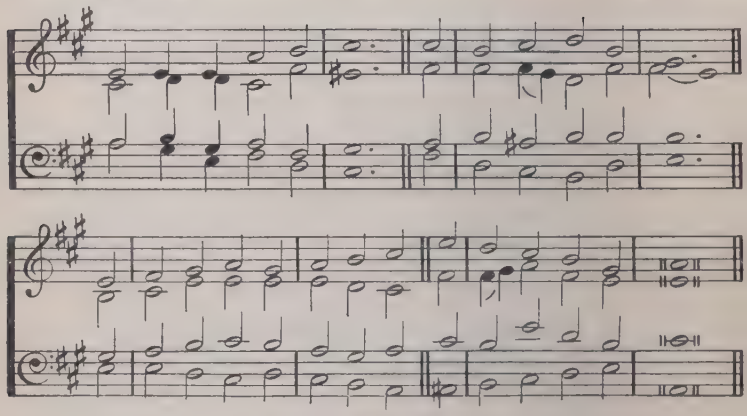
1st Tune.



2nd Tune.



198 DOMINICA. S.M. H. S. OAKELEY.



By permission of Mr. E. M. Oakeley.

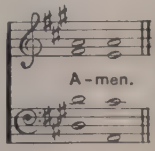
BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

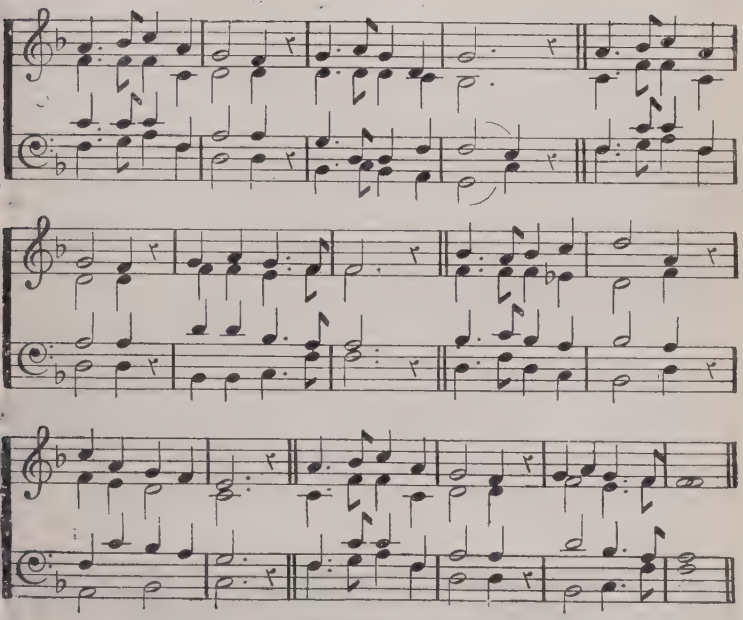
Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

E. HATCH.



199 CRANHAM. 65.65.D. G. T. HOLST.



By permission of Mr. G. T. Holst.

IN the silent midnight,
Homeless and alone,
Jacob slept aweary
Pillowed on a stone.
Far from all who loved him
Was the wand'rer then,
Faring forth to labour
In the world of men.

Then what sudden glories
Flashed across his dream!
Heavenly splendours breaking
Over hill and stream;
Down from heights of glory,
Through the wondering air,
Angels, countless angels,
Thronged the golden stair.

In the solemn midnight
Jacob woke from sleep,
God was close beside him
In the silent deep:
Through the misty morning
Soon he must depart,
With the heavenly vision
Bright within his heart.

We must take our journey
To the land unknown,
We may fail in courage,
Homeless and alone:
Angel-hosts to guard us,
God in heaven above:
And we dare not falter
If we trust His love.

A. C. BENSON.

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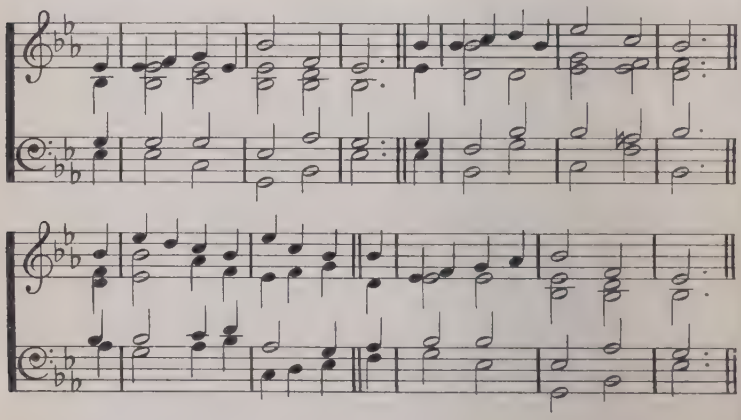
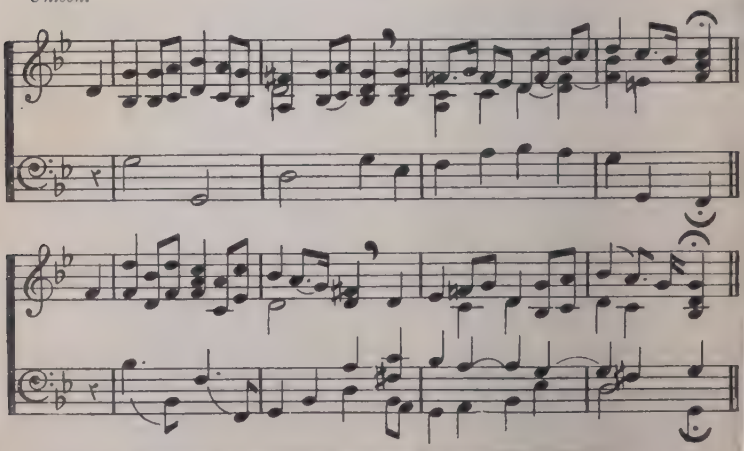
200 **SOLOTHURN** (FIRST TUNE).
In moderate time. L.M. SWISS TRADITIONAL MELODY.

Unison.



BETHNAL GREEN (SECOND TUNE).
L.M. *Arr. by* G. GARDNER.

Unison.



Arrangement Copyright of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal.

AROUND the throne of God a band
Of glorious angels always stand ;
Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

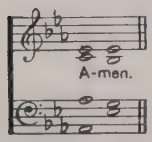
Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His Will,
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

Lord ! give Thine angels every day
Command to guide us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

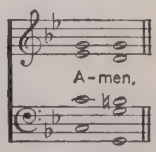
So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm, or cause us fear ;
And we shall dwell when life is past
With angels round Thy throne at last.

J. M. NEALE.

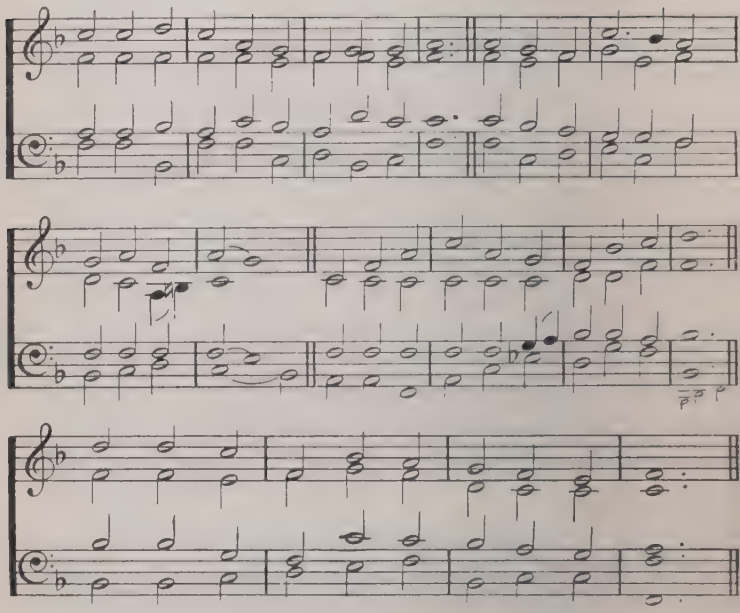
1st Tune.



2nd Tune.



201 TRISAGION. 10.10.10.10. H. SMART



STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial resplendence and light,
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the Trisagion ever and aye:

These are Thy counsellors, these dost Thou own,
Lord God of Sabaoth, nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones, man to defend.

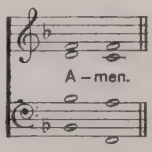
These keep the guard amid Salem's dear bowers ;
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers ;
Where, with the Living Ones, mystical Four,
Cherubim, Seraphim bow and adore.

"Who like the Lord ?" thunders Michael the Chief ;
Raphael, "the cure of God," comforteth grief ;
And, as at Nazareth, prophet of peace,
Gabriel, "the Light of God," bringeth release.

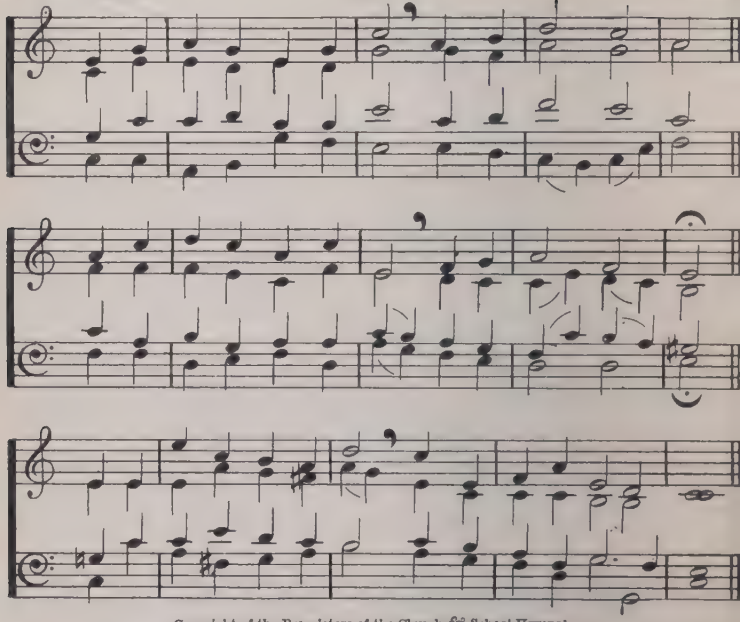
Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,
Then all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

Still let them succour us ; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right ;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore.

Tr. J. M. Neale.



202 **NORTHLEACH** (FIRST TUNE).
Animated. 75·75·77. G. GARDNER



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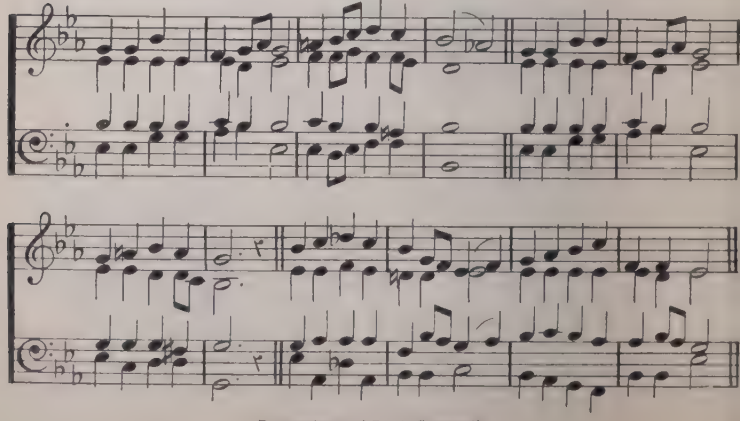
LANGDALE (SECOND TUNE).
In moderate time. 75·75·77. A. SOMERVELL



By permission of Dr. A. Somervell.

HEAVEN

EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright ;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night :
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open fresh and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away :
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

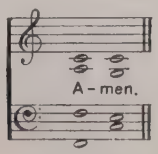
Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long,
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song :
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him ;
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim :
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

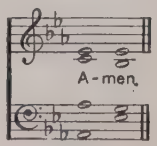
Who shall go to that fair land ?
All who love the right :
Holy children there shall stand
In their robes of white ;
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

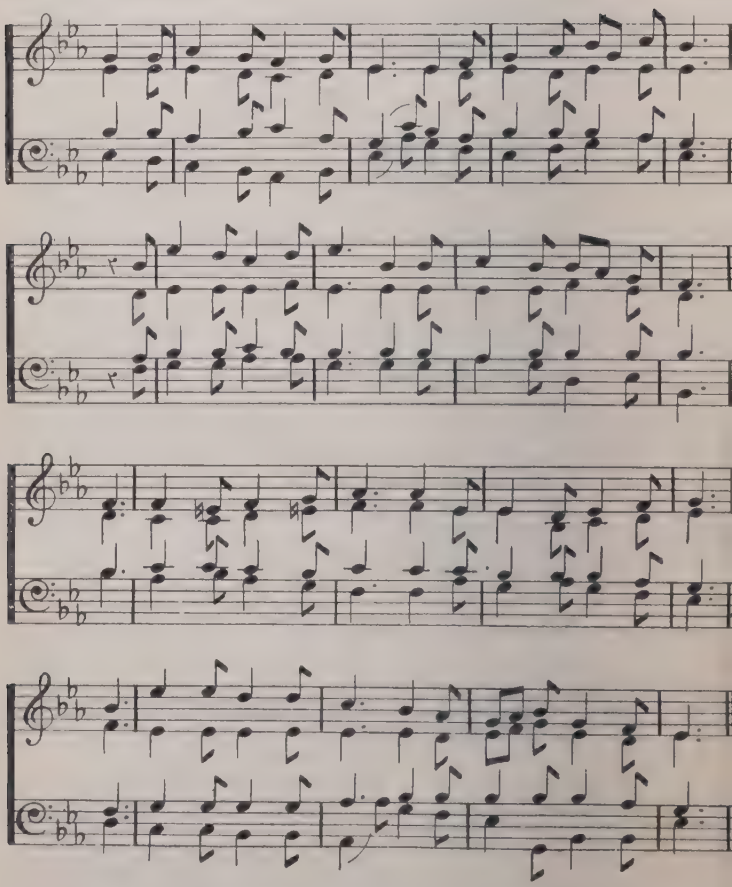
1st Tune.



2nd Tune.



203 IN MEMORIAM. 86.76.76.76. J. STAINER



By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

This Hymn may also be sung to CLUNY (No. 289).

HEAVEN

THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love will never die;
Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
Of that dear name He bears.

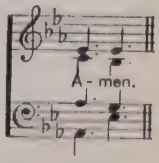
There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favour,
And loved His name below.

There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
And a harp of sweetest music,
And palms of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Lord, grant Thy little children
May know Thee as their own!

A. MIDLANE.



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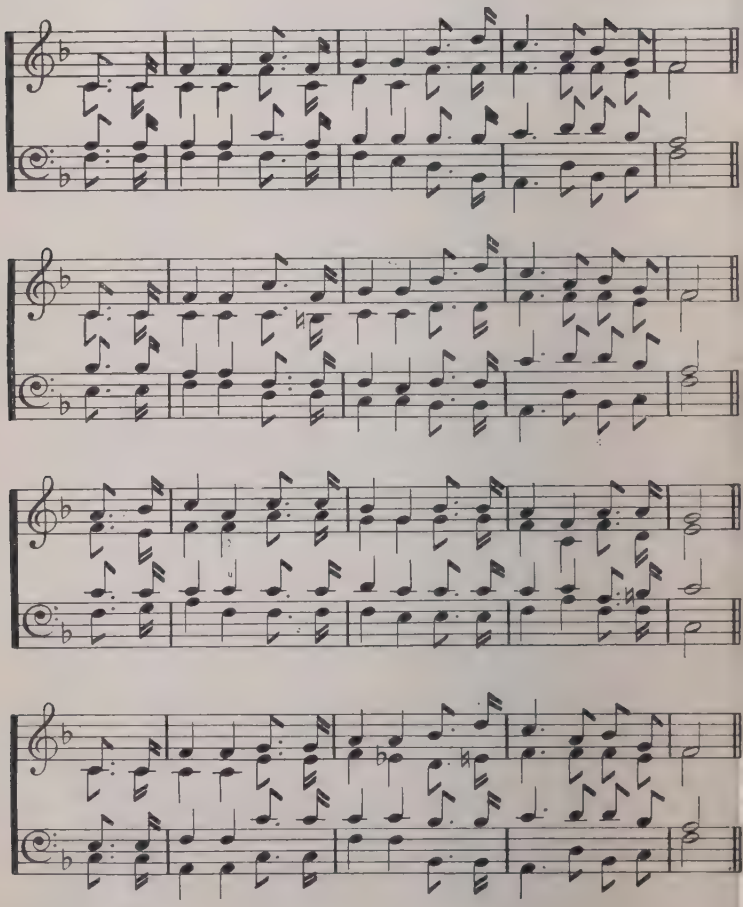
204 **DAILY, DAILY.**
To be sung slowly.

87.87.D.

FRENCH MELODY



HEAVEN

DAILY, daily sing the praises
Of the City God hath made,
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation-stones are laid.
O that I had wings of angels
Here to spread and heaven-
ward fly,
I would seek the gates of Sion,
Far beyond the starry sky!

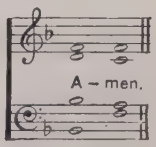
All the walls of that dear City
Are of bright and purest gold,
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.
O that I had wings, etc.

In the midst of that dear City
Christ is reigning on His seat,
And the angels swing their censers
In a ring about His feet.
O that I had wings, etc.

There the meadows, green and
dewy,
Shine with lilies wondrous fair;
Thousand, thousand are the colours
Of the waving flowers there.
O that I had wings, etc.

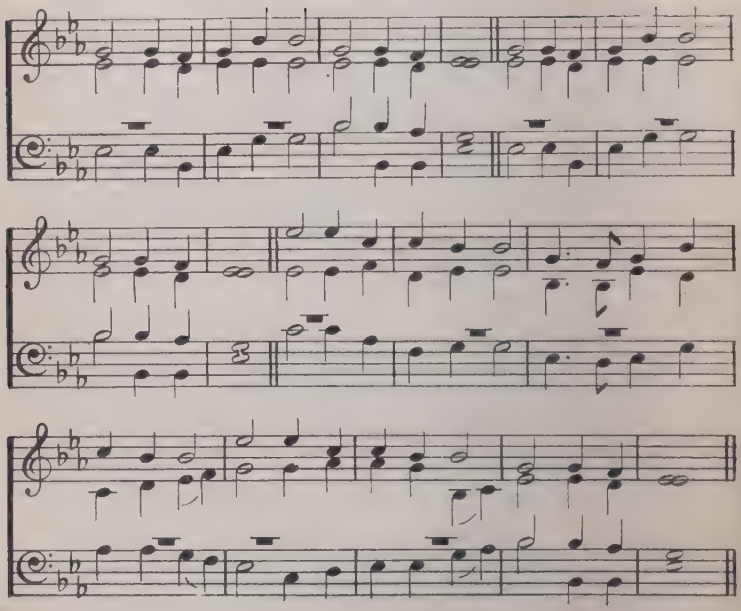
There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the seraphs and the elders
And the great redeemèd throng.
O that I had wings, etc.

S. BARING-GOULD.



205 HAPPY LAND.

In moderate time. 64.64.67.64. INDIAN AIR.

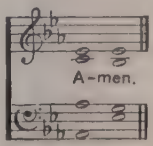


THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where Saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour-King!
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye!

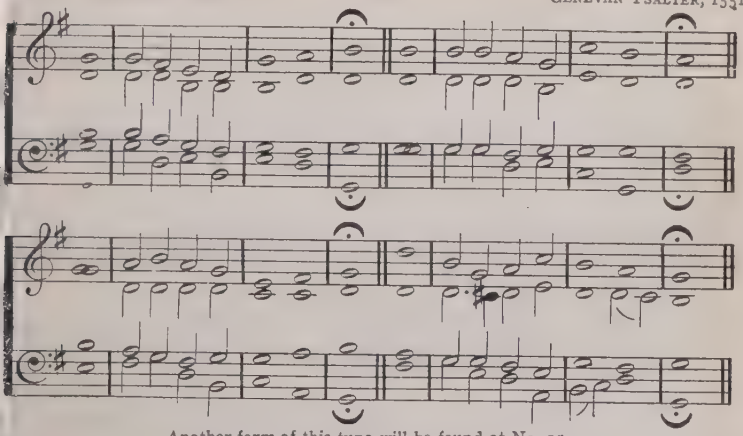
A. YOUNG.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away!
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye!



206 OLD HUNDREDTH.

In moderate time. L.M. GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.



Another form of this tune will be found at No. 15.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

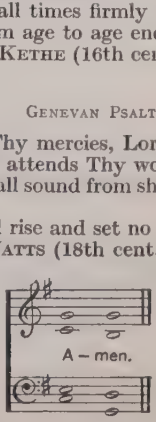
W. KETHE (16th cent.).

207 OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M. GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

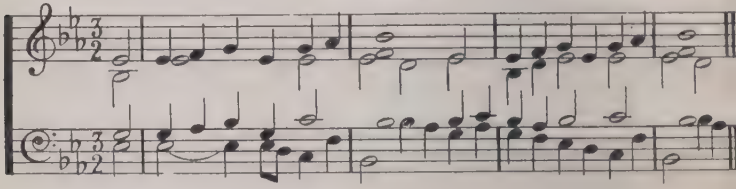
Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

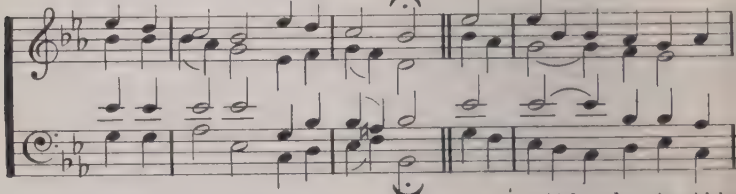
I. WATTS (18th cent.).

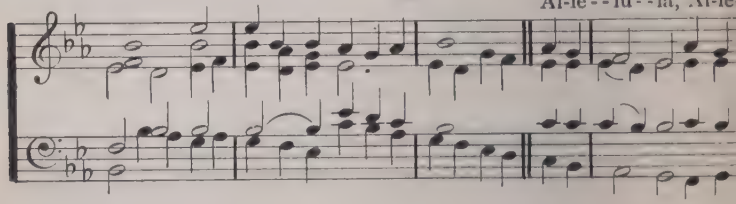


208 **LASST UNS ERFREUEN.**
In moderate time and dignified. 88.44.88. And Alleluias.

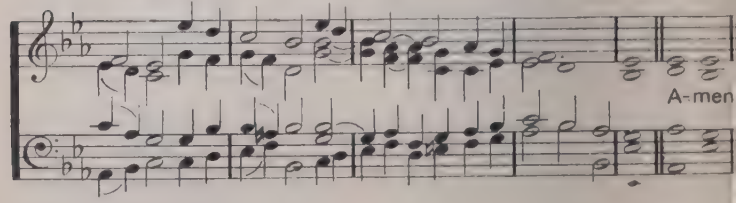
GEISTLICHE KIRCHENGESANG, 1623







lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Alle - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!



YE watchers and ye holy ones,
Bright Seraphs, Cherubim, and Thrones,
Raise the glad strain, Alleluia!
Cry out Dominions, Princedoms, Powers,
Virtues, Archangels, Angels' choirs,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Alleluia!

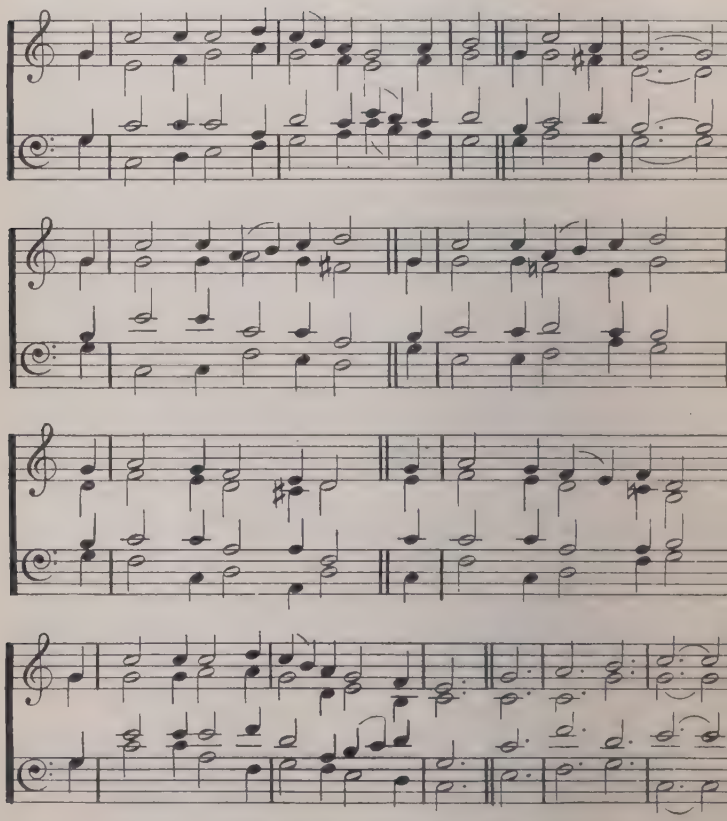
O higher than the Cherubim,
More glorious than the Seraphim,
Lead their praises, Alleluia!
Thou Bearer of the eternal Word,
Most gracious, magnify the Lord,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
Ye Patriarchs and Prophets blest,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Ye holy Twelve, ye Martyrs strong,
All Saints triumphant, raise the song
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Alleluia!

O friends, in gladness let us sing,
Supernal anthems echoing,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Alleluia!

ATHELSTAN RILEY.

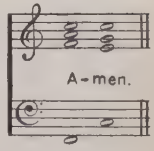
209 HIGH ROAD. 10.4.66.66.10.4. MARTIN SHA



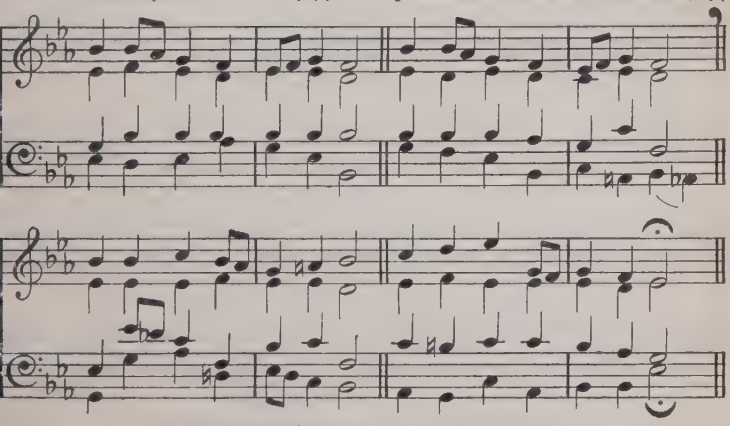
By permission of Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.

LET all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!
The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out;
But above all the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!
G. HERBERT (17th cent.).



210 **SAVANNAH.**
Moderately fast. 77·77· J. WESLEY'S FOUNDERY COLLECTION, 1742.



This Hymn may also be sung to INNOCENTS (No. 329).

GOD Eternal, Mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
All the earth doth worship Thee,
We amid the throng would be.

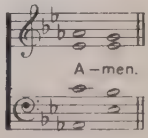
Holy, Holy, Holy! cry
Angels round Thy throne on high:
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.

Glorified Apostles raise
Night and day continual praise;
Hast not Thou a mission too
For Thy children here to do?

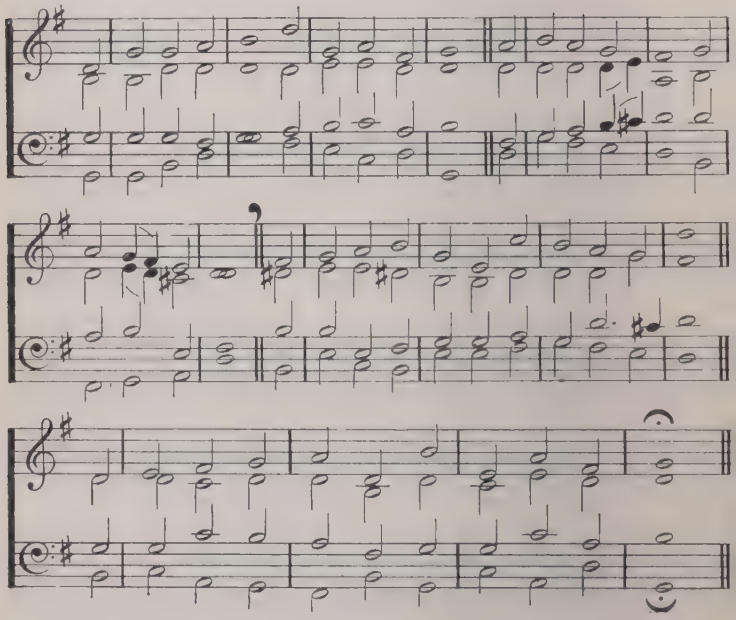
With the Prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the Cross are heard to boast;
O that we our cross may bear,
And a crown of glory wear!

God Eternal, Mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.
J. E. MILLARD.



211 **HANOVER.**
Slow. 55.55.65.65. W. Croft (?)



O WORSHIP the King
All-glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise!

O tell of His might!
O sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

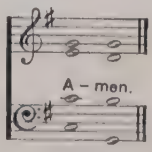
The earth with its store
  Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
  Hath founded of old ;
Hath stablished it fast
  By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
  Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care
  What tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air,
  It shines in the light :
It streams from the hills,
  It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
  In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,
  And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
  Nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender !
  How firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender,
  Redeemer, and Friend.

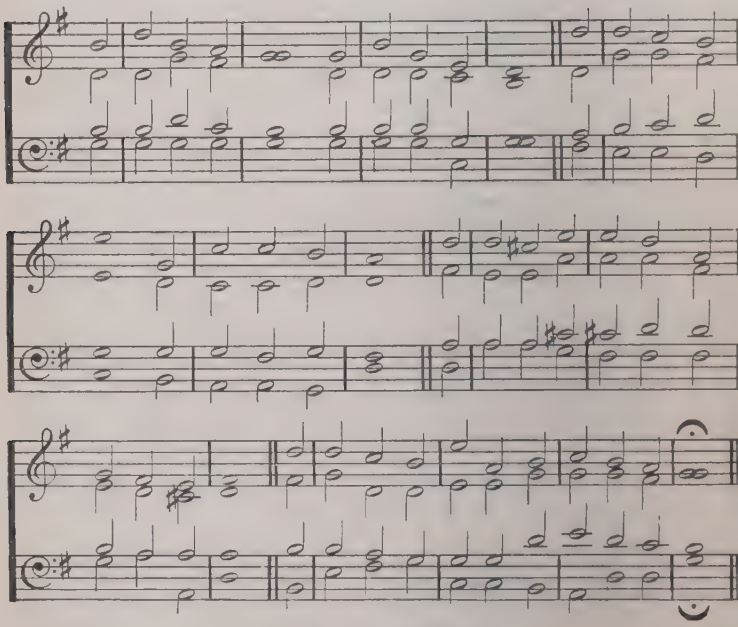
O measureless Might,
  Ineffable Love !
While angels delight
  To hymn Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation,
  Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
  Shall sing to Thy praise.

R. Grant.



212 **LAUDATE DOMINUM.** 55.55.65.65. H. J. GAUNTLETT

In moderate time.



By permission of Mrs. Greatheed.

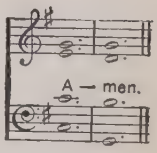
O PRAISE ye the Lord!
Praise Him in the height;
Rejoice in His word,
Ye angels of light;
Ye heavens, adore Him
By whom ye were made,
And worship before Him,
In brightness arrayed.

O praise ye the Lord!
Praise Him upon earth,
In tuneful accord,
Ye sons of new birth;
Praise Him who hath brought you
His grace from above,
Praise Him who hath taught you
To sing of His love.

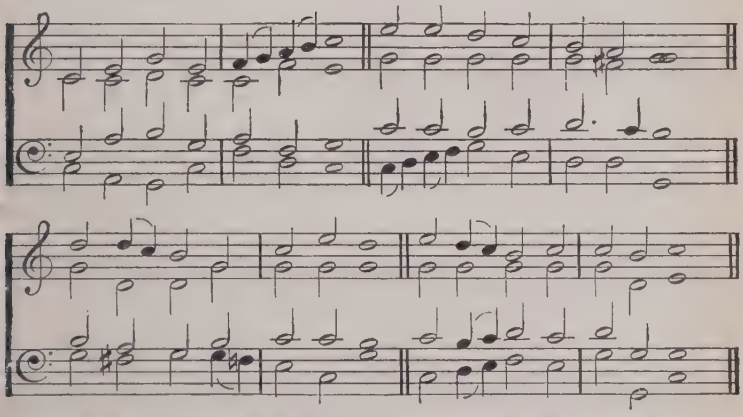
O praise ye the Lord!
All things that give sound:
Each jubilant chord
Re-echo around;
Loud organs, His glory
Forth tell in deep tone,
And, sweet harp, the story
Of what He hath done.

O praise ye the Lord!
Thanksgiving and song
To Him be outpoured
All ages along:
For love in creation,
For heaven restored,
For grace of salvation,
O praise ye the Lord!

H. W. BAKER.



213 **MONKLAND.**
In moderate time. 77·77. *Arr. by* J. WILKES.



LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God:

He with all-commanding might
Filled the new-made world with light:

He the golden-tressèd sun
Caused all day his course to run:

The hornèd moon to shine by night.
'Mid her spangled sisters bright:

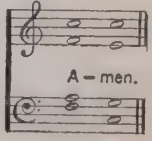
He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:

All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:

Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:

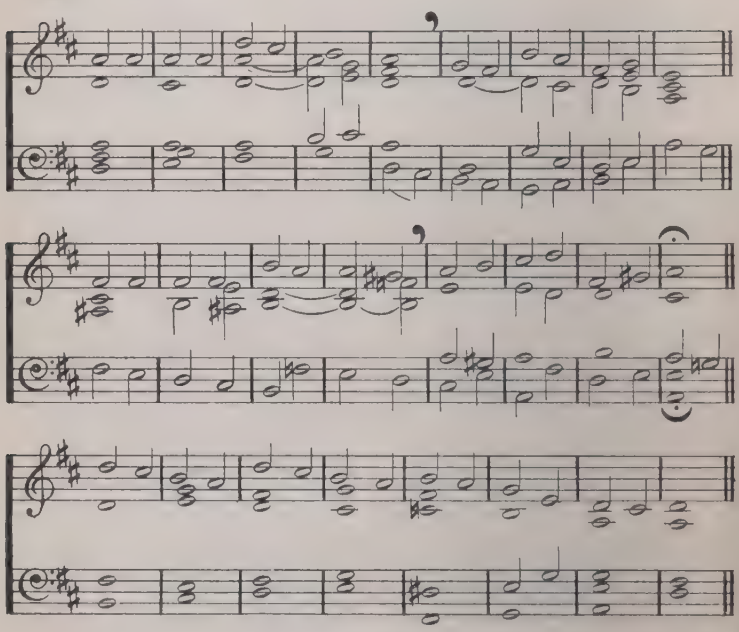
J. MILTON (17th cent.).



214 PRAISE MY SOUL.

With dignity. 87.87.87. J. Goss.

Unison.



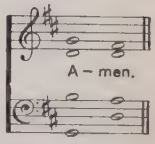
By permission of Victoria, Lady Carbery.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing;
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

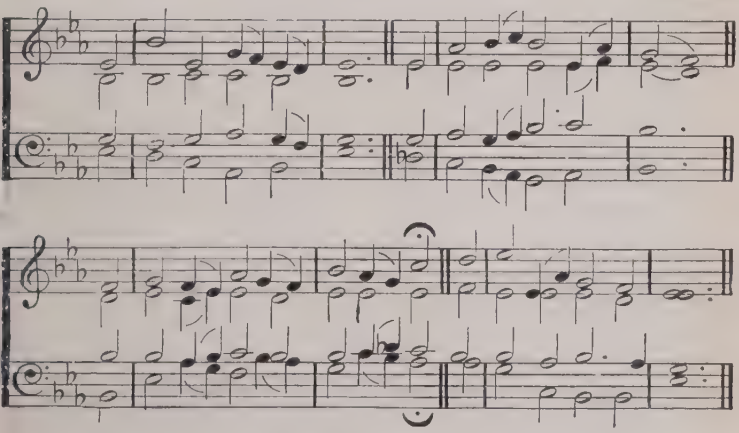
Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore Him ;
Ye behold Him face to face ;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him ;
Dwellers all in time and space !
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Praise with us the God of grace !
H. F. LYTE.



215 CARLISLE. S.M. C. LOCKHART.

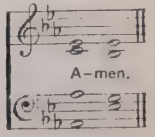


STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice :
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart and soul and voice !

O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

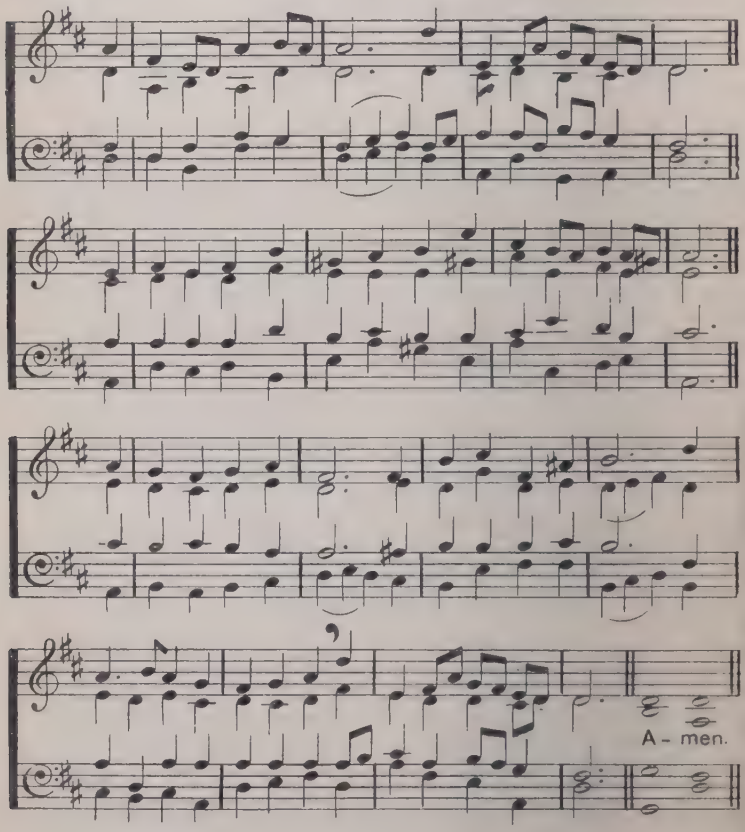
God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers !

Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name
Henceforth for evermore !
J. MONTGOMERY.



216 ICH HALTE TREULICH STILL (FIRST TUNE).

D.S.M. J. S. BACH (?).



REJOICE, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice! give thanks and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ, your King!

Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak!

With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud;
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud!

With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days!

Yes, on through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day!

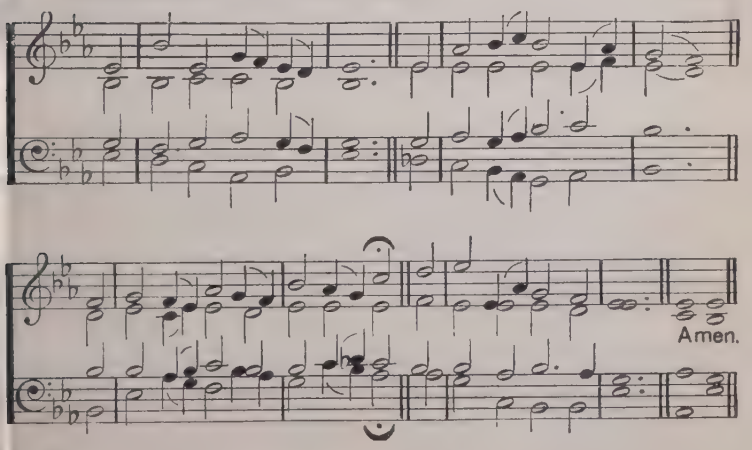
At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ, your King!

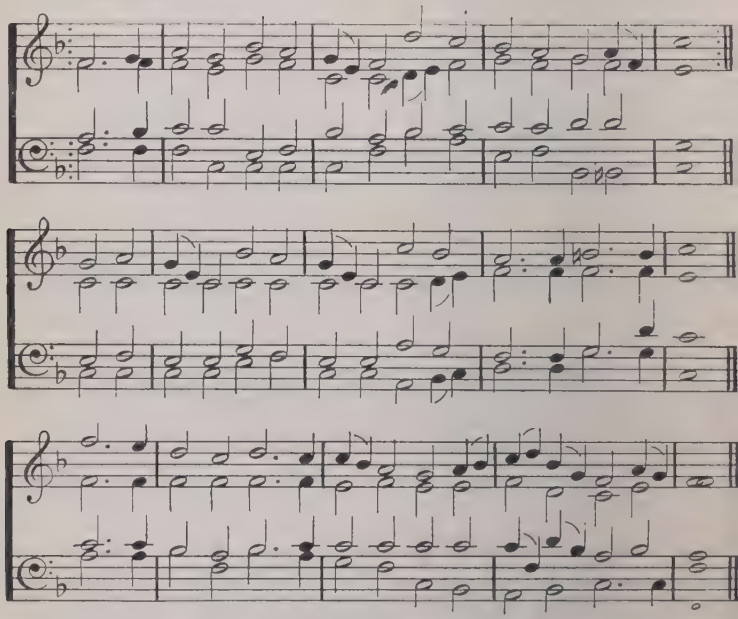
Praise Him who reigns on high,
The Lord whom we adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore!

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

CARLISLE (SECOND TUNE). S.M. C. LOCKHART.



217 AUSTRIA. With dignity. 87.87.D. F. J. HAYDN



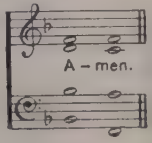
This Hymn may also be sung to HYFRYDOL (No. 286).

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him!
Praise Him, angels, in the height!
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light!
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed:
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His Saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

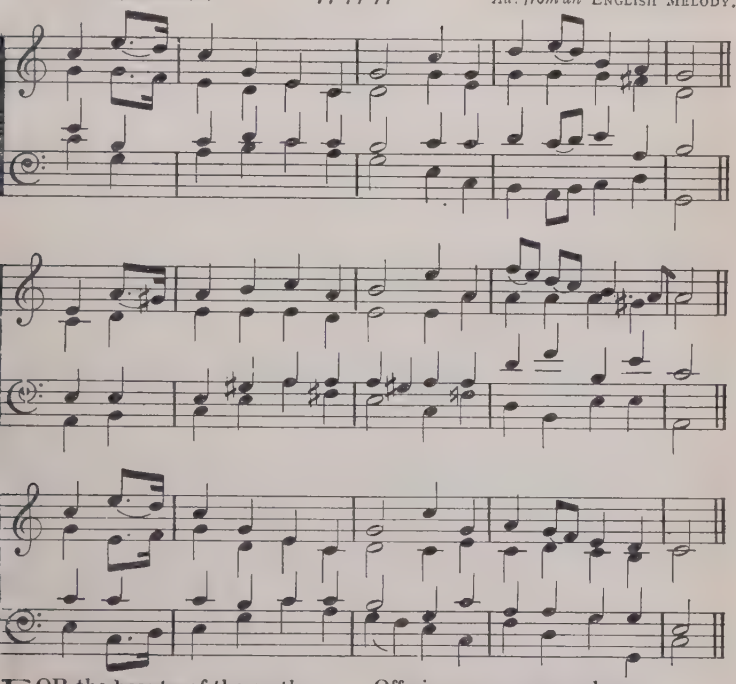
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name!

E. OSLER.



218 **GOODFELLOW.**

In moderate time. 77·77·77· *Ad. from an* English Melody.



FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,

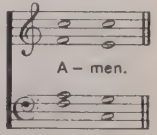
For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasure pure and undefiled,

For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,

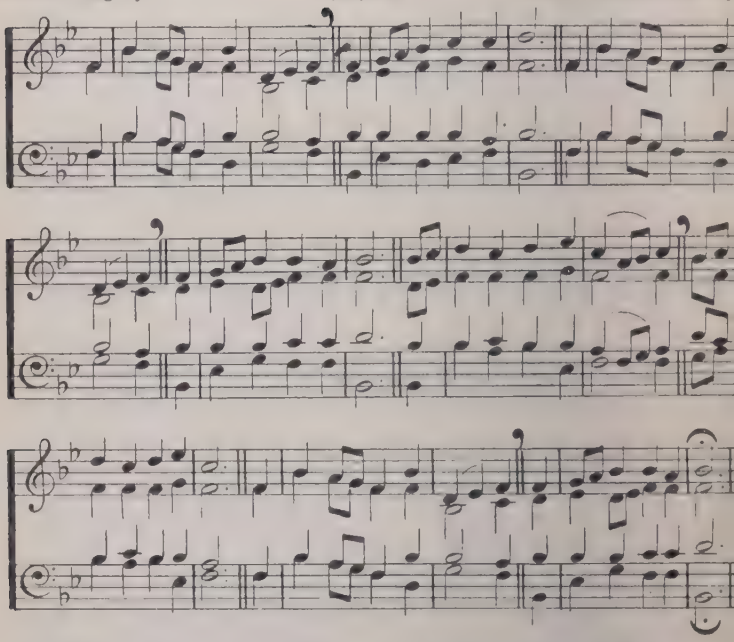
For Thy Martyrs' crown of light,
For Thy Prophets' eagle eye,
For Thy bold Confessors' might,
For the lips of infancy,

For Thy Virgins' robes of snow,
For Thy Maiden-mother mild,
For Thyself, with hearts aglow,
Jesu, Victim undefiled!

F. S. Pierpoint.



219 ELLACOMBE.
Brightly. 76.76.D. MAINZ GESANGBUCH, 183



COME, sing with holy gladness,
High Alleluias sing;
Uplift your loud hosannas
To Jesus, Lord and King:
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise to-day;
And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Your sweet responsive lay.

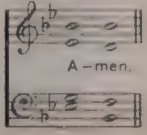
'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing;
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King;
For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden
The one Redeemer blest.

O boys, be strong in Jesus!
To toil for Him is gain;
And Jesus wrought with Joseph
With chisel, saw and plane.

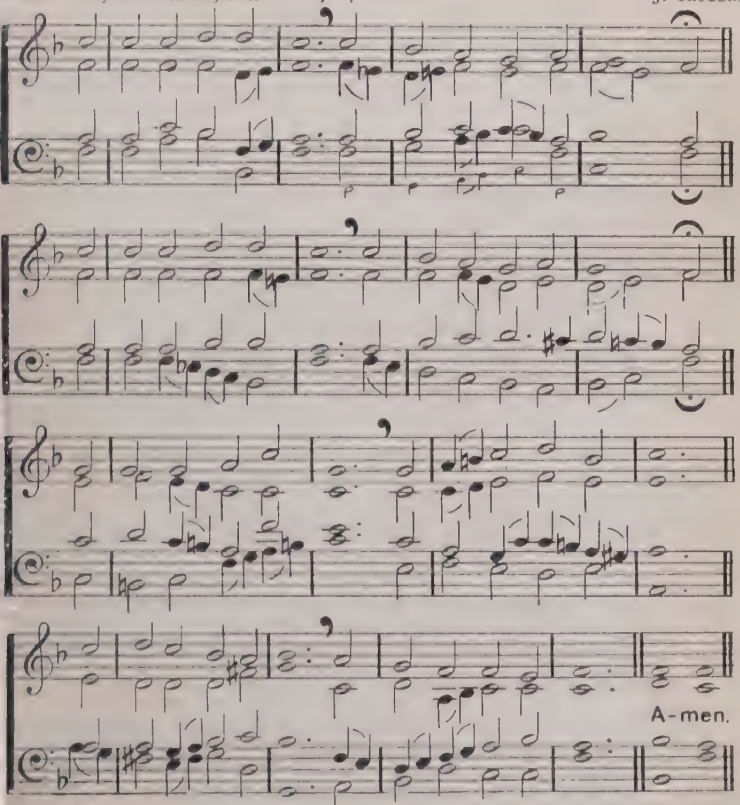
O maidens, live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's Son!
Be patient, pure and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day.
O Christ, prepare Thy children
With that triumphant throng
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing the eternal song.

J. J. DANIELL.



220 **NUN DANKET.**
Very slow and majestic. 67.67.66.66. J. CRÜGER.



NOW thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

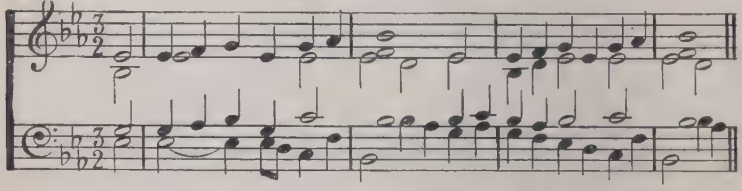
All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven;
The One eternal God
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

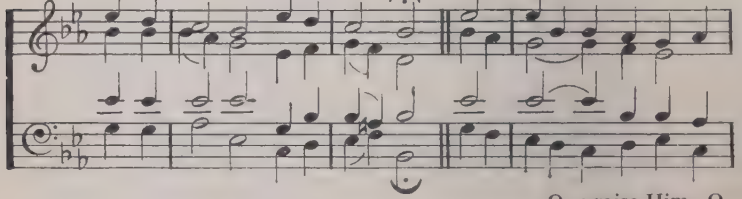
Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

221 **LASST UNS ERFREUEN.** 88.44.88. And Refrain. GEISTLICHE KIRCHENGESANG, 1623.

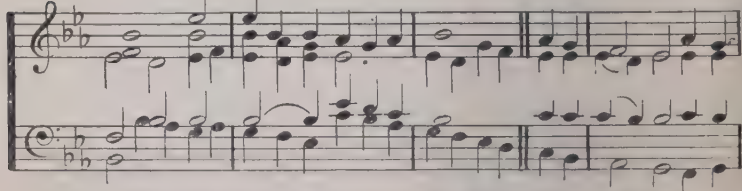
In moderate time and dignified.

Unison.

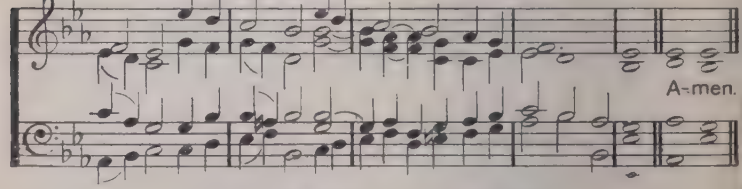




O praise Him, O



praise Him. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!



A-men.

ALL creatures of our God and King
Lift up your voice and with us sing
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Thou burning sun with golden beam,
Thou silver moon with softer gleam,
O praise Him, O praise Him,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
Ye clouds that sail in heaven along,
O praise Him, Alleluia!
Thou rising morn in praise rejoice,
Ye lights of evening find a voice.

Thou flowing water, pure and clear,
Make music for thy Lord to hear,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Thou fire so masterful and bright,
That givest man both warmth and light,

Dear mother earth, who day by day
Unfoldest blessings on our way,
O praise Him, Alleluia!
The flowers and fruits that in thee grow,
Let them His glory also show,

*And all ye men of tender heart,
Forgiving others, take your part,
O sing ye, Alleluia!
Ye who long pain and sorrow bear,
Praise God and on Him cast your care,

*And thou most kind and gentle Death,
Waiting to hush our latest breath,
O praise Him, Alleluia!
Thou leadest home the child of God,
And Christ our Lord the way hath trod.

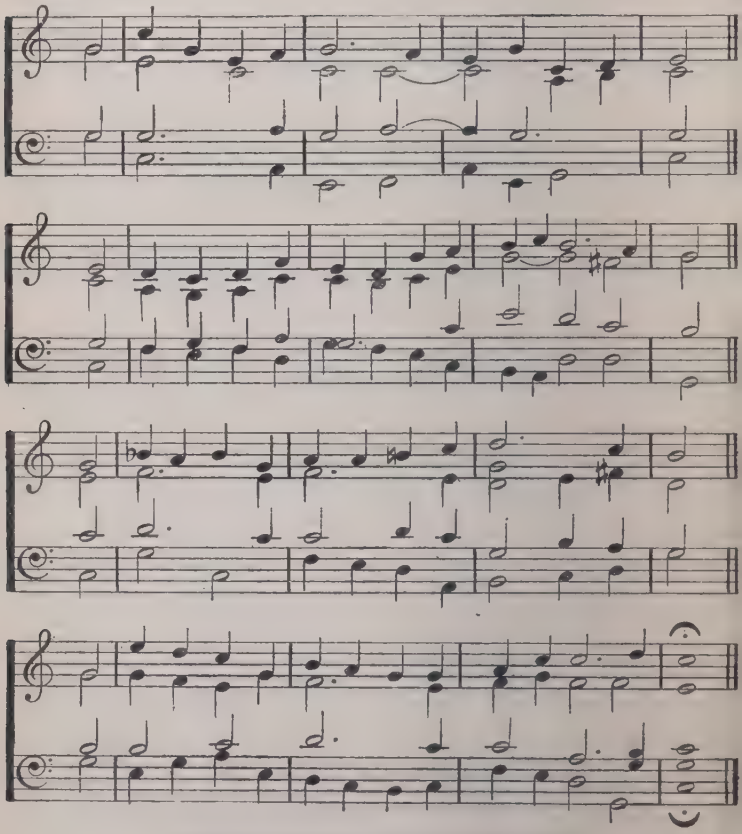
Let all things their Creator bless,
And worship Him in humbleness,
O praise Him, Alleluia!
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
And praise the Spirit, Three in One.

W. H. Draper.

* May be omitted if desired.

222 **PATHWAY.** Dignified. D.S.M. C. HYLTON STEWART

Unison.



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LORD God from whom all life
And all true gladness springs,
Whose love and care shine everywhere
Among earth's common things,
Be present while we lift
Our song to Thee and pay
Heart gratitude for all things good
About our path to-day.

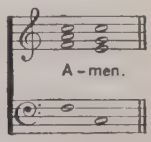
We praise Thee for the light
That floats on sea and hill,
The unstinted wealth of joy and health
With which our pulses thrill:
O may the light of heaven
In us enkindled be,
Heaven's glory roll from soul to soul,
And make us strong for Thee!

We thank Thee for the grace
In friend and brother found;
For human love that points above
To where all Love is crowned;
O may such friendship here
To us Thy sons be given,
As shall endure, deep, fair and pure,
Till all be one in Heaven!

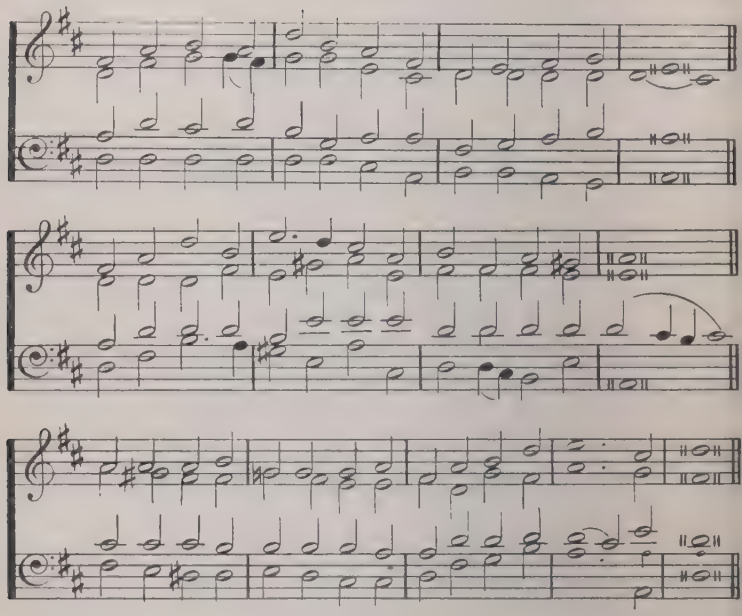
But most we bless Thee, Lord,
That here Thy Spirit's breath
Blows clear and strong to baffle wrong
And win our lives from death:
O may each heart accept
The entrance of Thy power,
And take Thee hence for sure defence
And help in evil hour!

So, when the lives, to-day
Within one circle brought,
Are sundered wide along the tide
Of human work and thought,
One song shall yet be ours,
One life, one family,
One pathway still, by vale or hill,
Shall lead us home to Thee.

BP. E. A. BURROUGHS.



223 ANGEL VOICES.
Not too quickly. 85.85.843. E. G. Monk.



By permission of Dr. M. J. Monk.

ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee
Lord of might.

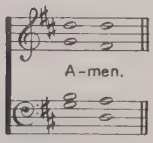
Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine ;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise design ;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst combine.

In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee,
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds and hands and voices
In our choicest
Melody.

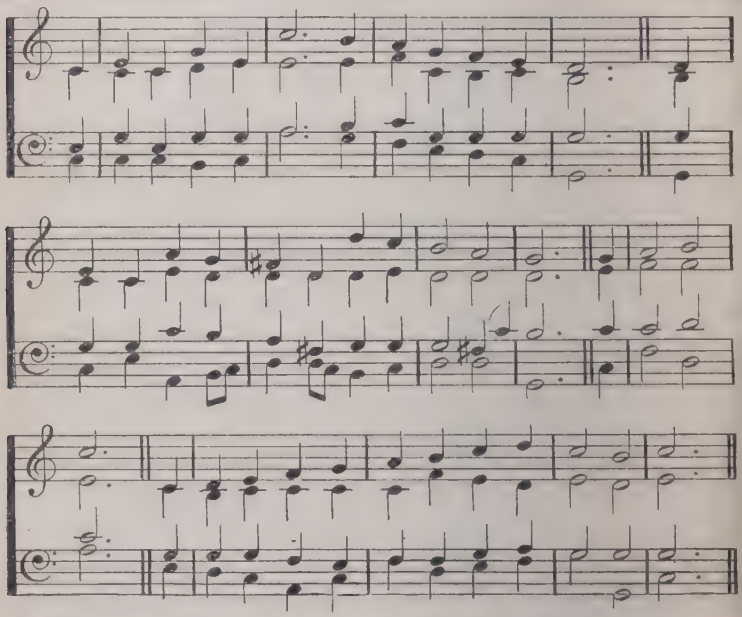
Honour, glory, might, and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity.
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

F. Pott.



224 DARWALL'S 148TH.

In moderate time. 66.66.44.44. J. DARWALL.



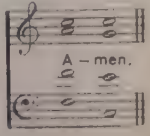
YE holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
Or else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face,
His praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

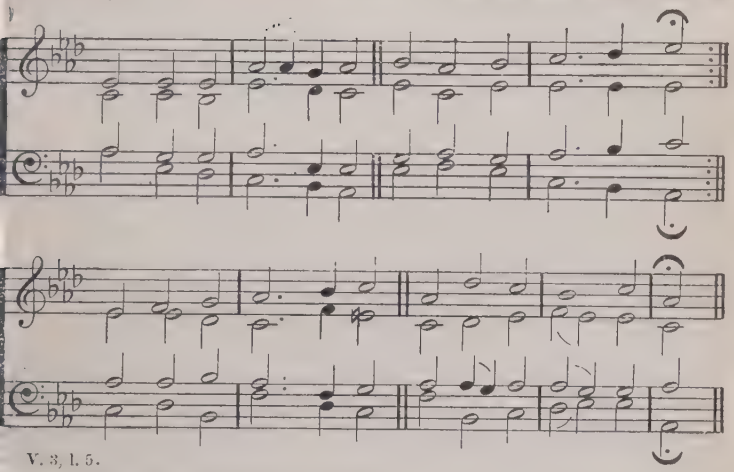
Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go,
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives,
And praise Him still
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives.

My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise.

R. BAXTER and
R. R. CHOPE.

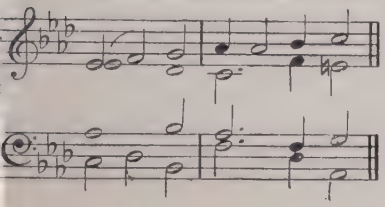


225 JOY, JOY. 76.66.66. From the New Office Hymn Book.



V. 3, l. 5.

Peace that broods like a dove:

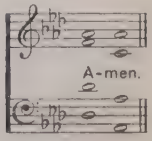


WHITENESS of winter snows,
Green of the budding leaves,
Red of the summer rose,
Gold of the autumn sheaves,
Grey cloud or rainbow bright:
Come from the Lord of light.

Rush of the wind on the sea,
Voice of the flowing brook,
Hum of the merry bee,
Call of the homing rook,
Gladness of girl or boy:
Come from the Lord of joy.

Truth in the heart of a child,
Courage that must prevail,
Innocence undefiled,
Kindness that cannot fail,
Peace that broods like a dove:
Come from the Lord of love.

Mary Butler.



226 OLD ENGLISH (FIRST TUNE).

76.76.

MARTIN SHAW

Unison.

Fine

D.C.

By permission of Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings;
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
All things bright, etc.

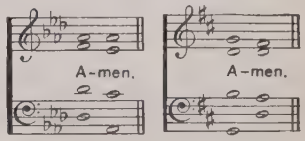
The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brighten up the sky,

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day,]

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

C. F. ALEXANDER.



ALL THINGS BRIGHT (SECOND TUNE).

Unison. 76.76. W. H. MONK.

All things bright and beau-ti-ful, All crea-tures great and small,

Fine

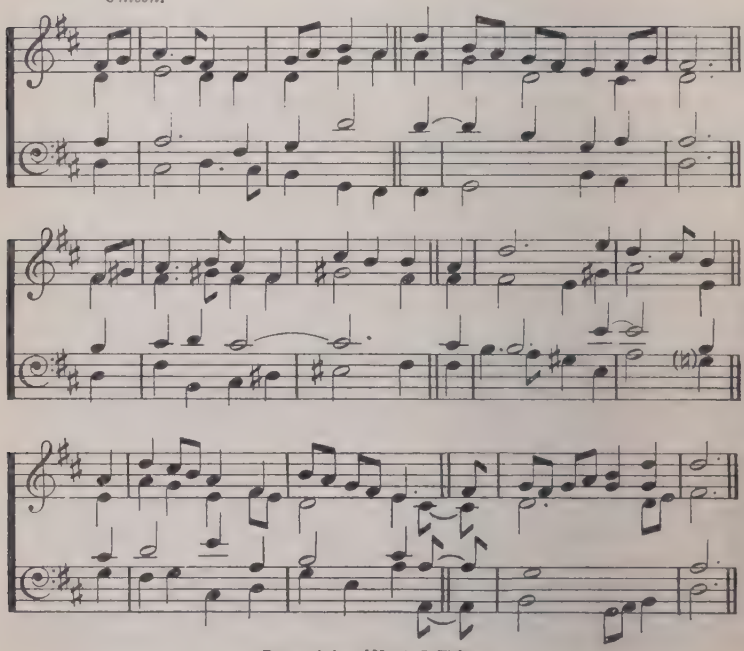
All things wise and won-der-ful, The Lord God made them all.

D.C.

227 **TOLVADDEN** (FIRST TUNE). 86.86.86. K. G. FINLAY.

In moderate time.

Unison.



By permission of Mr. K. G. Finlay.

NOT here for high and holy things
We render thanks to Thee,
But for the common things of earth,
The purple pageantry
Of dawning and of dying days,
The splendour of the sea,

The royal robes of autumn moors,
The golden gates of spring,
The velvet of soft summer nights,
The silver glistering
Of all the million, million stars,
The silent song they sing,

Of Faith and Hope and Love undimmed,
Undying still through death;
The Resurrection of the world,
What time there comes the breath
Of dawn that rustles through the trees,
And that clear voice that saith:—

"Awake, awake to love and work,
The lark is in the sky,
The fields are wet with diamond dew,
The worlds awake to cry
Their blessings on the Lord of life,
As He goes meekly by.

"Come, let thy voice be one with theirs,
Shout with their shout of praise;
See how the giant sun soars up,
Great Lord of years and days;
So let the love of Jesus come,
And set thy soul ablaze,

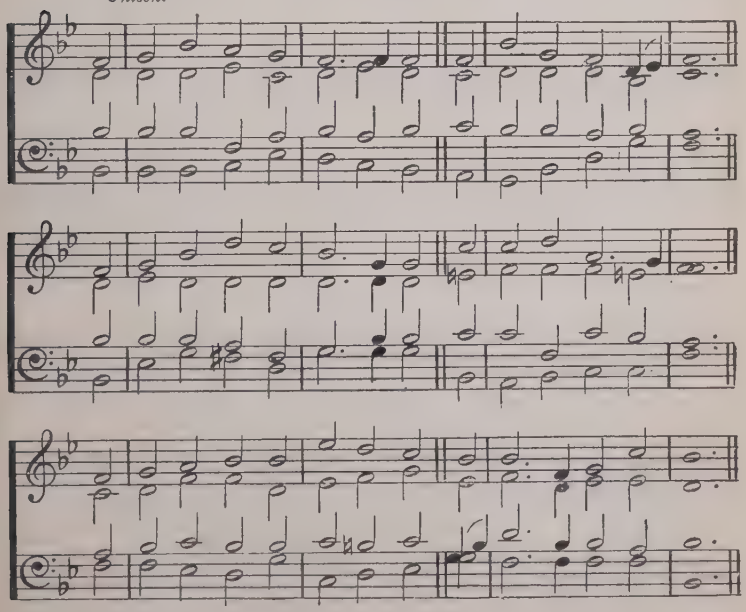
"To give, and give, and give again,
What God has given thee,
To spend thyself, nor count the cost,
To serve right gloriously
The God who gave all worlds that are
And all that are to be."

G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY.

TUA REDDIMUS, DOMINE (SECOND TUNE).

In moderate time. 86.86.86. F. G. RUSSELL.

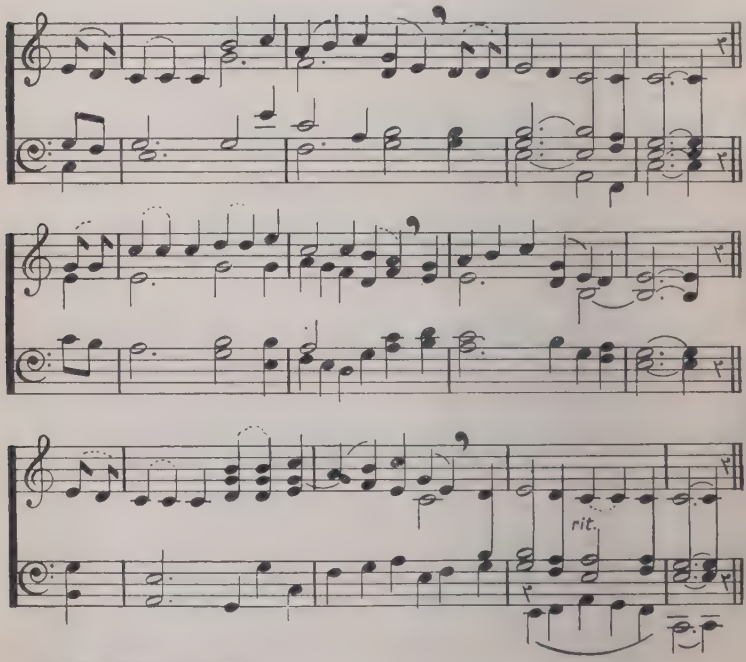
Unison.



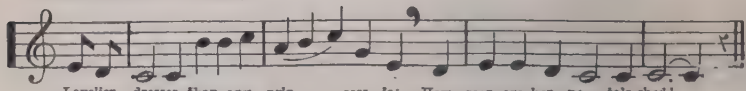
By permission of the S.P.C.K.

228 **DONEGAL.** Moderately fast. Irregular. OLD IRISH AIR. *Arr. by* G. GARDNER.

Unison.



Lines 5 and 6 of v. 3 thus:



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O MAN, what troubled thoughts you think,
How anxious is your care!
What shall we eat? What shall we drink?
And what shall we have to wear?
As tho' the Father who gave you life,
Forgot that you were there.

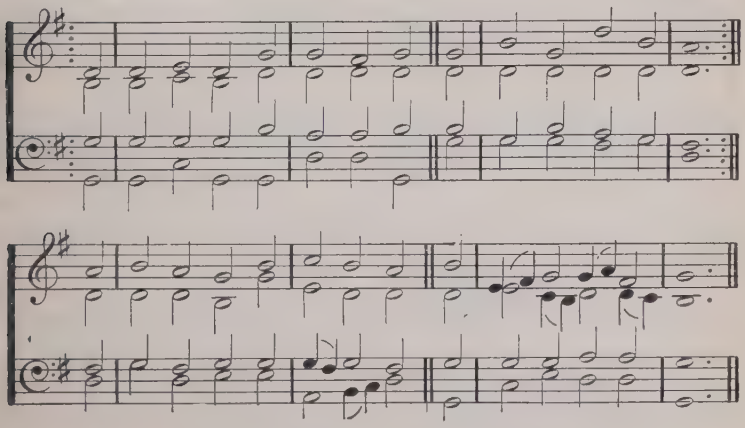
The sparrows have neither stack nor barn,
They neither reap nor bind;
When the swift and swallow the sunshine follow,
The sparrows are left behind,
And not one goes in the winter snows
But the Father has it in mind.

The poppy unpacks her little green box,
And her scarlet is outspread;
She has woven her silk without a loom,
And sewn it without a thread;
Lovelier dresses than any princess's:
How soon are her petals shed!

In the night you lie awake and think,
And your days are days of care;
What shall we have to eat and drink?
What shall we have to wear?
But the Father who heeds the sparrow's needs,
He knows that you are there.

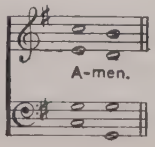
J. M. C. Crum.

229 **ST. MAGNUS.** 86.86.86. H. J. Gauntlett.

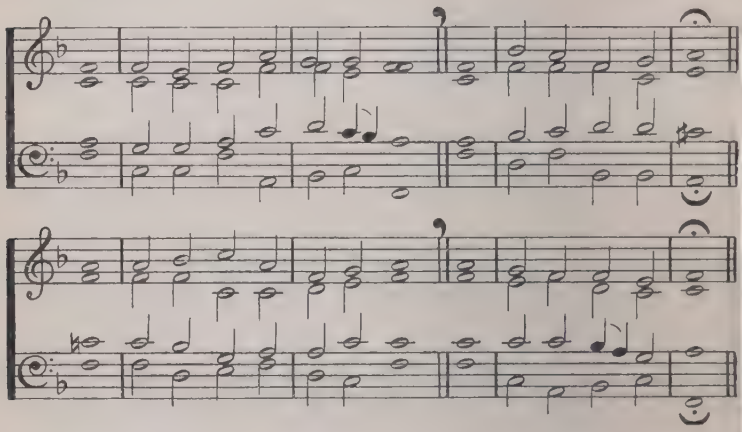


He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast,
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

S. T. Coleridge.



230 **ST. FLAVIAN.** Moderately slow. C.M. DAY'S PSALTER, 1563



THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

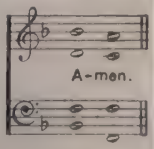
The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

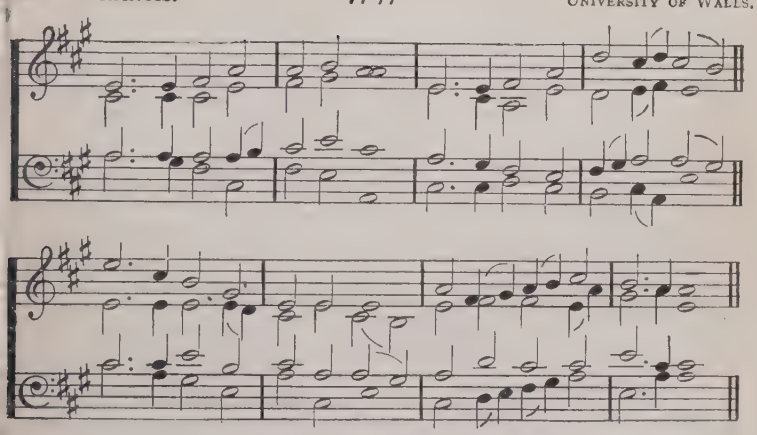
One name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

J. KEBLE.



231 FRANCIS. 77·77· UNIVERSITY OF WALES.



From A Students' Hymnal (Hymns of the Kingdom).
By permission of the Oxford University Press.

LET the whole creation cry
"Glory to the Lord on high!"
Heaven and earth, awake and sing,
"God is good, and therefore King!"

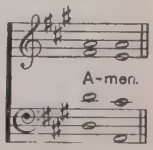
Praise Him, all ye hosts above,
Ever bright and fair in love!
Sun and moon, uplift your voice,
Night and stars, in God rejoice!

All the elemental powers,
Forests, plains, and secret bowers,
Vales and mountains, burst in song!
Rivers, roll His praise along!

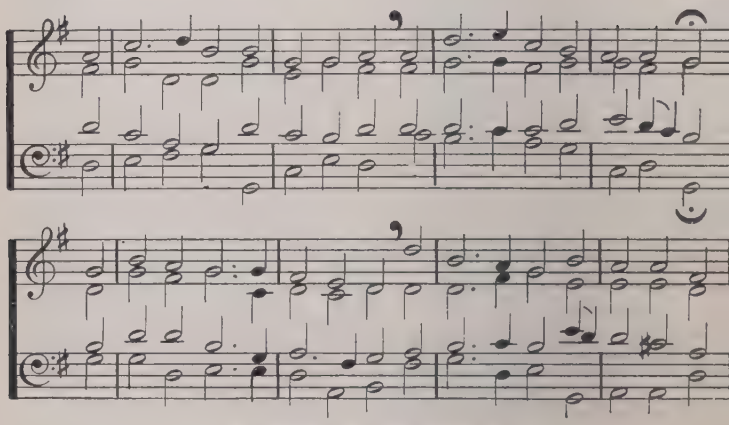
Let the blossoms of the earth
Join the universal mirth;
Birds, with morn and dew elate,
Sing with joy at heaven's gate!

Warriors fighting for the Lord,
Prophets burning with His word,
Those to whom the arts belong,
Join the universal song!

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.



232 **PEBMARSH** (FIRST TUNE). L.M. A. H. Brow



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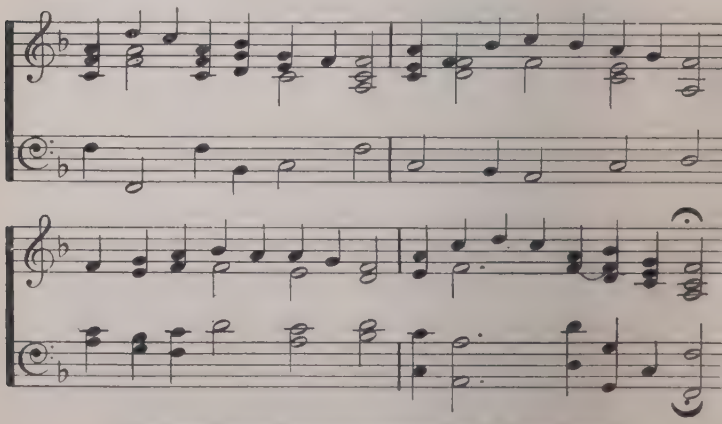
ROSY SEQUENCE (SECOND TUNE).
Moderately fast. L.M. *Arr. by* G. Gardn

Unison.



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NATURE

O FATHER, we Thy little things
Sing and make merry in Thy sight,
Who giv'st the sunshine and the rain,
Who giv'st the darkness and the light.

Thy praise the twittering swallows sing,
Warm in their nests beneath the eaves,
To Thee the small furred creatures cry
That crouch in terror in the leaves.

The robin also when he sings,
Full-throated in the leafless tree,
In the great silence of the snow
Pours out a song of praise to Thee.

And little pattering feet that run,
And small weak wings that beat the air,
And tiny fins that cleave the wave,
Proclaim Thy greatness everywhere.

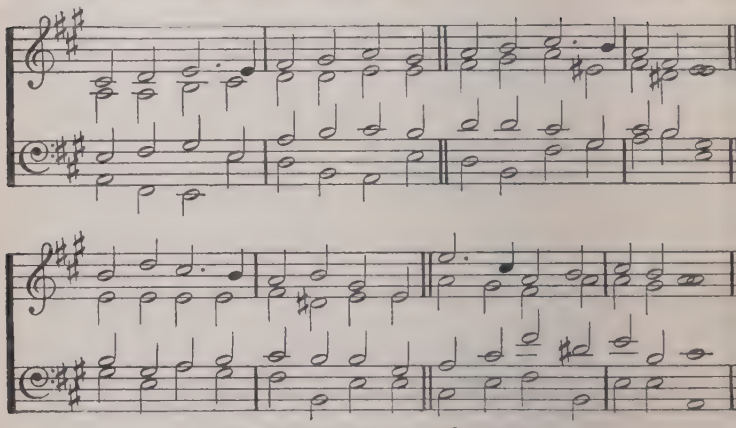
Father, who hear'st each sparrow's chirp,
As clearly as a great king's prayer:
Who see'st the way the poor blind mole
Creeps in the darkness to her lair:

O Father, we Thy little things,
Knowing Thee good and great, make cheer:
And with great boldness lift to Thee
Our hearts and voices. Father, hear!

STUART HODGSON.

233 MARCHING (FIRST TUNE). 87.87.

MARTIN SHAW



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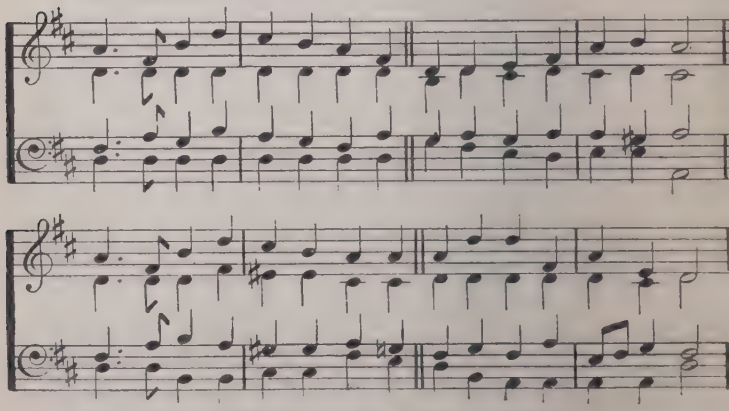
ST. OSWALD (SECOND TUNE). 87.87.

J. B. DYKE



THROUGH the night of doubt
and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

PILGRIM WARFARE

Clear before us through the darkness
  Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
  Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence
  O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
  Brightening all the path we tread:

One the object of our journey,
  One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
  One the hope our God inspires:

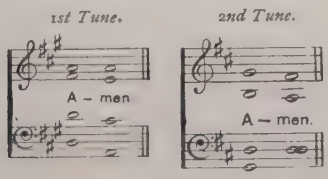
One the strain that lips of thousands
  Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
  One the march in God begun:

One the gladness of rejoicing
  On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
  Reigns in love for evermore.

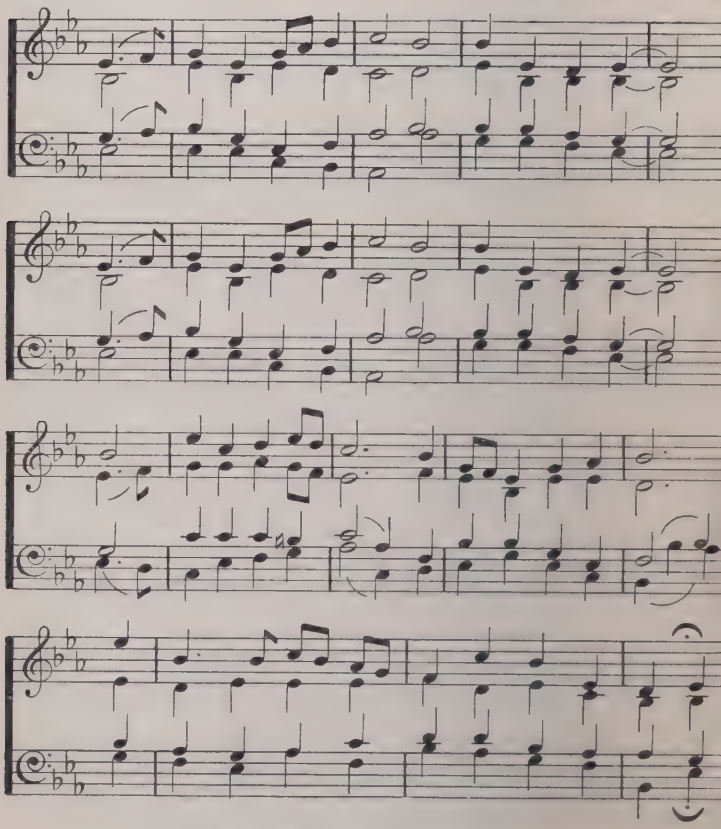
Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
  Onward with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
  Till we rest beneath its shade!

Soon shall come the great awaking,
  Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
  And the end of toil and gloom.

S. Baring-Gould.



234 MONKS GATE.
Brightly. 11.11.12.11. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL MELO



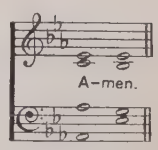
By permission of the Oxford University Press.

WHO would true valour see
Let him come hither,
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent,
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

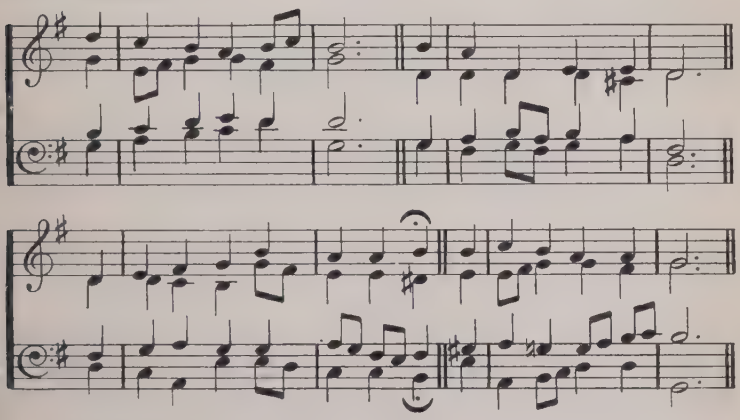
Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound—
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight,
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, Thou dost defend
Us with Thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit,
Then, fancies, flee away!
I'll fear not what men say;
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

J. BUNYAN (17th cent.).



235 **ST. ETHELWALD.** S.M. W. H. MONK.
In moderate time.



SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on!
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son:

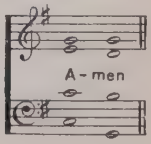
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror!

Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God!

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:

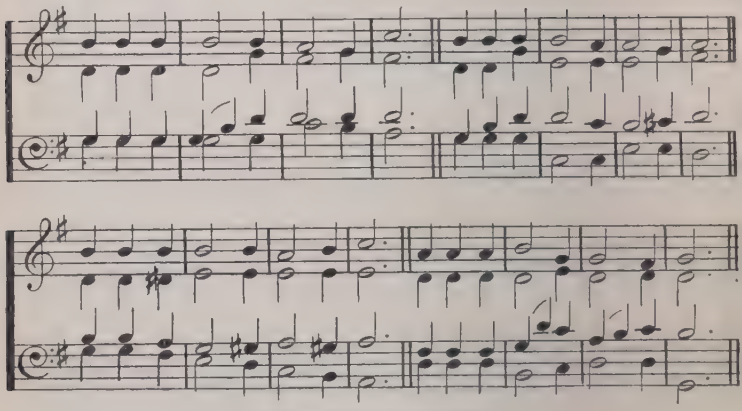
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And victor stand at last!

C. WESLEY (18th cent.).



236 PENTECOST (FIRST TUNE). L.M.

W. Boyd.

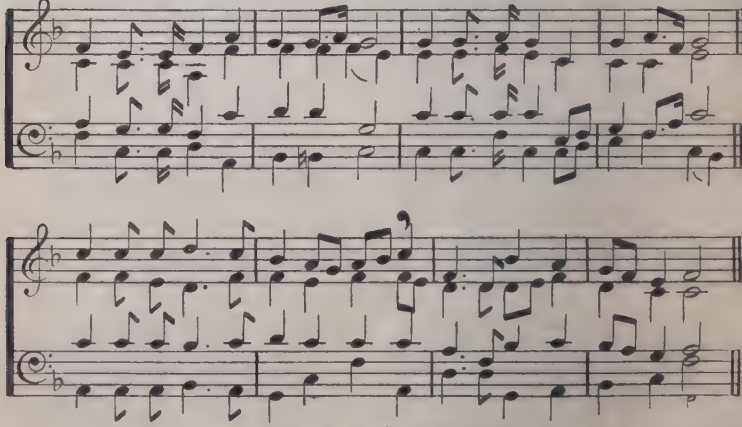


By permission of the Rev. W. Boyd.

SHEPTON BEAUCHAMP (SECOND TUNE). L.M.

English Traditional Melody
Arr. by C. J. Sharp

In moderate time.



By permission of the Executors of Mr. C. J. Sharp.

PILGRIM WARFARE

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

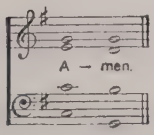
Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes and seek His face:
Life with its way before thee lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

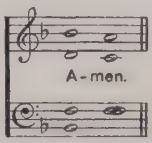
Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

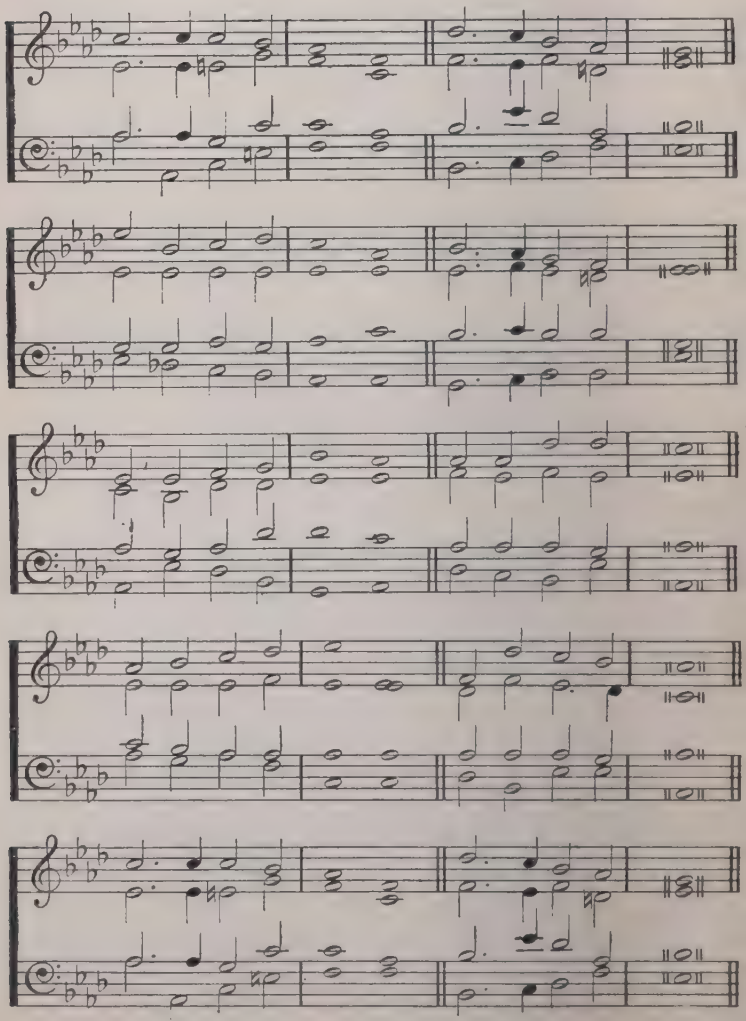
1st Tune.



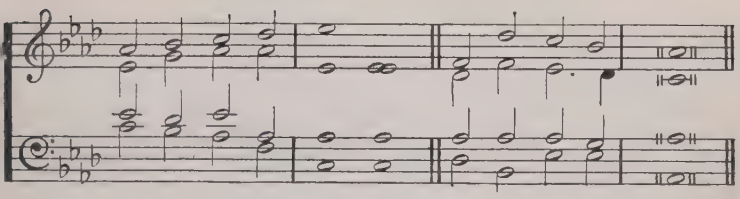
2nd Tune.



237 **HERMAS.** 65.65.12 lines. F. R. HAVERGAL.



PILGRIM WARFARE



By permission of Messrs. Nisbet & Co.

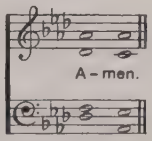
WHO is on the Lord's side ?
Who will serve the King ?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring ?
Who will leave the world's side ?
Who will face the foe ?
Who is on the Lord's side ?
Who for Him will go ?
By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine !

Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own Life-Blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine !

Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging
Victory is secure.
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine !

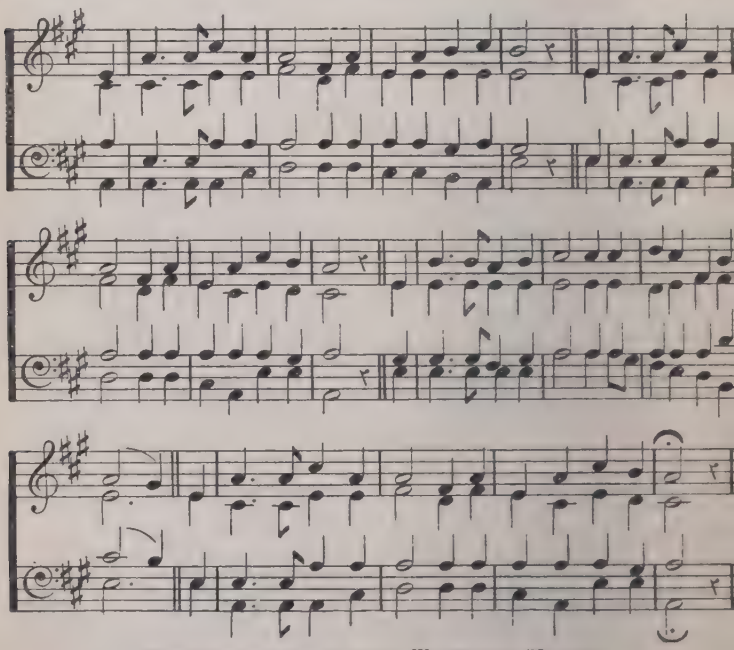
Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
" Chosen, called, and faithful "
For our Captain's band.
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold,
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine !

F. R. HAVERGAL.



238 MORNING LIGHT.

Brightly. 76.76.D. G. J. Web



This Hymn may also be sung to Wolvercote (No. 263).

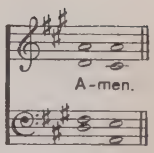
STAND up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear;
If while ye sleep He suffers,
Away with shame and fear;
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of battles,
And put the foe to rout.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose

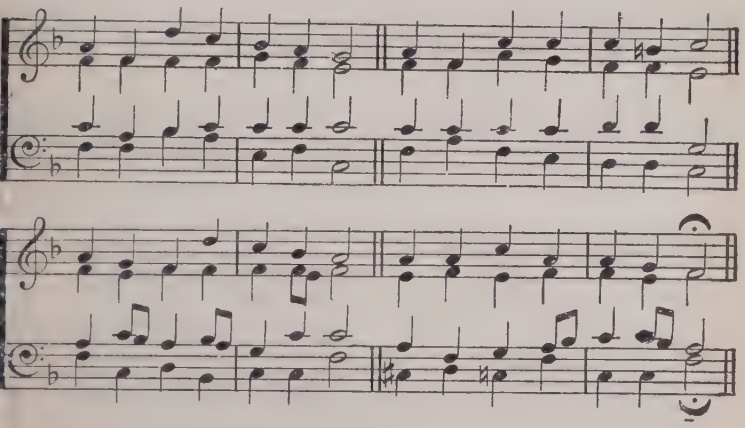
Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

G. DUFFIELD.



239 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Moderately quick. 77·77· H. J. GAUNTLETT.



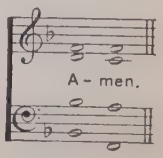
OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life!

Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need!

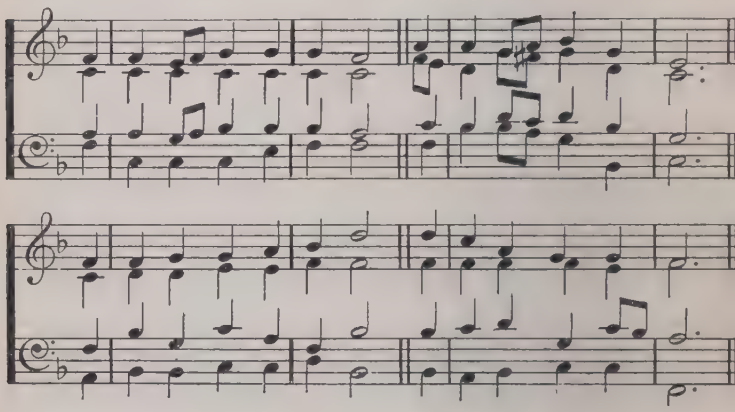
Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

Onward then to battle move!
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

H. KIRKE WHITE and OTHERS.



240 **KOCHER.** In moderate time. 76.76. J. H. KNECH



O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!

O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men!
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

The Cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
The Crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

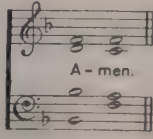
The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;

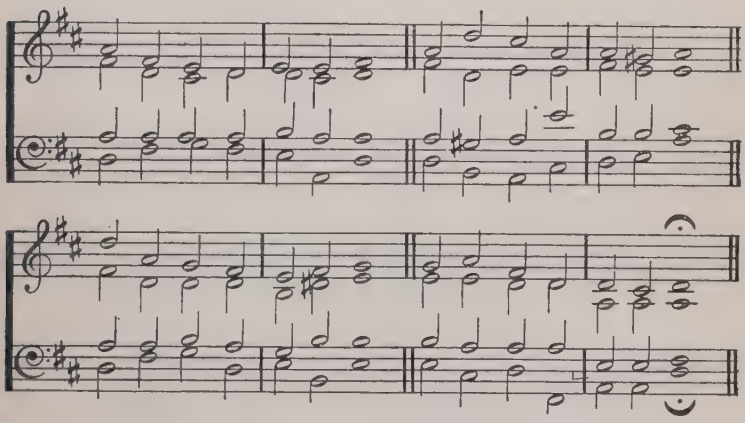
What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize!

J. M. NEALE.



241 **BUCKLAND.**
In moderate time. 77.77. L. G. HAYNE.



This Hymn may also be sung to SWISS COTTAGE (No. 116).

LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep Thy lamb, in safety keep ;
Nothing can Thy power withstand,
None can pluck me from Thy hand.

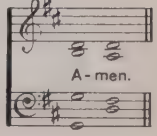
Loving Saviour, Thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live,
And the hands outstretched to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

I would praise Thee every day,
Gladly all Thy Will obey,
Like Thy blessèd ones above
Happy in Thy precious love.

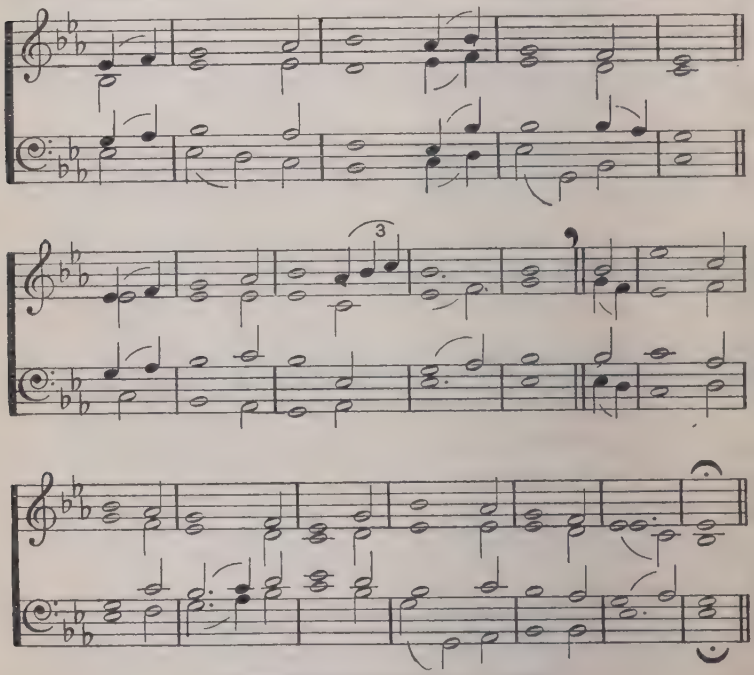
Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach Thy lamb Thy voice to hear,
Suffer not my steps to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

Where Thou leadest I would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before my Father's throne
I shall know as I am known.

JANE E. LEESON



242 **ST. COLUMBA** (FIRST TUNE). Deliberately. 87.87. ANCIENT IRISH HYMN MELODY. *Arr. by* C. V. STANFORD.



By permission of the Executors of Sir C. V. Stanford.

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never:
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth;
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
And yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

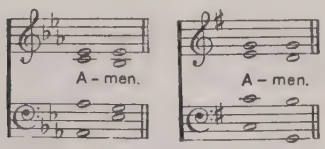
In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy Unction grace bestoweth,
And O ! what transport of delight
From Thy pure Chalice floweth.

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

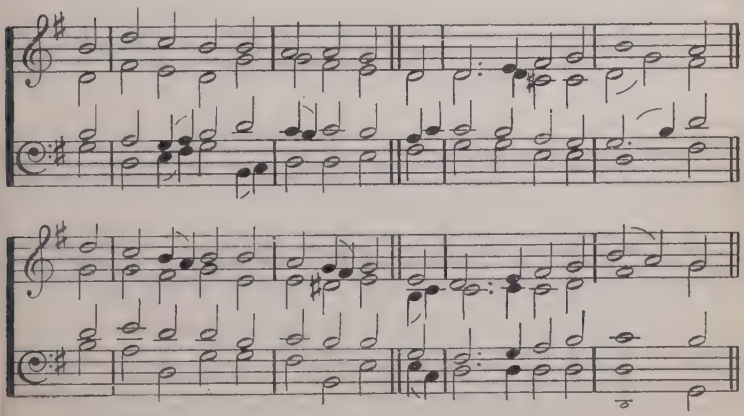
H. W. BAKER.

1st Tune. *2nd Tune.*

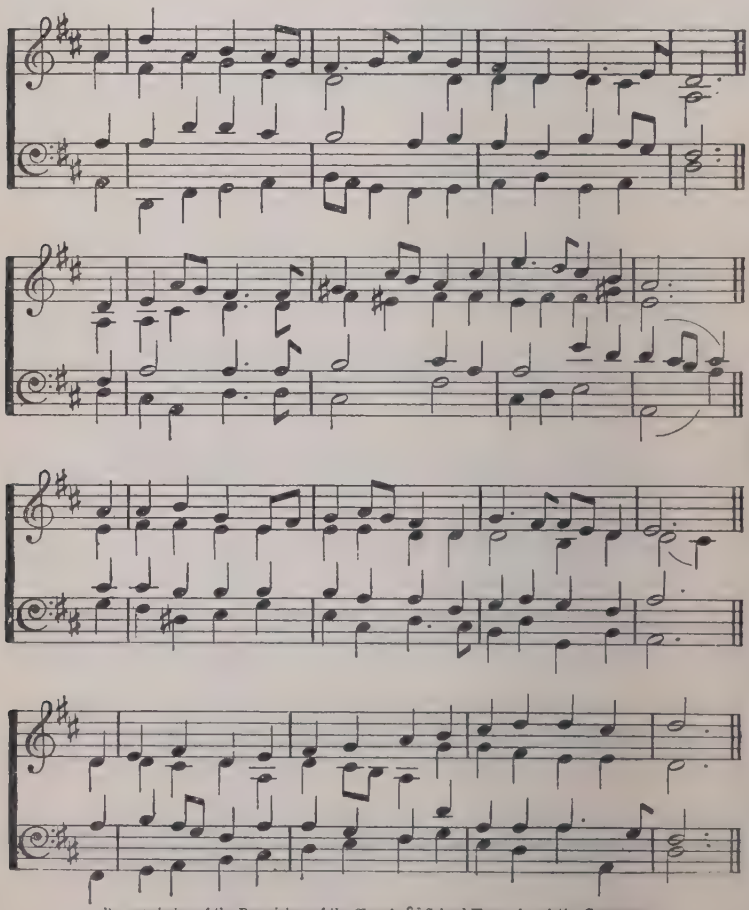


DOMINUS REGIT ME (SECOND TUNE).

Not too quickly. 87.87. J. B. DYKES.



243 DAVID.
In moderate time. D.C.M. D. W. DEARLE.



By permission of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal and the Composer.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

O, DAVID was a shepherd lad,
And guarded well the sheep ;
By night and day, good times or bad,
His watch he used to keep.
But David's less than David's Son,
Though a Shepherd too is He ;
Through all the world His pastures run,
And of His flock are we.

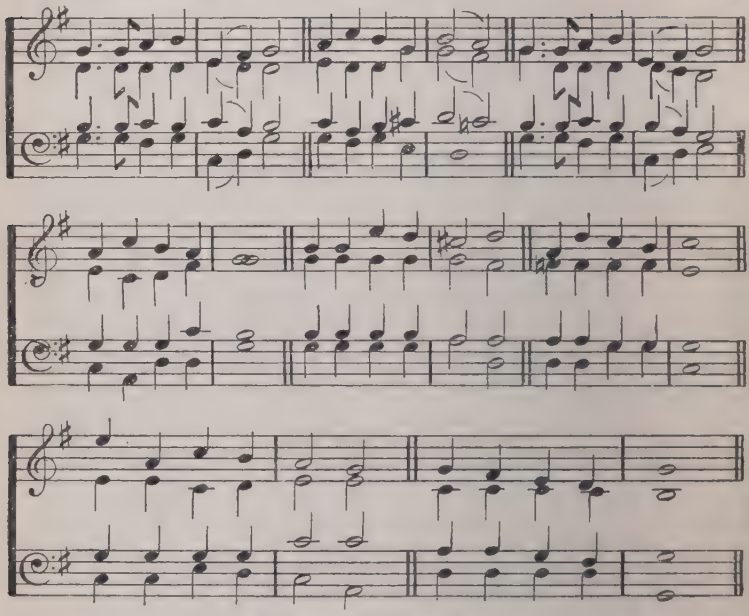
O, David was a shepherd lad,
And more he dared to do ;
Goliath all in armour clad
With sling and stone he slew.
But David's Son more daring yet
Put weapons all away ;
All evil things with goodness met,
And stronger was than they.

O, David was a shepherd lad,
And a kingdom he attained ;
And gold and glory great he had,
And forty years he reigned.
But David's Son is rich in love,
And reigns eternally ;
For King He is in heaven above,
And on the earth shall be.

C. Erskine Clarke.

244 PASTOR BONUS.

In moderate time. 65.65.D. J. STAINER.



By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

This Hymn may also be sung to GÜTE BÄUME BRINGEN (No. 41).

CHRIST, who once amongst us
As a Child did dwell,
Is the children's Saviour,
And He loves us well;
We must keep our promise
Made Him at the font,
He will be our Shepherd
And we shall not want.

There it was they laid us
In those tender arms,
Where the lambs are carried
Safe from all alarms;
If we trust His promise,
He will let us rest
In His arms for ever,
Leaning on His breast.

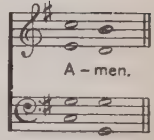
Though we may not see Him
For a little while,
We shall know He holds us,
Often feel His smile;
Death will be to slumber
In that sweet embrace,
And we shall awaken
To behold His face.

He will be our Shepherd
After as before,
By still heavenly waters
Lead us evermore,
Make us lie in pastures
Beautiful and green,
Where none thirst or hunger
And no tears are seen.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Jesus, our good Shepherd,
Laying down Thy life,
Lest Thy sheep should perish
In the cruel strife ;
Help us to remember
All Thy love and care,
Trust in Thee, and love Thee
Always, everywhere.

W. St. Hill Bourne.



245 **ALTONA.** Steadily. L.M. Old German Air. *Arr. by* G. Gardner.

Arrangement Copyright of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal.

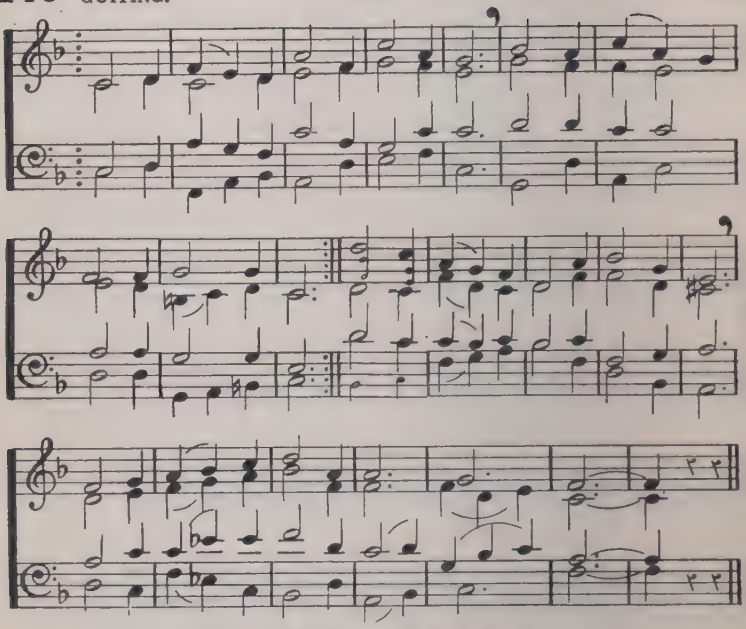
LOVE is our shepherd. All is well.
By meadow green and quiet pool
On summer noons He'll make us lie
Among the elmtree-shadows cool.

And when the surly winter comes
And all the dale is bleak with snows.
Love is our shepherd, we'll not fear
To go where Love our shepherd goes.

For He'll not suffer one lost lamb
To wander bleating on the fell;
He'll lift it up and bear it home.
Love is our shepherd. All is well.

J. M. C. Crum.

246 GUITING. 99.99.99. G. GARDNER.



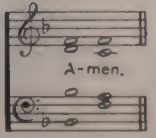
Copyright of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal.

I BELIEVE that God the Father's power
Made the sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
Every bird, and beast, and tree, and flower,
All the people in the world, and me :
Nothing in the world so great or small
But the great God knows and cares for all.

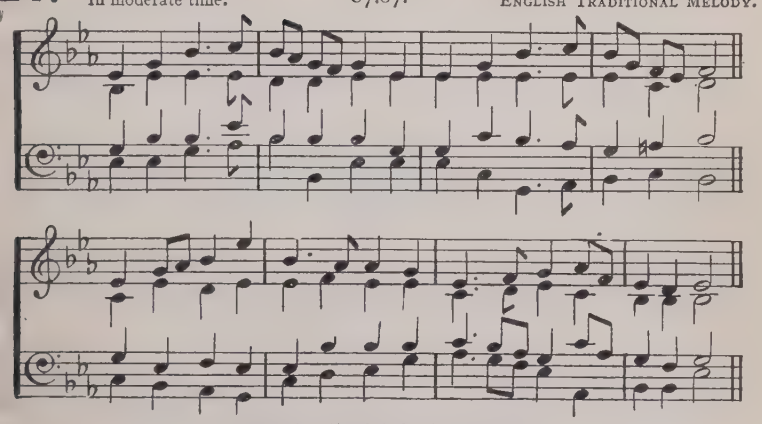
I believe that Christ the Saviour's love
Brought Him from His Father's home on high,
Where the holy angels round Him move,
On the Cross to suffer and to die :
Jesus :—of the Virgin Mary born
In a manger bed on Christmas morn.

I believe that God the Spirit's breath
Moves my heart to seek the things above,
Wakes me from the sleep of sin and death,
Brings me joy, with faith and hope and love,
Leads me on until at last I stand
Pure, amid the saints, at God's right hand.

R. F. PECHEY.



247 **SHIPSTON.**
In moderate time. 87.87. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL MELODY.



By permission of the Oxford University Press.

This Hymn may also be sung to FRANKFORT (No. 328).

FIRMLY I believe and truly
God is Three and God is One;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.

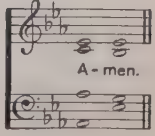
And I trust and hope most fully
In that Manhood crucified;
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as He has died.

Simply to His grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong,
And I love supremely, solely,
Him the Holy, Him the Strong.

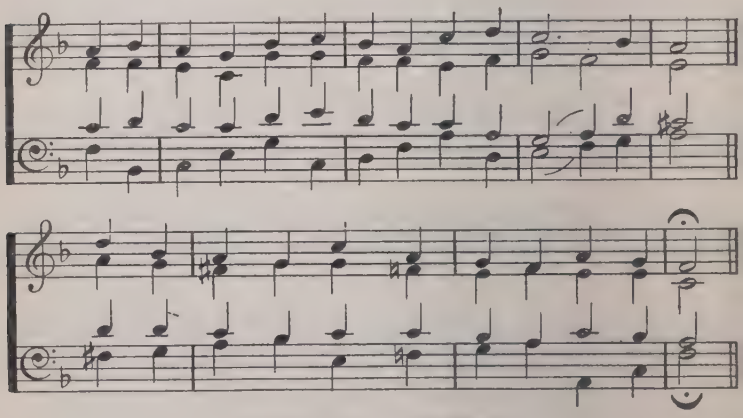
And I hold in veneration,
For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church as His creation,
And her teachings as His own.

Adoration aye be given,
With and through the angelic host,
To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

J. H. NEWMAN.

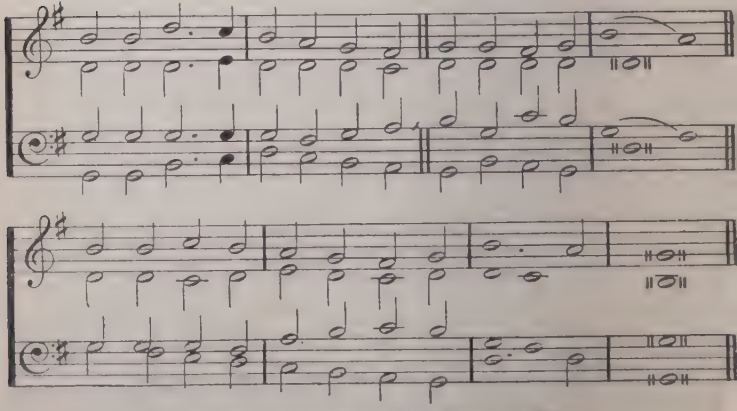


248 **WARTON** (FIRST TUNE).
Moderately slow. 85.83. J. A. FULLER MAITLAND



By permission of Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland.

CAIRNBROOK (SECOND TUNE).
Moderately slow. 85.83. E. PROUT



By permission of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

INTERCESSION

HOLY Father, in Thy mercy
Hear our earnest prayer,
Keep our loved ones, now far distant,
'Neath Thy care.

Jesu, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O, keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

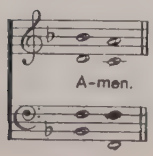
May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace, that they may conquer
In the strife.

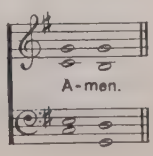
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
Near to Thee.

ISABEL S. STEVENSON.

1st Tune.



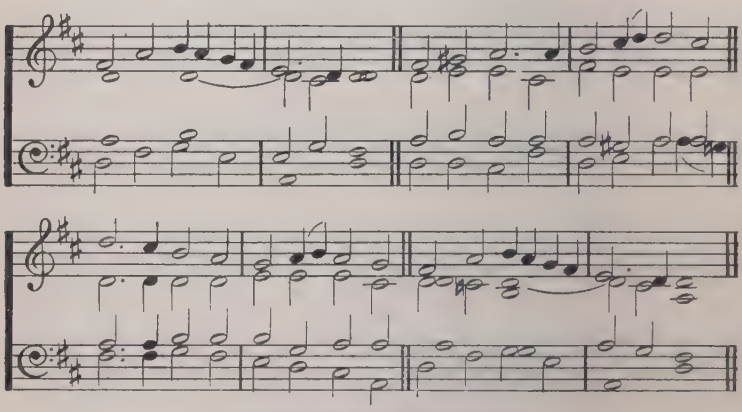
2nd Tune.



249 **RANDOLPH.** 98.89. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

In moderate time.

Unison.



By permission of the Oxford University Press.

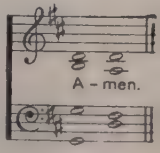
GOD be with you till we meet again;
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you:
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you:
God be with you till we meet again.

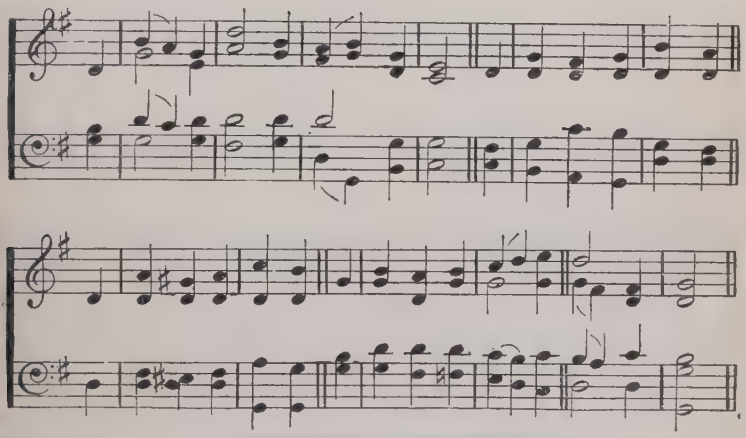
God be with you till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arm unfailing round you:
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.

J. E. RANKIN.



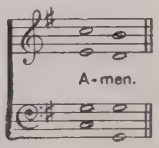
250 DAY BY DAY. 86.663. CAREY BONNER.



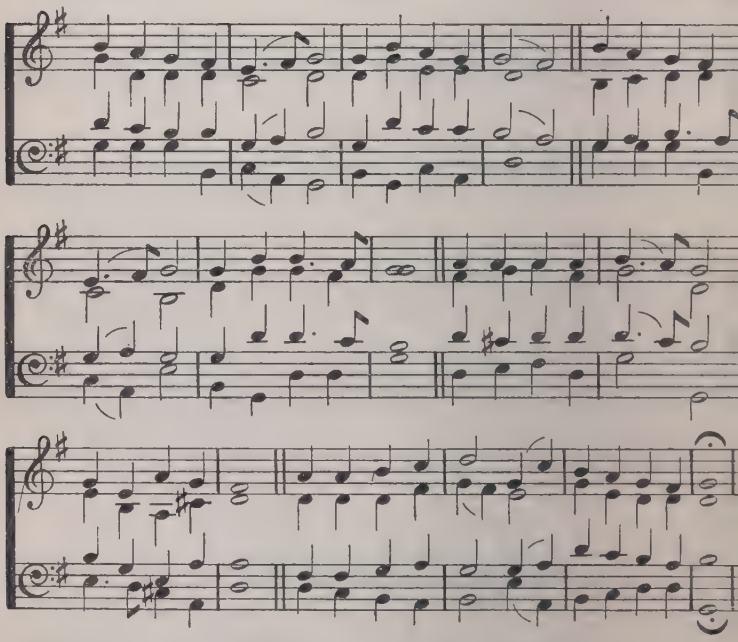
By permission of the National Sunday School Union.

DEAR Lord, of Thee three
things I pray:
To know Thee more clearly,
To love Thee more dearly,
To follow more nearly
Day by day.

ANON.



251 **ZUNDEL.** Brightly. 65.65.D. J. ZUNDEL



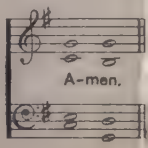
GOD bless all the workers
Lab'ring for men's good,
Who in fields and cities
Seek our daily food;
Lord, to all the workers
May Thy grace be given;
While on earth they labour,
Lift their hearts to heaven.

Those in mines and workshops,
Those who sail the sea,
Lord, in all their labours,
May they think on Thee.
Lord, to all, etc.

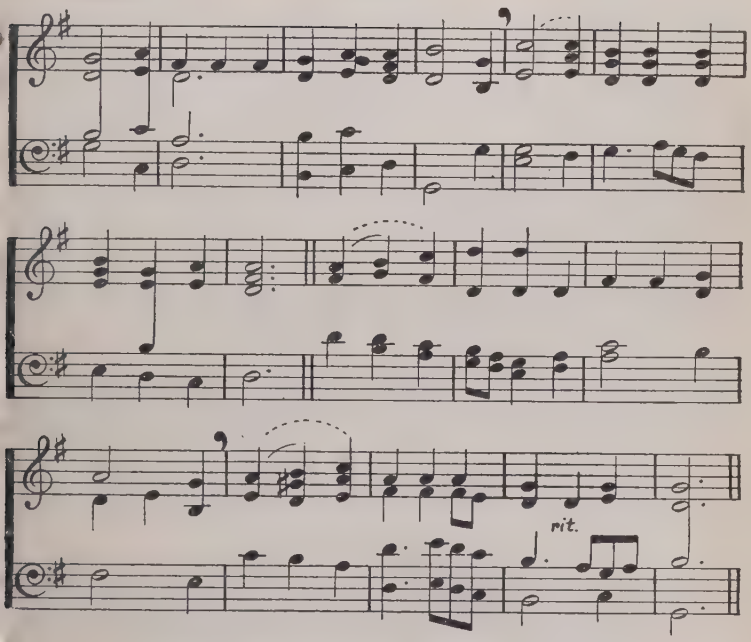
Jesus was a worker,
Toiled by Joseph's side,
Brother to all workers,
Dwelling far and wide.
Lord, to all, etc.

Jesus! to the workers
Strength and comfort bring;
Thou dost know their labours,
Be the workers' King!
Lord, to all, etc.

M. M. PENSTONE.



252 GISORS. *Unison.* Irregular. OLD FRENCH AIR. *Arr. by* G. GARDNER.



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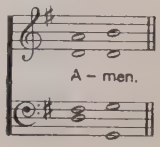
GOD has giv'n us a book full of stories,
Which was made for His people of old;
It begins with the tale of a Garden,
And ends with the City of gold.

But the best is the story of Jesus,
Of the Babe with the ox in the stall,
Of the song that was sung by the angels,
The most beautiful story of all.

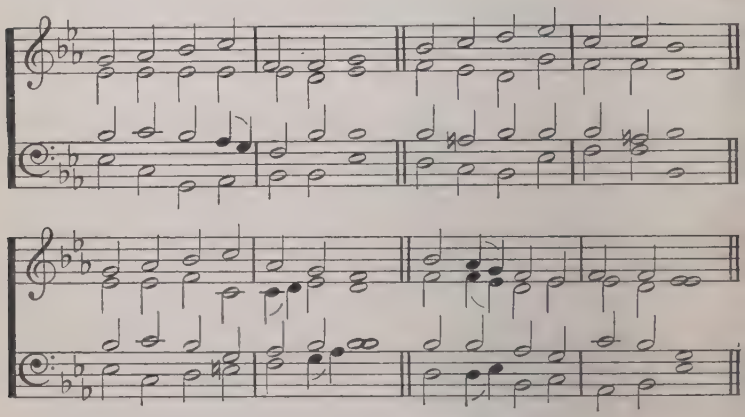
There are stories for parents and children,
For the old who are ready to rest,
But for all who can read them or listen
The story of Jesus is best;

For it tells how He came from the Father,
His far away children to call,
To bring the lost sheep to their Shepherd,
The most beautiful story of all.

M. M. PENSTONE.



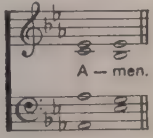
253 SONG 13.
Slow and solemn. 77·77· O. GIBBONS



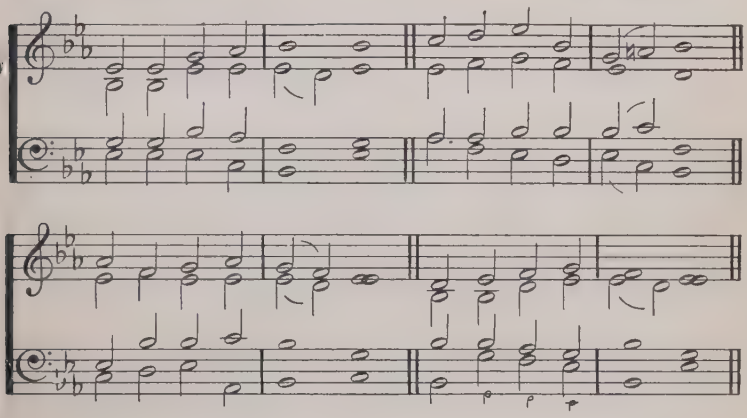
The original version of this tune will be found at No. 95.

MAY the Gospel of the Lord
Everywhere be spread abroad,
That the world around may own
Christ as King, and Christ alone.

Praise we now the word divine,
May our hearts its truth enshrine,
From its pages may we hear
Christ our Teacher, speaking clear.
S. N. SEDGWICK.



254 **RAVENSHAW.** Moderately slow. 66.66. *From* AVE HIERARCHIA, 1567. *Arr. by* W. H. MONK.



LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth ;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us ;
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

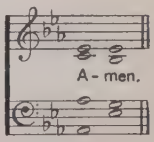
When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted ?

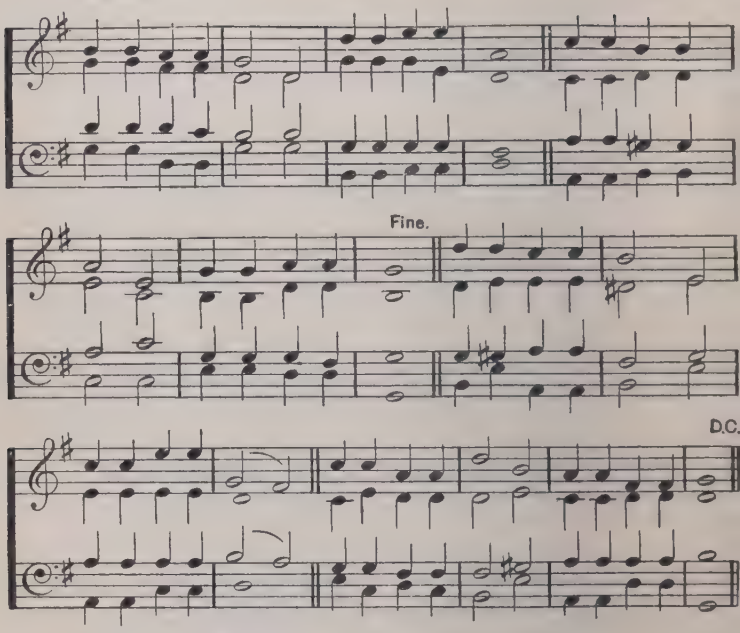
Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living ;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying !

O, that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee !

H. W. BAKER.



255 **HAYDN.** Brightly. 65.65. Ter. F. J. HAYDN



ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before!
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
Do His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

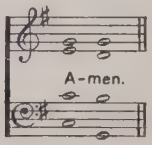
At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise,
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

Like a mighty army
  Moves the Church of God.
Brothers, we are treading,
  Where the Saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
  All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
  One in charity.
    Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
  Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
  Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
  'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise,
  And that cannot fail.
    Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

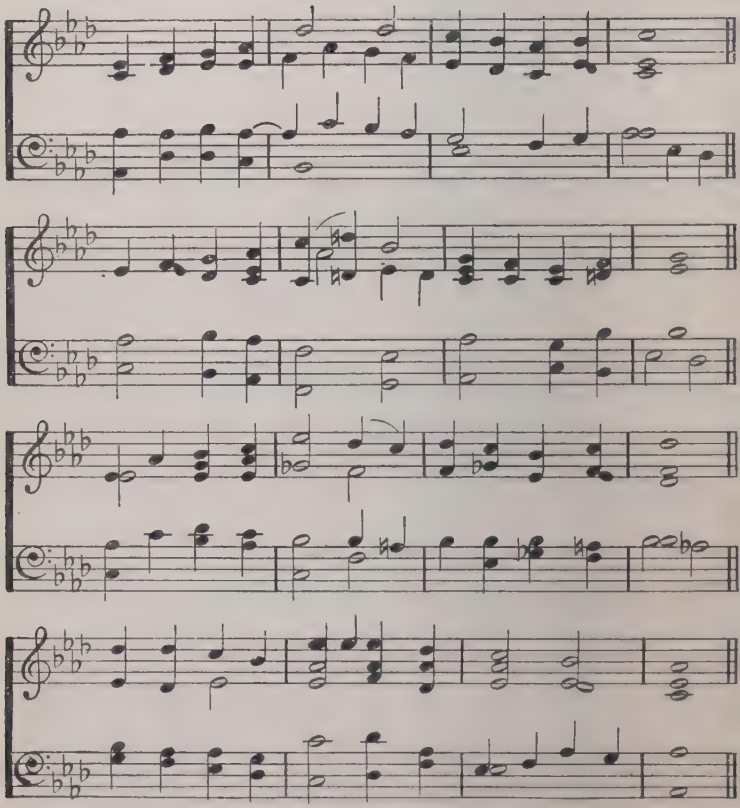
Onward, then, ye people ;
  Join our happy throng !
Blend with ours your voices
  In the triumph song—
Glory, laud, and honour,
  Unto Christ the King,
This, through countless ages,
  Men and angels sing.
    Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

S. Baring-Gould.



256 **CUDDESDON.** 65.65.D. ANON.

Boldly.
Unison.



Harmonies simplified by permission of the Composer.

This Hymn may also be sung to HAYDN (No. 255).

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high!
Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still, with hearts united,
Singing on our way.

PROCESSIONAL

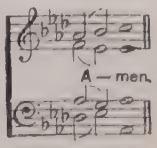
Jesu, Lord and Master,
  At Thy sacred feet
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
  See Thy children meet.
Often have we left Thee,
  Often gone astray ;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
  In the narrow way.

Pattern of our childhood,
  Once Thyself a Child,
Make our childhood holy,
  Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
  Whither can we flee
Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
  Only unto Thee ?

All our days direct us
  In the way we go ;
Crown us still victorious
  Over every foe :
Bid Thine angels shield us
  When the storm-clouds lour ;
Pardon Thou and save us
  In the last dread hour.

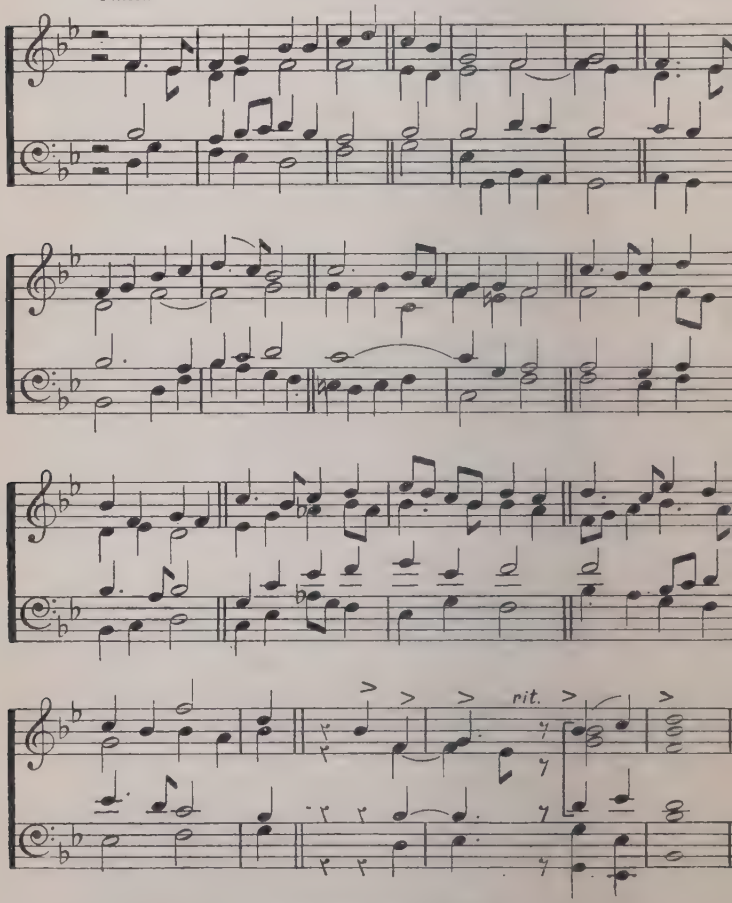
Then with saints and angels
  May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
  At Thy throne of love.
When the march is over,
  Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty !
  Songs that never cease !

BP. T. J. POTTER.



257 **VECTIS.** 85.85.88.85. K. G. FINLAY

Unison



By permission of Mr. K. G. Finlay.

PROCESSIONAL

HAIL the Sign, the Sign of Jesus,
Bright and royal Tree!
Standard of the Monarch, planted
First on Calvary!

Hail the Sign all signs excelling,
Hail the Sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the Sign hell's power quelling,
Cross of Christ, all hail!

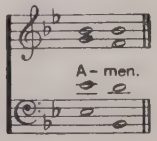
Sign the Martyrs strength and refuge,
Sign to Saints so dear!
Sign of evil men abhorrèd,
Sign which devils fear:

Sign which, when the Lord returneth,
In the heavens shall be;
Sinners quail, while Saints with rapture
Shall the vision see:

Lo, I sign the Cross of Jesus
Meekly on my breast;
May it guard my heart when living,
Dying be its rest:

In the name of God the Father,
Name of God the Son,
Name of God the blessèd Spirit,
Ever Three in One.

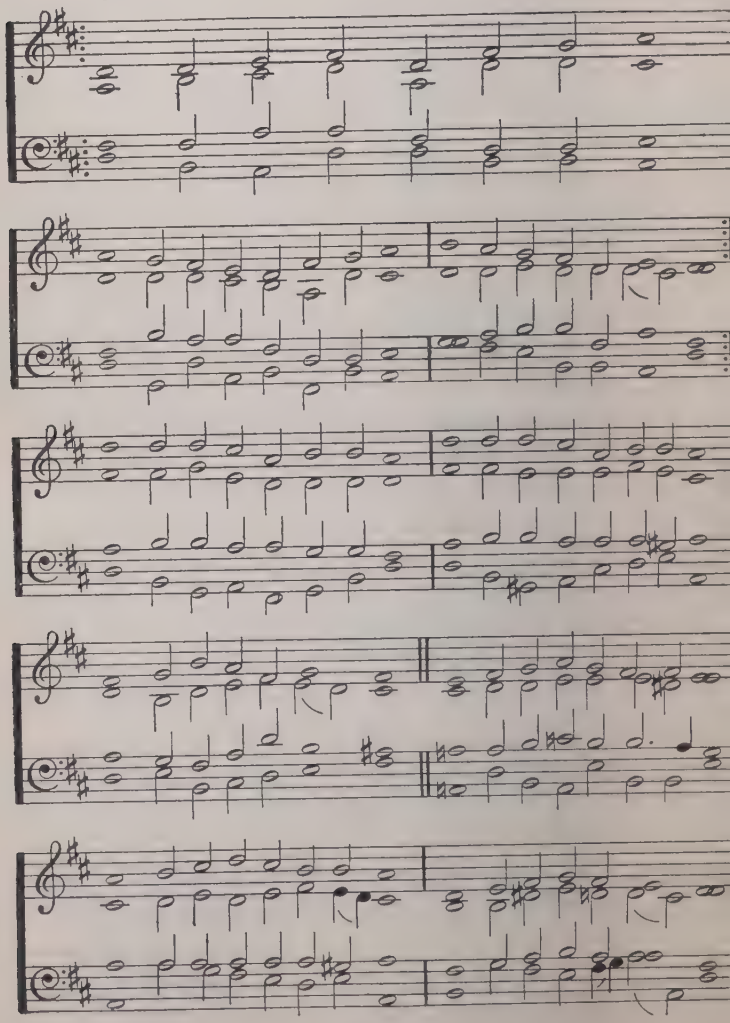
S. BARING-GOULD.



258 PSALM 68
Dignified.

887.887.D.

M. Greit



O FAITH of England, taught of old
By faithful shepherds of the fold,
The hallowing of our nation :
Thou wast through many a wealthy year,
Through many a darkened day of fear,
The rock of our salvation.
Arise, arise, good Christian men,
Your glorious standard raise again,
The Cross of Christ who calls you ;
Who bids you live and bids you die
For His great cause, and stands on high
To witness what befalls you.

Our fathers heard the trumpet call
Through lowly cot and kingly hall
From oversea resounding ;
They bowed their stubborn wills to learn
The truths that live, the thoughts that burn,
With new resolve abounding.
Arise, arise, good Christian men,
Your glorious standard raise again,
The Cross of Christ who guides you ;
Whose arm is bared to join the fray,
Who marshals you in stern array,
Fearless, whate'er betides you.

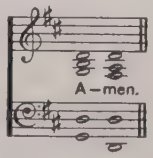
Our fathers held the faith received,
By Saints declared, by Saints believed,
By Saints in death defended ;
Through pain of doubt and bitterness,
Through pain of treason and distress,
They for the right contended.
Arise, arise, good Christian men,
Your glorious standard raise again,
The Cross of Christ who bought you ;
Who leads you forth in this new age
With long-enduring hearts to wage
The warfare He has taught you.

Though frequent be the loud alarms,
Though still we march by ambushed arms
Of death and hell surrounded,
With Christ for Chief we fear no foe,
Nor force nor craft can overthrow
The Church that He has founded.
Arise, arise, good Christian men,
Your glorious standard raise again,
The Cross wherewith He signed you ;
The King Himself shall lead you on,
Shall watch you till the strife be done,
Then near His throne shall find you.

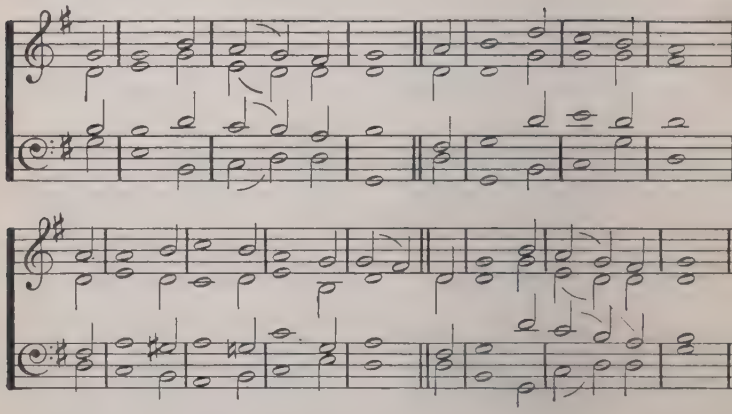
T. A. LACEY.

The following Hymn may also be used for Processions:

Rejoice, ye pure in heart. No. 216.



259 **DEDICATION.** S.M. E. GILDIN
With dignity.



O WORD of God above,
Who fillest all in all,
Hallow this house with Thy sure love,
And bless our Festival.

Here from the Font is pour'd
Grace on each sinful child ;
The blest Anointing of the Lord
Brightens the once defiled.

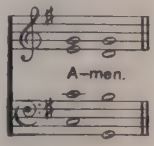
Here Christ to faithful hearts
His Body gives for food ;
The Lamb of God Himself imparts
The Chalice of His Blood.

Here guilty souls that pine
May health and pardon win ;
The Judge acquits, and grac
Divine
Restores the dead in sin.

Against this holy home
Rude tempests harmless beat,
And Satan's angels fiercely come
But to endure defeat.

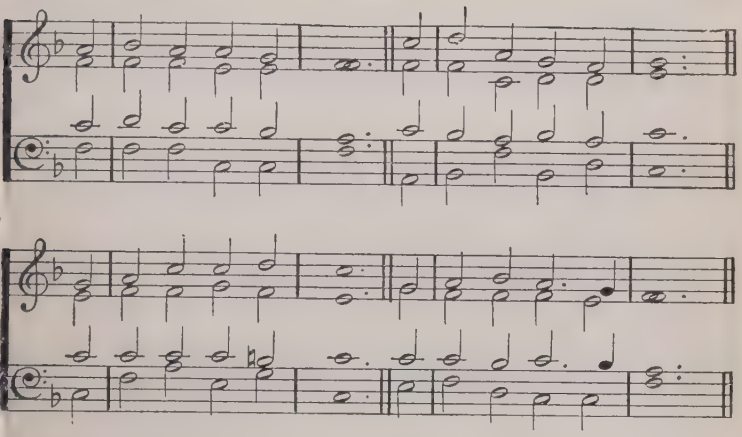
All might, all praise be Thine,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Spirit, Bond of love divine,
While endless ages run !

Tr. I. WILLIAMS.



260 **QUAM DILECTA.** 66.66. Bp. Jenner.

In moderate time.



WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

We love the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love the sacred font,
For there the holy Dove
To pour is ever wont
His blessing from above.

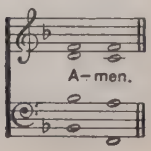
We love Thine altar, Lord;
O, what on earth so dear!
For there, in faith adored,
We find Thy Presence near.

We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But O, we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven!

Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy Saints adore.

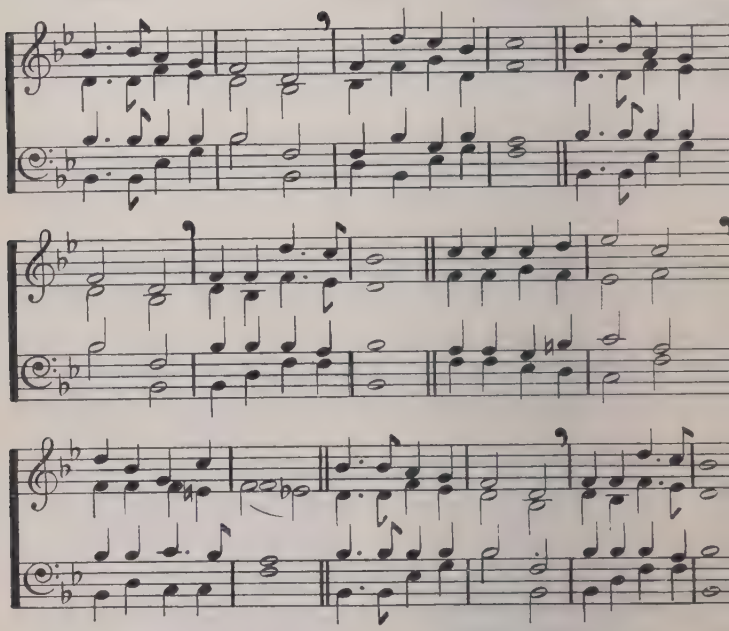
W. Bullock and
H. W. Baker.



261 **GOSHEN.**
Brightly.

65.65.D.

THE BIBLE CLASS MAGAZINE, 186

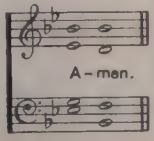


I WAS made a Christian
When my name was given,
One of God's dear children,
And an heir of heaven.
In the name of Christian
I will glory now,
Evermore remember
My baptismal vow.

I must, like a Christian,
Shun all evil ways,
Keep the faith of Jesus,
Serve Him all my days.
Called to be a Christian,
I will praise the Lord,
Seek for His assistance
So to keep my word.

All a Christian's blessings
I will claim for mine:
Holy work and worship,
Fellowship divine.
Father, Son, and Spirit,
Give me grace, that I
Still may live a Christian,
And a Christian die.

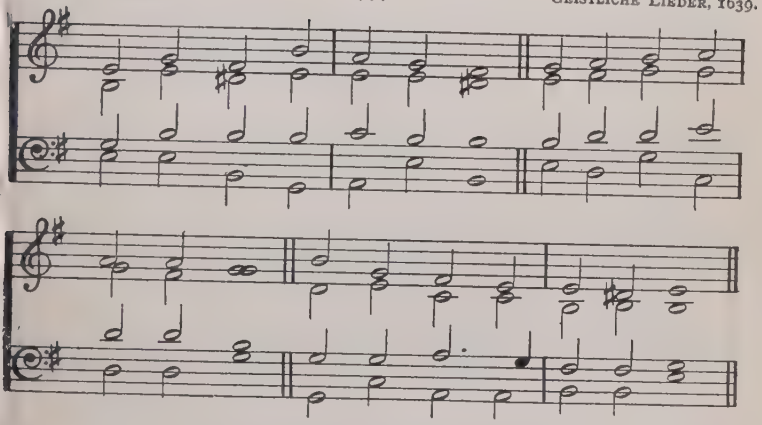
J. S. JONES.



262 **SUPPLICATION.**
Moderately slow.

777.

GEISTLICHE LIEDER, 1639.



GOD, who me in love did make,
Me for His own child did take
At the Font, for Jesus' sake.

God the Spirit in His love
Gave me new Birth from above—
Rest on me the heavenly Dove.

Then I was from sin set free,
Joined to Christ, like branch to tree.
Christ's new Life was formed in me.

Now that I to Christ belong,
I must hate all sin and wrong.
In His strength I can be strong.

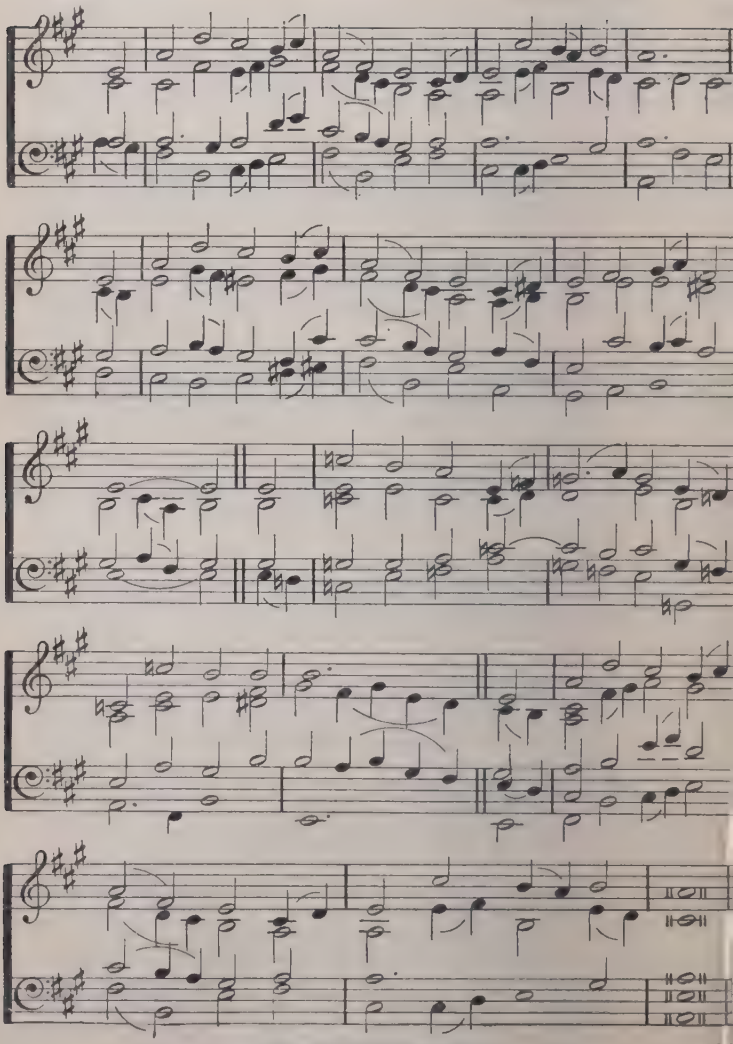
Every night, and every day,
I must not forget to pray;
From my heart "Our Father" say.

R. W. BARBER.

263 **WOLVERCOTE.** 76.76.D. ANC

Dignified.

Unison.



By permission of the Composer.

This Hymn may also be sung to GOSTERWOOD (No. 137).

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

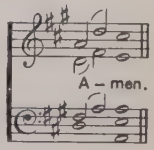
O! let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin!

O! let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O! speak, to re-assure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

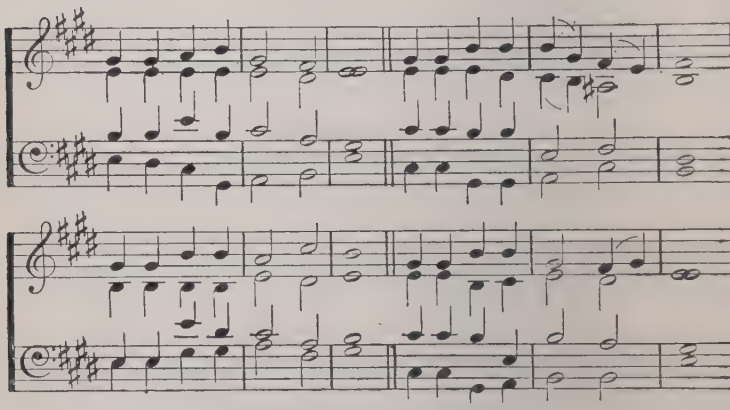
O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O! give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

O! let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone;
O! guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end:
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

J. E. Bode.

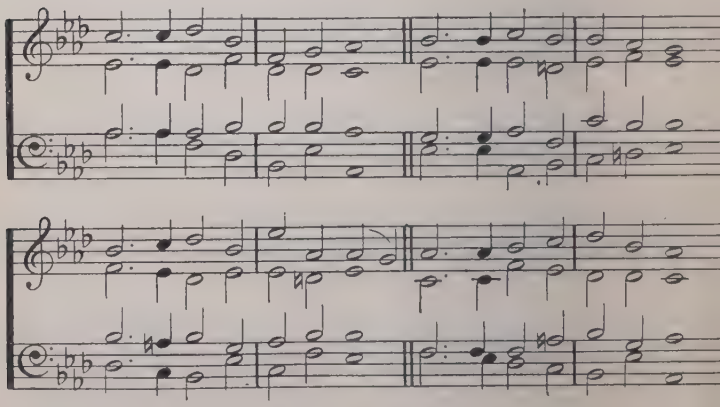


264 **HORSHAM** (FIRST TUNE).
Slowly. 77·77. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL MELOD



By permission of the Oxford University Press.

NEWINGTON (SECOND TUNE).
Moderately slow. 77·77. ABP. W. D. MACLAG



By permission of Mr. Eric Maclagan.

This Hymn may also be sung to SAVANNAH (No. 210).

THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

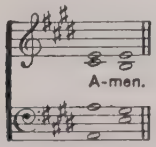
Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife,
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day!

Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share!

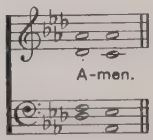
Thine for ever! Thou our Guide;
All our wants by Thee supplied;
All our sins by Thee forgiven!
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven!

M. F. MAUDE.

1st Tune.

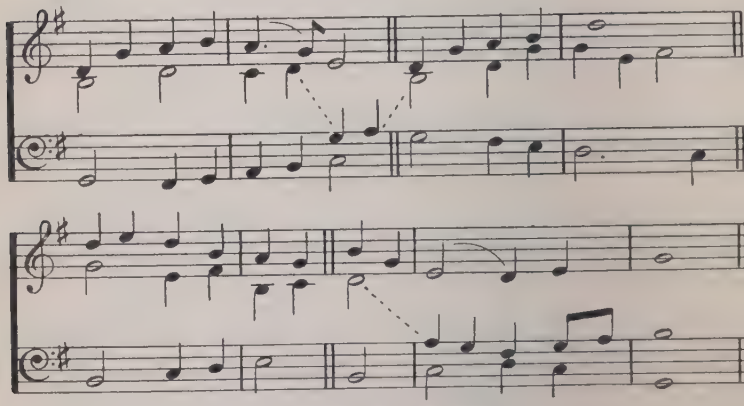


2nd Tune.



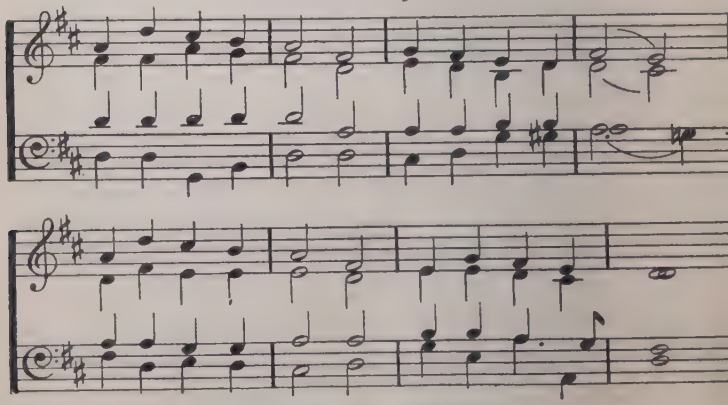
265 **GLENFINLAS** (FIRST TUNE). 65.65. K. G. FINLAY

Unison.



By permission of Mr. K. G. Finlay.

NEWLAND (SECOND TUNE).
Brightly. 65.65. T. ARMSTRONG



By permission of Canon T. Armstrong.

CHRISTIAN PROFESSION

DO no sinful action,
  Speak no sinful word ;
Ye belong to Jesus,
  Children of the Lord.

Christ is kind and gentle,
  Christ is pure and true,
And His little children
  Must be holy too.

There's a wicked spirit
  Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
  To all harm and ill.

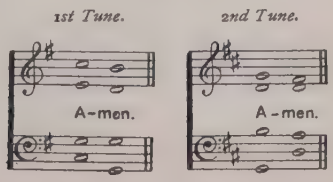
But ye must not hear him,
  Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
  And the good to do.

For ye promised truly,
  In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly,
  And forsake his ways.

Ye are new-born Christians ;
  Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
  And to do the right.

Christ is your own Master,
  He is good and true,
And His little children
  Must be holy too.

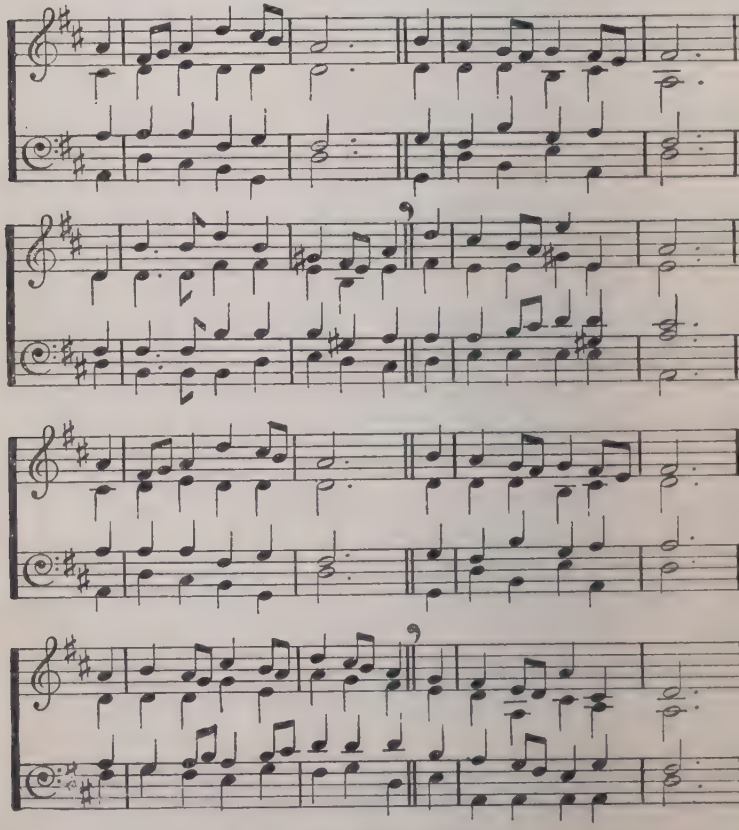
C. F. ALEXANDER.



266 **OLIVA SPECIOSA.**
Moderately fast.

D.S.M.

ITALIAN MELODY.
Arr. by C. T. GATTY



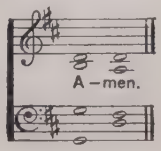
By permission of Mr. C. T. Gatty.

MEMBERS of Christ are we ;
He is our living Head,
That henceforth we should ever be
By His good Spirit led
In the same narrow path
Our Lord and Saviour trod—
The path that leadeth by the Cross
To glory and to God.

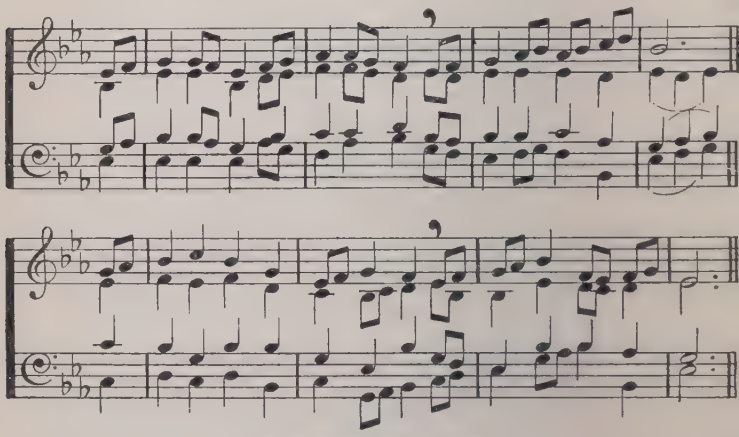
Children of God are we :
Such grace to us is given,
To kneel and pray in Christ's own words,
" Father, who art in Heaven " ;
Seeking to do His Will
As angels do above,
And walking in obedient ways
Of holy truth and love.

Of heaven's kingdom we
Inheritors were made ;
Each at the font in Christ's own robe
Of spotless white arrayed.
Upon our forehead now
Is traced the suffering sign,
That one day on each saintly brow
A glorious crown may shine.

I. WILLIAMS.



267 **EARDISLEY.** In moderate time. C.M. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL MELODY *Arr. by* E. K. EWING.



By permission of Mrs. E. K. Ewing.

LORD, I would own Thy tender care
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.

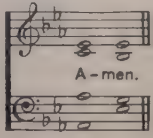
'Tis Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou give me power.

Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from Thy sight
In darkness or by day.

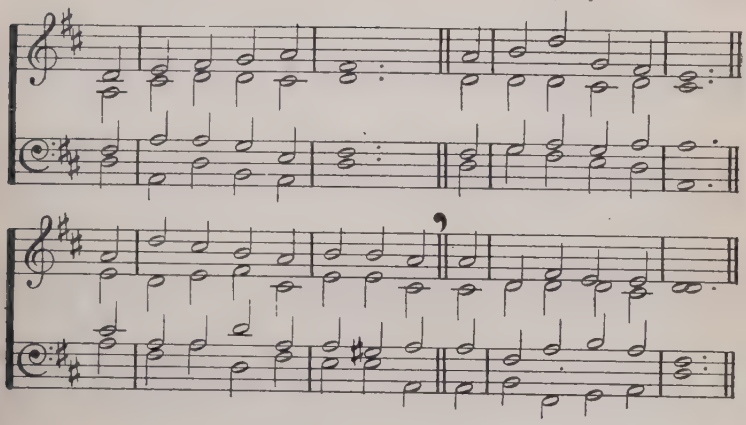
My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey.

JANE TAYLOR.



268 **FRANCONIA.** S.M. J. B. König.
In moderate time. *Arr. by* W. H. Havergal.



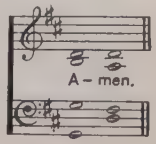
BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King,

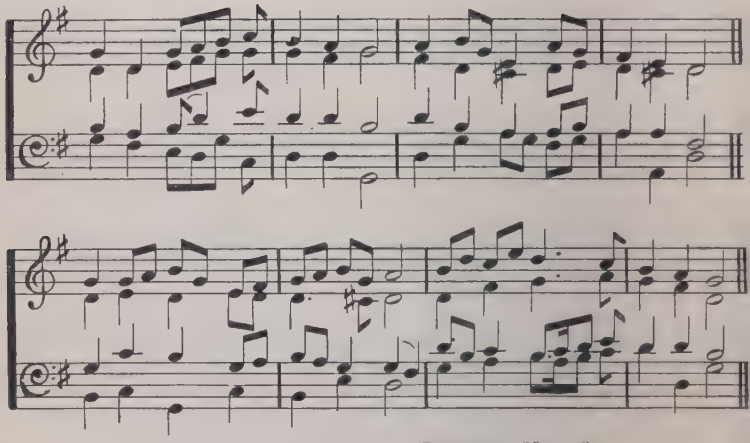
Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be:
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee!

J. Keble.



269 MELLING. 77·77. J. Fawcett.



This Hymn may also be sung to Battishill (No. 316).

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

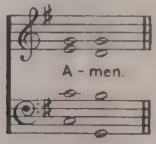
Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

God doth give His joy to all:
He becomes an Infant small,
He becomes a Man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

O! He gives to us His joy,
That our griefs He may destroy:
Till our griefs are fled and gone,
He doth share them every one.

W. Blake.



270 **PLEADING SAVIOUR.** In moderate time. 87.87.D. PLYMOUTH COLLECTION (U.S.A.), 1855.

Fine

D.C.

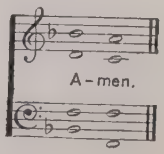
HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here;
May we all, Thy name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear.
May we be like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure,
And our faith, like David, proving,
Stedfast unto death endure.

Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
Guide our steps and help our weakness,
Bless and make us like to Thee.

Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring us to Thy heavenly rest.

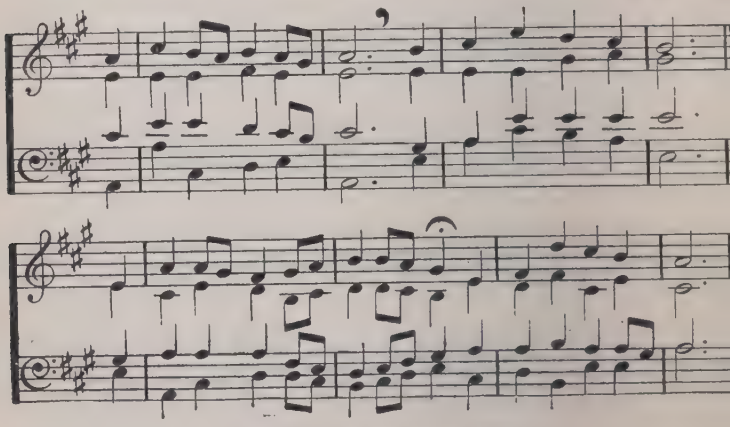
Spread Thy golden pinions o'er us,
Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove;
Guide us, lead us, go before us,
Give us peace, and joy, and love.
Temples of the Holy Spirit,
May we with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.

BP. C. WORDSWORTH.



271 CAMBERWELL (FIRST TUNE).
S.M.

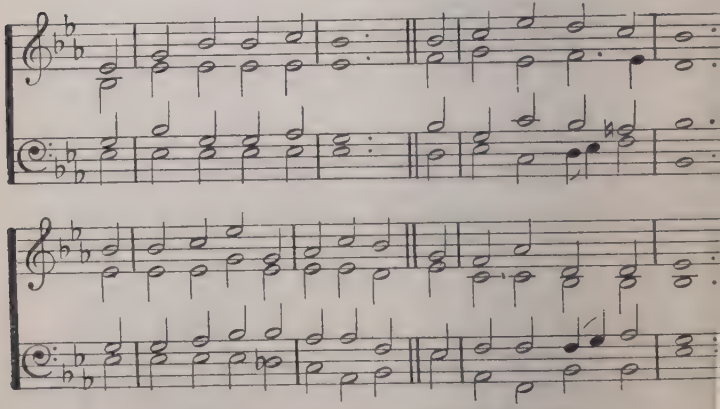
S. S. WESLE



By permission of the Royal College of Music.

HOLYROOD (SECOND TUNE).
S.M.

J. WATS



This Hymn may also be sung to SELMA (No. 43).

FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When, full of joy, some shining morn
Went forth the reaper-band.

To God so good and great
Their cheerful thanks they pour ;
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

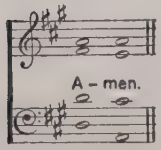
Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers ;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

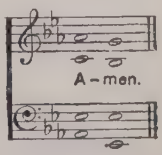
In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy Saints in heaven.

J. H. GURNEY.

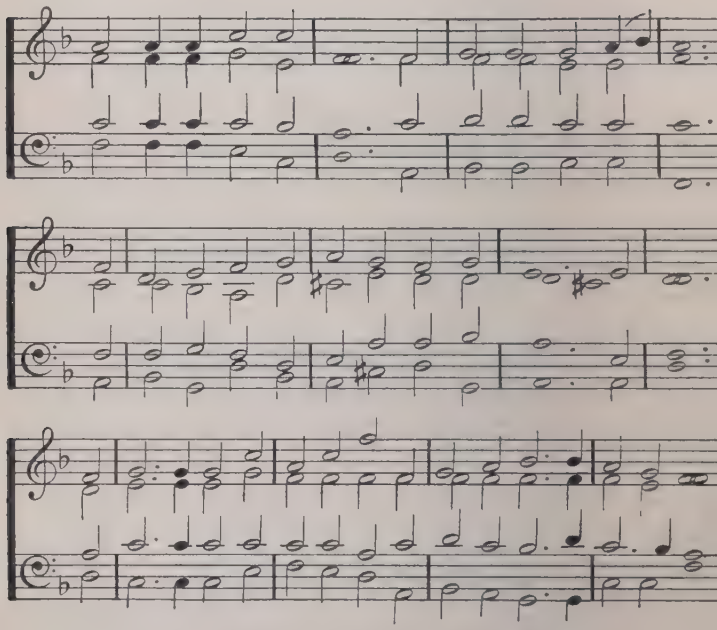
1st Tune.



2nd Tune.



272 **SAMUEL.**
Moderately slow. 66.66.88. W. H. Mc



By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark ;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark ;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

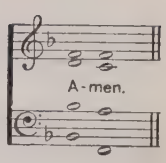
The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept ;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept ;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

O ! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord !
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word ;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

O ! give me Samuel's heart !
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates ;
By day and night, a heart th
still
Moves at the breathing of Thy wi

O ! give me Samuel's mind !
A strong, unfaltering faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

J. D. BURNS.

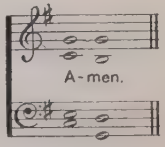


73 **OLDBRIDGE.**
In moderate time. 88.84. R. N. QUAILE.

By permission of Mr. R. N. Quaile.

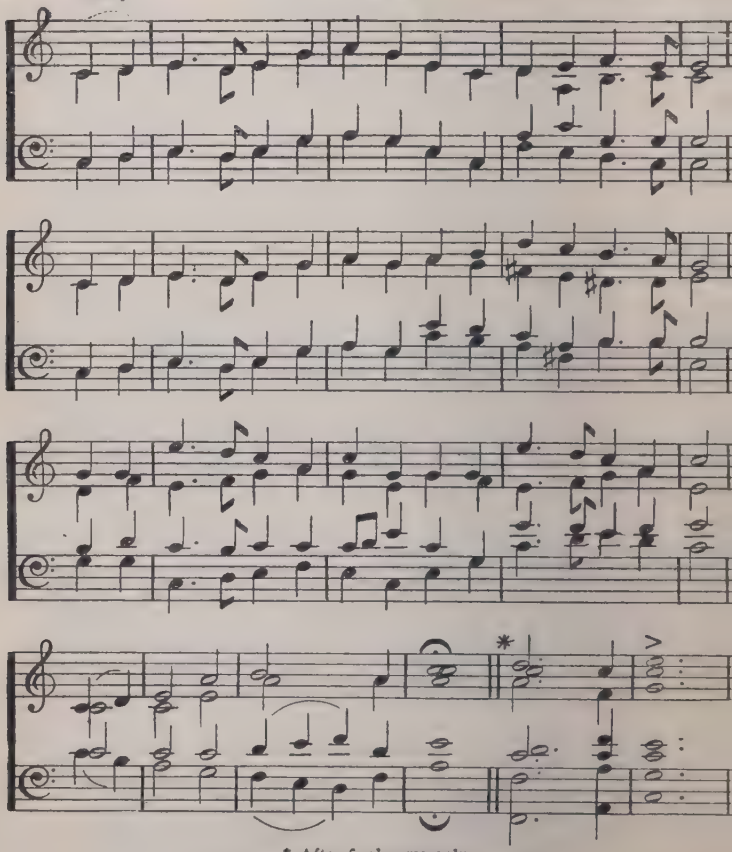
ETERNAL rest grant them, O Lord,
In that fair haven of the blest,
Wherein Thy presence doth afford
Eternal rest.

For ever doing Thy behest
Unwearied and in clear accord
With Jesus' Will they gain their quest,
Eternal rest.



274 **VISION** (FIRST TUNE). 15.15.15.6. H. WALFORD DAVIE

Slowly.



* After final verse only.

From A Students' Hymnal (Hymns of the Kingdom).
By permission of the Oxford University Press.

MINE eyes have seen the glory
of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage
where the grapes of wrath are
stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning
of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet
that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
before His judgment seat.
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him
be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was
born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that
transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let
us live to make men free,
While God is marching on!

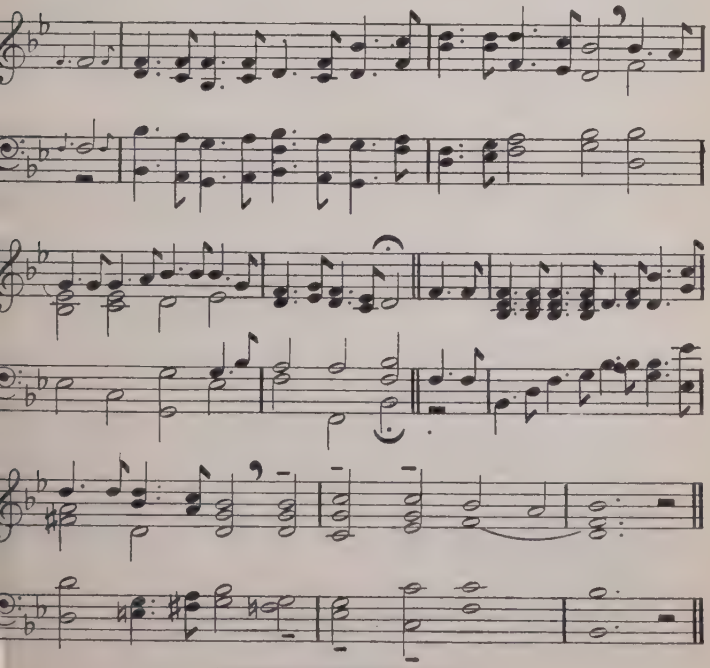
He is coming like the glory of the
morning on the wave;
He is wisdom to the mighty, He is
succour to the brave:
So the world shall be His footstool,
and the soul of time His slave:
Our God is marching on!

JULIA WARD HOWE.

AMERICAN (SECOND TUNE).

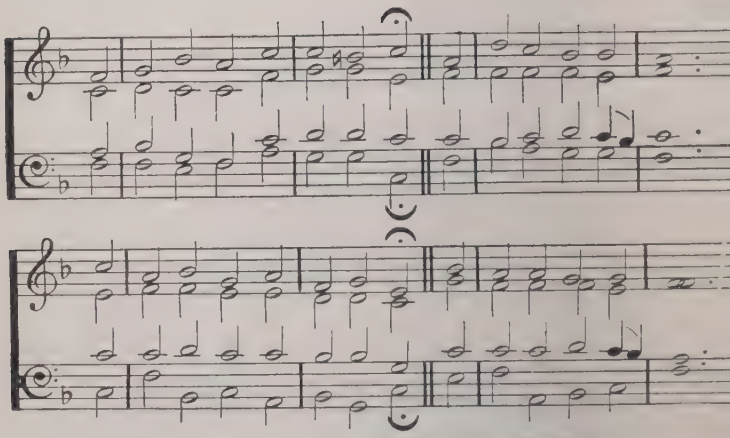
Slowly. 15.15.15.6. *Arr. by* G. GARDNER.

Unison.



Arrangement Copyright of the S.P.C.K.

275 **SALISBURY.** Solemnly. C.M. RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTE



This Hymn may also be sung to WINCHESTER OLD (No. 28).

O GOD of truth, whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.

Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

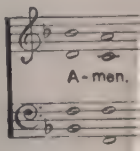
Fain would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white.

"We fight for truth? We fight for God?
Poor slaves of lies and sin!"
He who would wage such war on earth
Must first be true within.

Then God of truth, for whom w
long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our heart
And slay the falsehood there.

So, tried in Thy refining fire,
From every lie set free,
In us Thy perfect truth shall dwe
And we shall live in Thee.

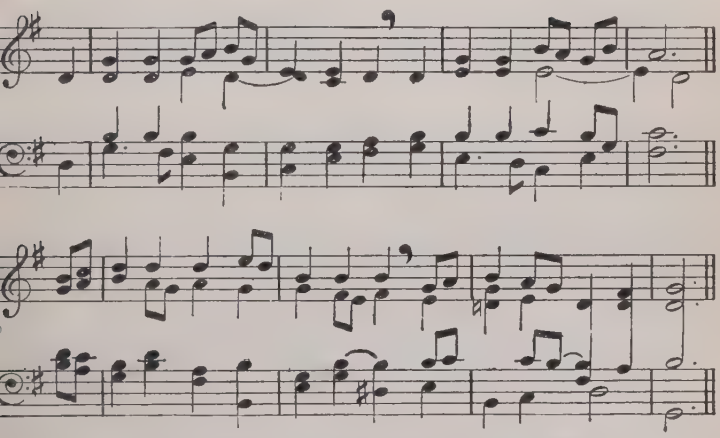
T. HUGHES.



76 **COVENANTERS.** C.M. *Har. by* G. GARDNER.

Animated.

Unison.



Harmony Copyright of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal.

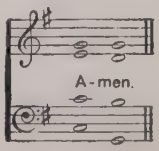
This Hymn may also be sung to THE WESTERN WYNDE (No. 146).

MAKE what is true more true to me,
Let fuller light appear.
All that is evil take from me,
All that is doubtful clear.

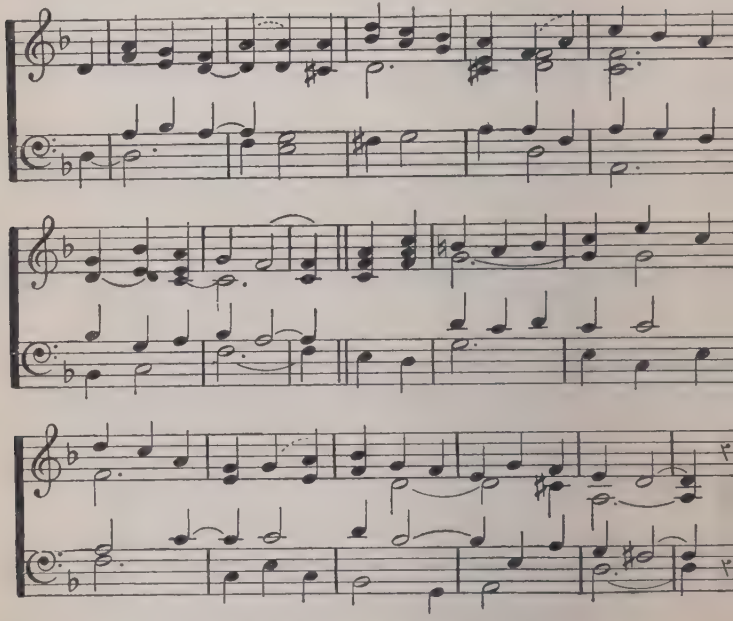
Let no false confidence betray,
No foolish fears mislead;
But in the right and narrow way
Be Thou my Hope indeed.

Do more for me than I can know;
From self my will set free;
Thy perfect gift of love bestow
That I Thy child may be.

V. S. S. COLES.



277 **CAMPDEN.** Briskly. Irregular. G. GARDN



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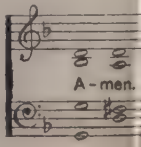
O ONCE in a while
We obey with a smile
And are ever so modest and prudent,
But it's not very long
Before something is wrong
And somebody's done what he shouldn't.

In meadow and wood
The cattle are good
And the rabbits are thinking no evil;
The anemones white
Are refined and polite
And all the primroses are civil.

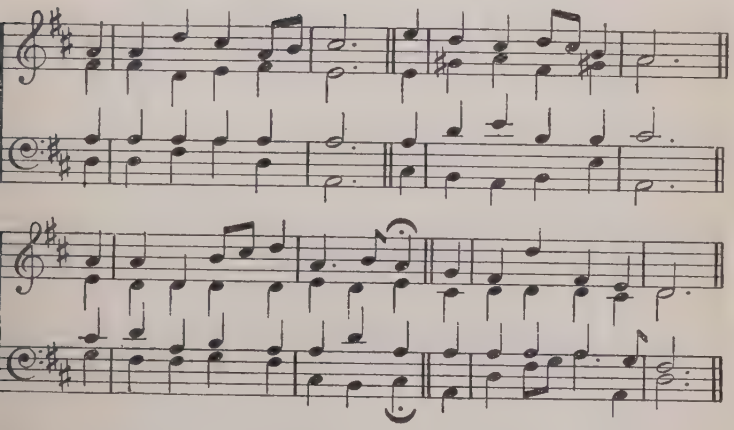
O Saviour, look down
When we sulk or we frown
And smooth into kindness ou
quarrels;
Till our heart is as light
As a little bird's flight
And our life is as free as
squirrel's!

J. M. C. CRUM.



278 SANDYS.

In moderate time. S.M. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL (?) CAROL.



TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee!

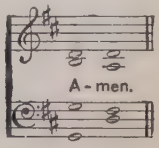
A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean
Which, with this tincture, *For Thy Sake*,
Will not grow bright and clean.

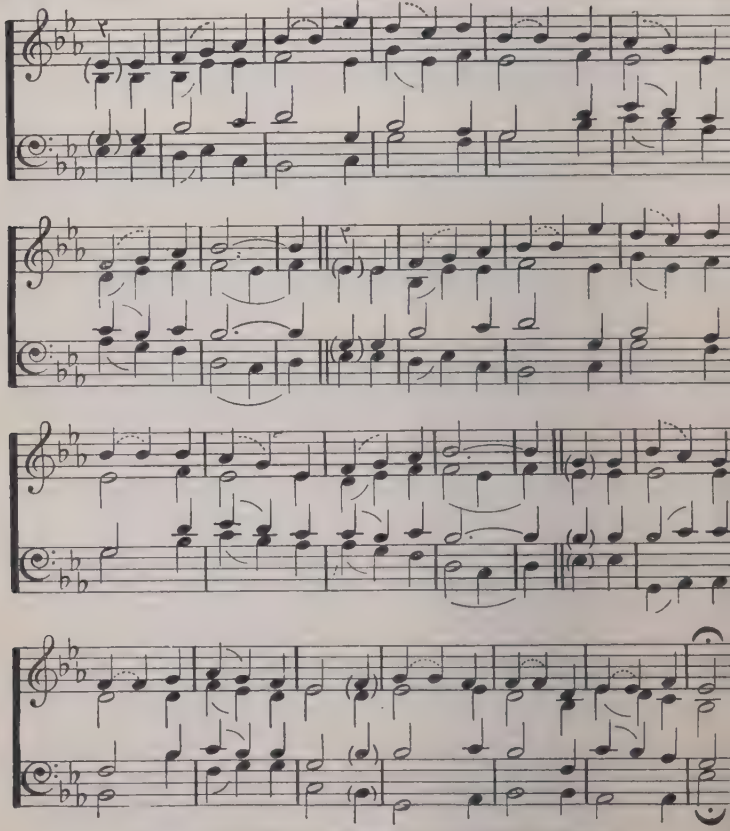
A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

G. HERBERT (17th cent.).



279 **ARRAS** (FIRST TUNE). OLD FRENCH AIR.
Seriously. Irregular. *Arr. by* G. GARDNER



Arrangement Copyright of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal.

THERE were ninety and nine
that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and
bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's
care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer, "This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And, although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

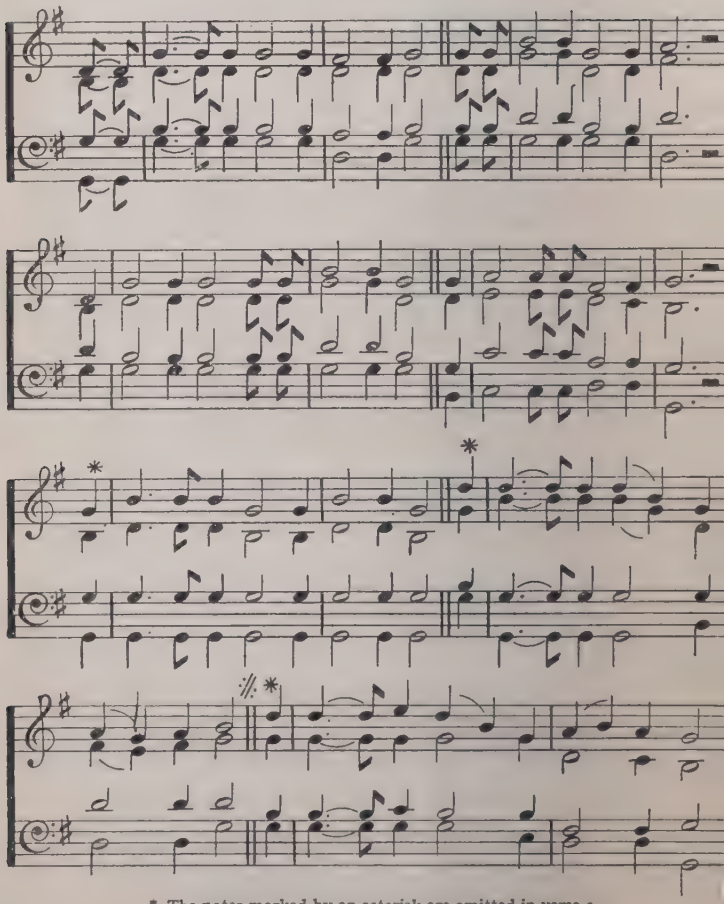
"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

E. C. Clephane.

279 THE NINETY AND NINE (SECOND TUNE)

Seriously. Irregular. IRA D. SANKEY



* The notes marked by an asterisk are omitted in verse 3.

By permission of Messrs. Morgan & Scott from Sankey's *Sacred Songs and Solos.*

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's [care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And, although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

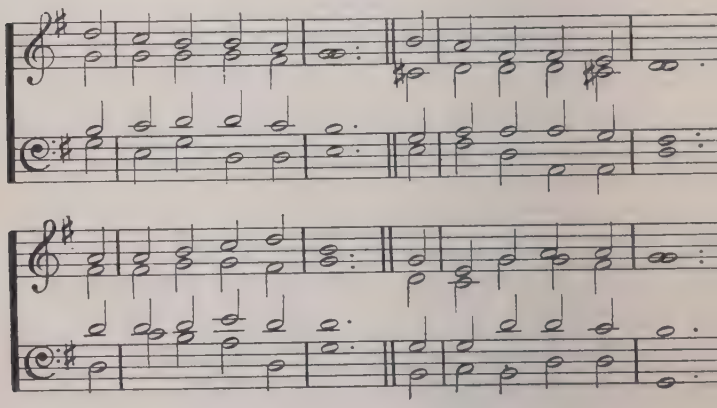
But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere He found His sleep that was [lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him [back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

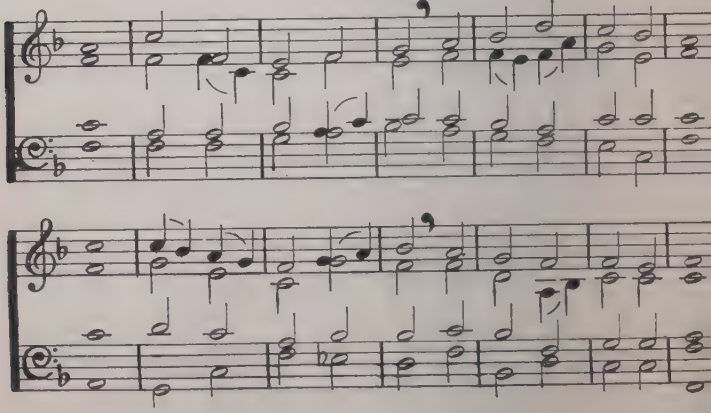
And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the [throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

E. C. CLEPHANE.

280 **ST. CECILIA** (FIRST TUNE).
In moderate time. 66.66. L. G. Hay



KILSBY (SECOND TUNE).
66.66. — Jo



THY kingdom come, O God,
  Thy rule, O Christ, begin ;
Break with Thine iron rod
  The tyrannies of sin.

Where is Thy reign of peace,
  And purity, and love ?
When shall all hatred cease,
  As in the realms above ?

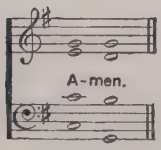
When comes the promised time
  That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime,
  Shall flee Thy face before ?

We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
  And come in Thy great might ;
Revive our longing eyes,
  Which languish for Thy sight.

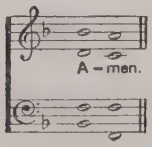
O'er heathen lands afar
  Thick darkness broodeth yet ;
Arise, O morning Star,
  Arise, and never set !

L. HENSLEY.

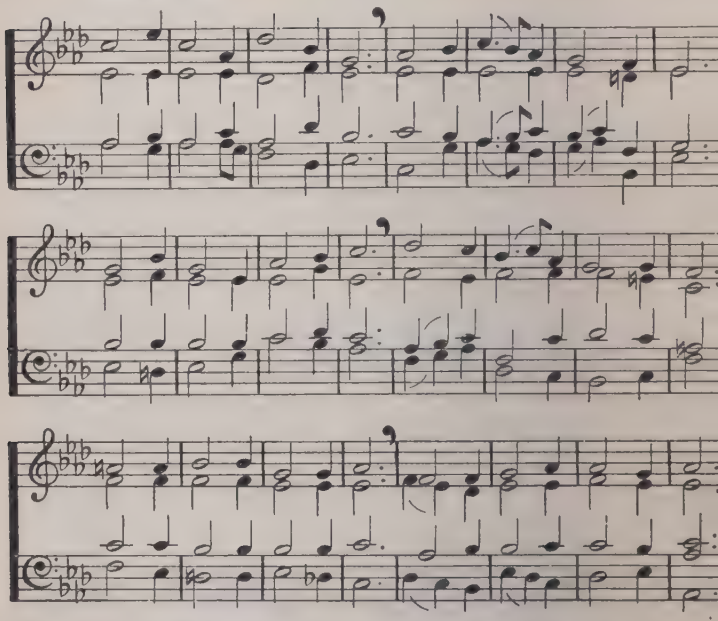
1st Tune.



2nd Tune.



281 **ST. ASAPH.** 18TH CENTURY MELO
In moderate time. 77·77·77· *Har. by* G. GARDNER.



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This Hymn may also be sung to MINISTRES DE L'ETERNEL (No. 315).

WHEN of old, in lowly state,
Jesus rode through Zion's gate,
Children did their voices raise
In hosannas to His praise ;
And the Lord, who came to die,
Turned on them a loving eye.

Christian children, on whose brow
His dear Cross is signèd now,
Joyful rise and gladly bring
Alleluias to your King,
Who in glorious form will come,
Calling all His children home.

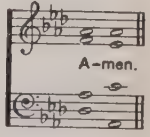
Take your part, your happy part
In the work so near His heart ;
Send the news that makes you gl
To the sinful and the sad :
Tidings of the love that gave
God's dear Son, a world to save.

Free the little slave forlorn,
From his home and country torn
Tell the orphan in the wild
He may be " Our Father's " chil
Think how freely ye receive,—
Freely work, and freely give!

Christian children, as ye sing,
Give yourselves unto your King;
Early make the blessèd choice,
Early heed His loving voice.
Christ, our Master, from above
Claims your heart, your life, your love.

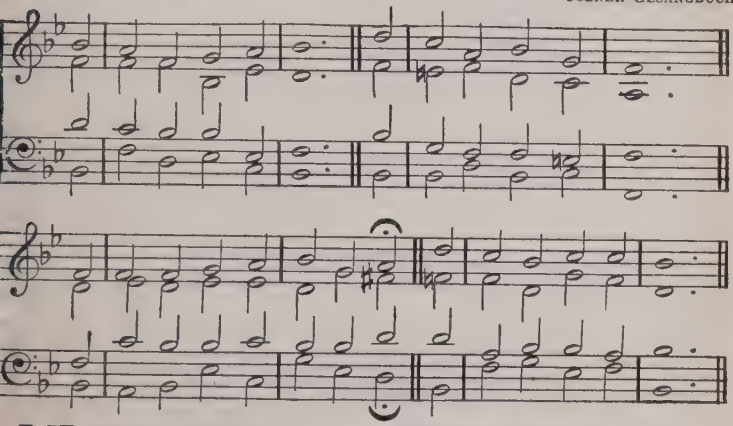
Jesus, Saviour, throned on high,
Listen to Thy children's cry;
Perfect from our lips Thy praise,
Till we bless Thee, and adore
In Thy temple evermore.

M. F. MAUDE.



282 **NARENZA.** S.M.
In moderate time.

W. H. HAVERGAL, from CÖLNER GESANGBUCH.



YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate!

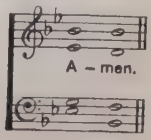
Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

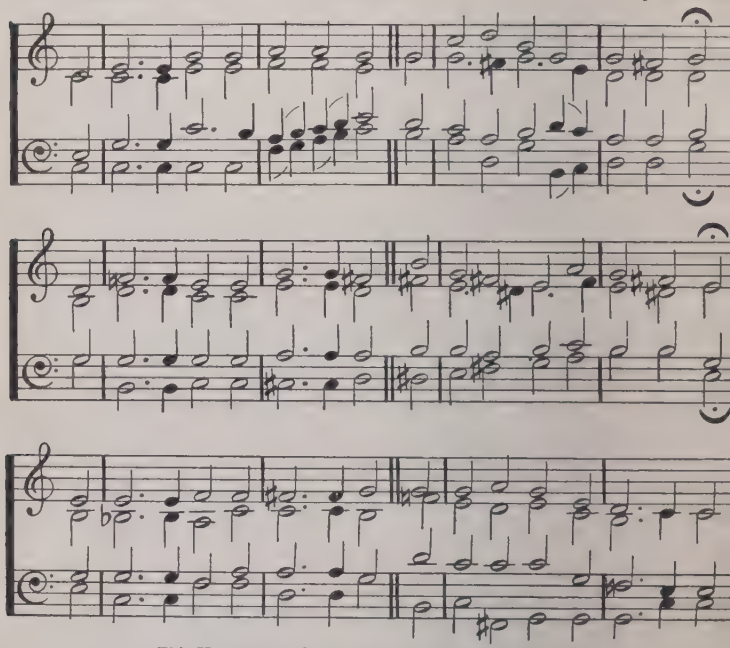
Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

P. DODDRIDGE (18th cent.).



283 **MELITA.** 88.88.88. J. B. Dyk

Moderately slow.



This Hymn may also be sung to ALSATIAN (No. 104).

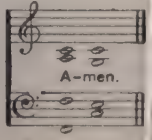
ETERNAL FATHER, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy Word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

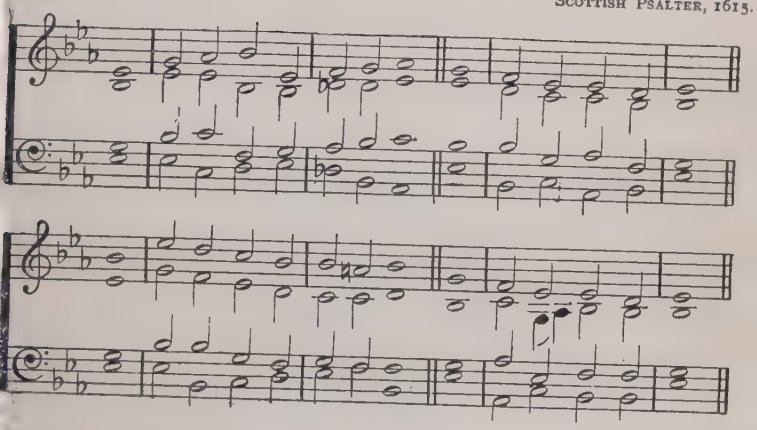
O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. WHITING AND OTHERS.



284 **DUNDEE.**
Moderately slow. C.M. SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.



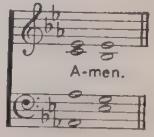
LET saints on earth in concert sing
With those whose work is done;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

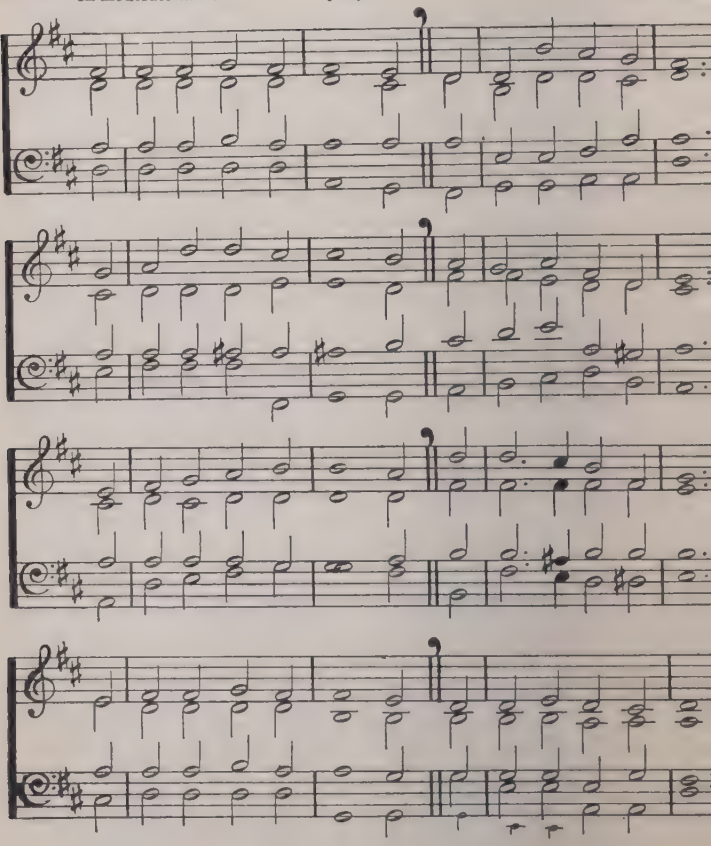
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

Jesu, be Thou our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven!
C. WESLEY (18th cent.).



285 **AURELIA.** In moderate time. 76.76.D. S. S. Wes



THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By Water and the Word.
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride;
With His own Blood He bought her.
And for her life He died.

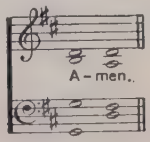
Elect from every nation,
  Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
  One Lord, one Faith, one Birth,
One holy name she blesses,
  Partakes one holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
  With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
  Men see her sore oppprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
  By heresies distrest,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
  Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
  Shall be the morn of song.

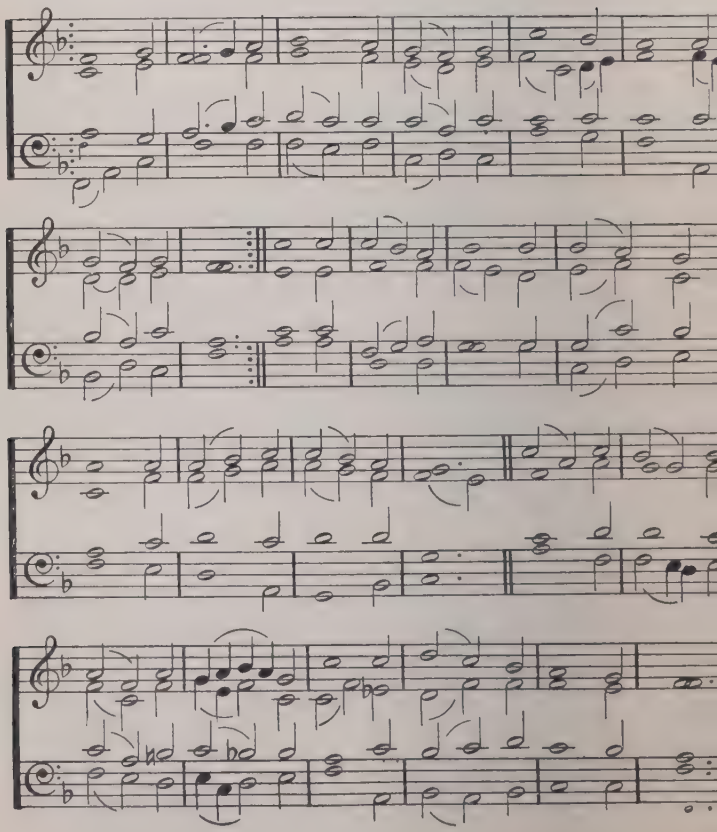
'Mid toil and tribulation,
  And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
  Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
  Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
  Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
  With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
  With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
  Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
  On high may dwell with Thee.

S. J. Stone.



286 **HYFRYDOL.**
Slow and dignified. 87.87.D. R. H. PRICHA



ALLELUIA! Sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the
throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;

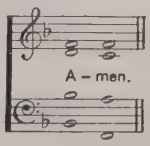
Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
  Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
  Hath redeemed us by His Blood.

Alleluia! Not as orphans
  Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
  Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received Him,
  When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
  "I am with you evermore"?

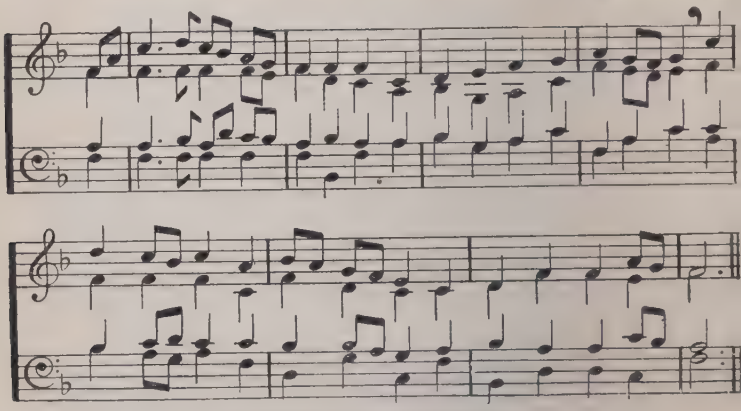
Alleluia! Bread of angels,
  Thou on earth our food, our stay:
Alleluia! Here the sinful
  Flee to Thee from day to day.
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
  Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
  Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia! King eternal,
  Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluia! born of Mary,
  Earth Thy footstool, Heaven Thy throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered,
  Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
  In the Eucharistic Feast.

W. C. Dix.



287 CHILDHOOD. 88.86. UNIVERSITY OF WALES



By permission of the Oxford University Press.

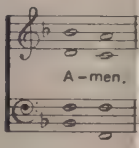
IT fell upon a summer's day,
When Jesus walked in Galilee,
The mothers from a village brought
Their children to His knee.

He took them in His arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head;
"Suffer these little ones to come
To Me," He gently said.

"Forbid them not; unless ye bear
The childish heart your hearts within,
Unto My Kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in."

Master, I fain would enter there,
O let me follow Thee, and share
The meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

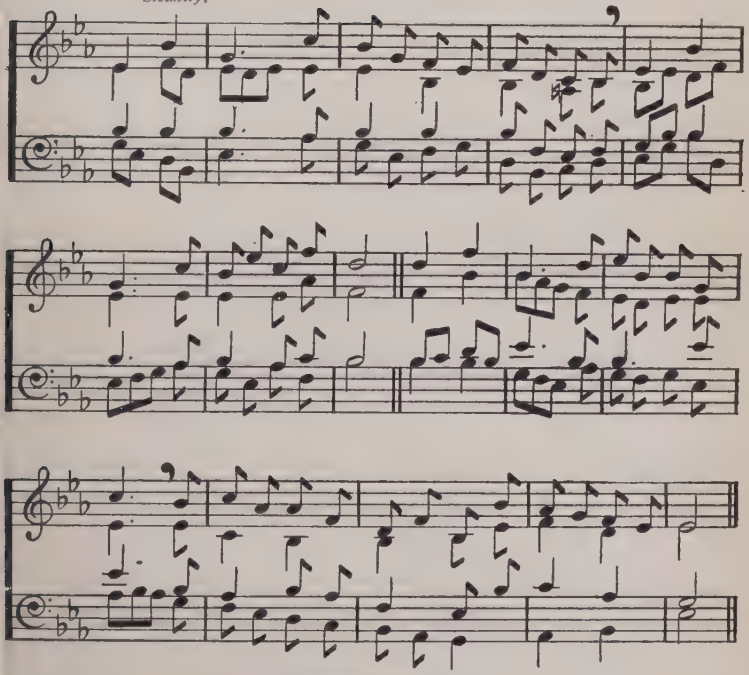


288 GOD IS LIGHT.

12.99.86.

English Eighteenth Cent. Air.
Arr. by J. D. Chandler.

Steadily.



By permission of the S.P.C.K.

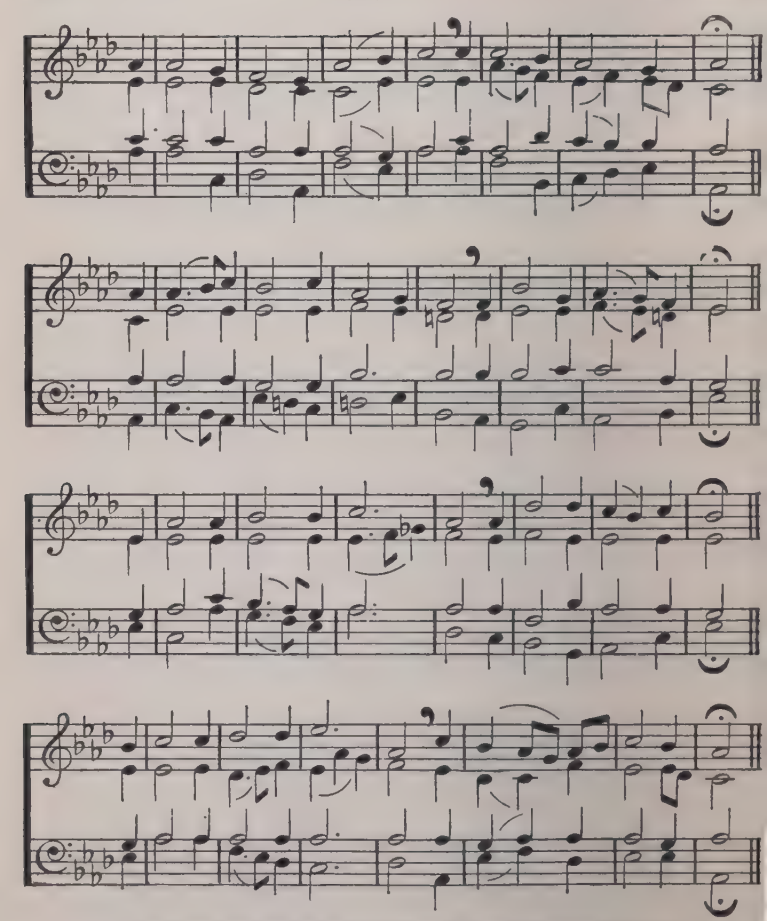
LET us sing to Him who gave us mirth and laughter,
Holidays and health and pleasant play;
Thank we Him who made us light of limb,
To run, and ride, and leap, and swim,
And sing for joy of Him.

Let us think of Him who gave us understanding,
Senses quick of bearing and of eyes;
Thoughts that go so nimbly to and fro,
And minds so wide awake to know
And eager to be wise.

Let us pray to Him who gave us heart and conscience,
Christ, our Friend in failure and in joy,
Waiting there at any schoolboy's prayer,
To hear and understand and care,
Who was Himself a boy.

J. M. C. Crum.

289 CLUNY. 76.76.D. WELSH MELODY.



This Hymn may also be sung to TEMPUS ADEST FLORIDUM (No. 76).

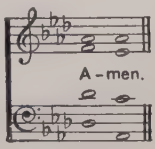
"HO! steward, bid my servants
Go forth, and hither call,
For guests my friends and neighbours,
To sup with me in hall;

That with the help and blessing
  Of Christ our Saviour dear
We may, as folk in olden days,
  Rejoice and make good cheer."

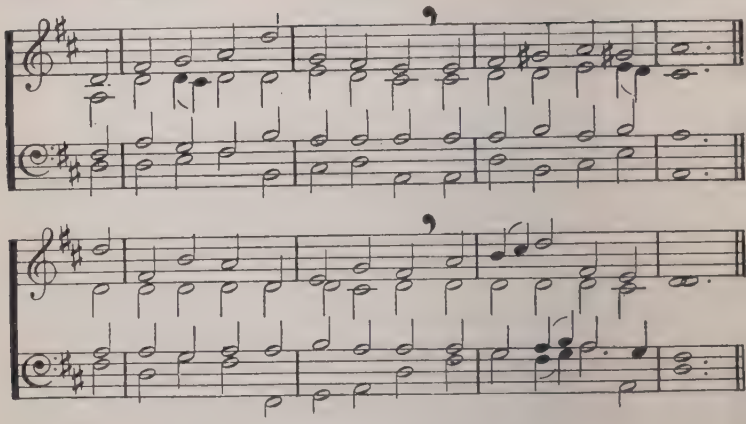
"Sire, shall I bid the noble,
  That banquets in his state,
With purple and fine linen,
  With gold and silver plate?"
"Nay, bid me not the noble,
  For he hath got enow;
But bring me in the country man,
  That liveth by the plow."

"Sire, shall I bid in Divès,
  For it is very plain,
If ye give him a banquet,
  He'll banquet you again?"
"Nay, bid not hither Divès,
  For it shall ne'er be thus,
But go among the alley-lanes,
  And fetch in Lazarus."

"And wherefore must I turn me
  From noble and from rich?
And wherefore seek the poor man,
  That dwells in lane and ditch?"
"Man, lay to heart the reason,
  Because the King of all,
Though rich, grew poor, for mortal
    sake,
  And born was in a stall."



290 **STOCKTON.** In moderate time. C.M. T. WRIGHT



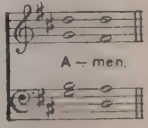
O CHRIST, whom even we may love
And follow to the end,
We who are friends together come
To Thee our heavenly Friend.

Thou who didst share our daily toil
To make us good and free,
Help us to share Thy fiery love
And shining purity.

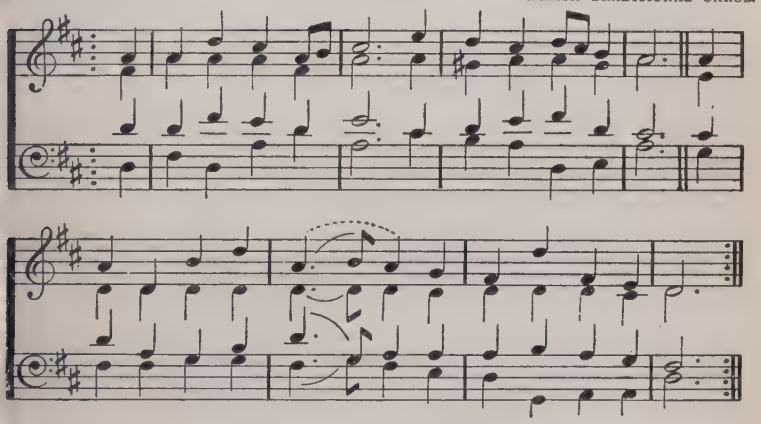
Give us Thy love, that loves us all
And dared the glorious Cross,
That we may love to share and know
Each other's joy and loss.

Give us Thy purity to shield
Our souls in each dark place,
To give us wings to rise to Thee
And power to see Thy face.

MARGARET CROPPER.



291 SANDYS. S.M. And Refrain. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL CAROL.



A CHILD this day is born,
A Child of high renown ;
Most worthy of a sceptre,
A sceptre and a crown.

Glad tidings to all men,
Glad tidings sing we may,
Because the King of kings
Was born on Christmas Day.

These tidings shepherds heard
Whilst watching o'er their fold,
'Twas by an angel unto them
That night revealed and told.
Glad tidings, etc.

Then was there with the angel
A glorious regiment
Of heavenly-bright soldiers,
All from the highest sent.
Glad tidings, etc.

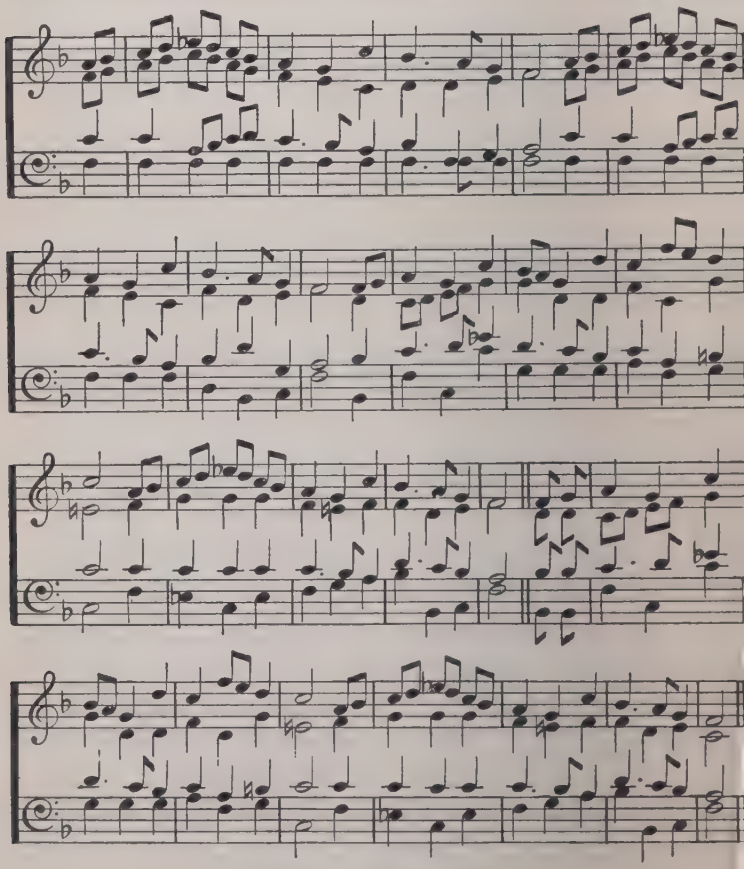
They praised the Lord our God,
And our celestial King :
All glory in the highest be
This heavenly host do sing.
Glad tidings, etc.

All glory be to God,
That sitteth still on high,
With praises and with triumph great,
And joyful melody.
Glad tidings, etc.

C. WESLEY (18th cent.).

292 A VIRGIN MOST PURE. 11.11.11.11.

TRADITIONAL AIR.
Arr. by MARTIN SHAW



By permission of A. R. Mowbray & Co., Ltd.

A VIRGIN most pure, so the Prophet foretold,
Should bring forth a Saviour, which now we behold,
To be our Redeemer from death, hell, and sin,
Which Adam's transgression had wrappèd us in.

Aye and therefore be merry, set sorrow aside.
Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on this tide.

At Bethlehem city in Jewry it was
That Joseph and Mary together did pass,
All for to be taxèd with many one moe.
Great Cæsar commanded the same should be so.
Aye and therefore, etc.

But when they had entered the city so fair,
A number of people so mighty was there
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could find in the inn there no lodging at all.
Aye and therefore, etc.

Then were they constrained in a stable to lie,
Where horses and asses they used for to tie;
Their lodgings so simple they took it no scorn,
But against the next morning our Saviour was born.
Aye and therefore, etc.

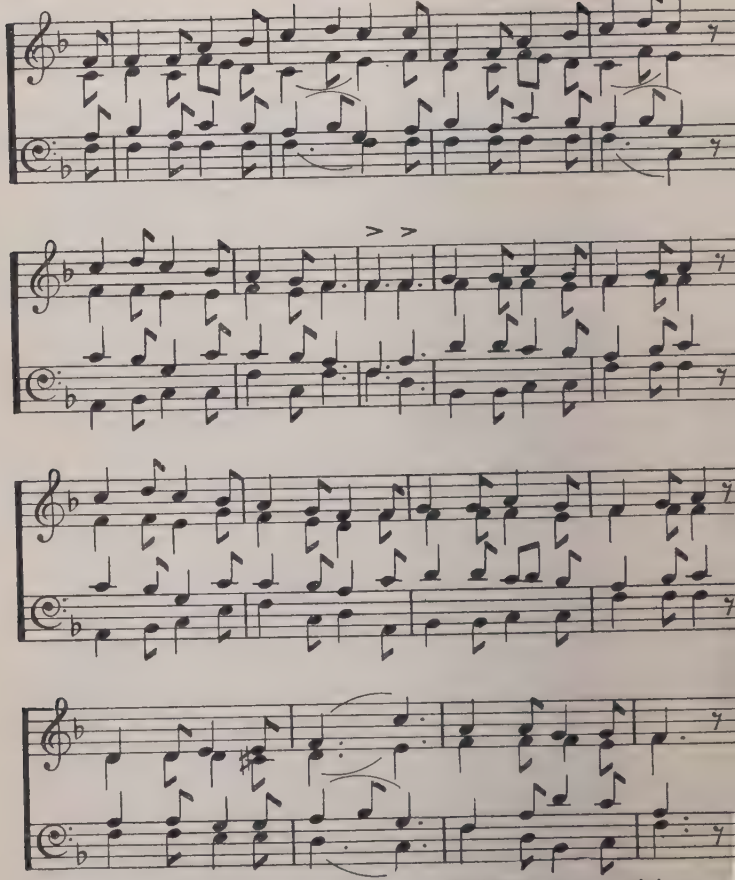
The King of all kings to this world being brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was sought,
But when she had swaddled her young Son so sweet
Within a poor manger she laid Him to sleep.
Aye and therefore, etc.

Then God sent an angel from heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.
Aye and therefore, etc.

Then presently after the shepherds did spy
Vast numbers of angels to stand in the sky;
They joyfully talked and sweetly did sing,
To God be all glory, our heavenly King.
Aye and therefore, etc.

To teach us humility all this was done,
And learn we from thence haughty pride for to shun:
A manger His cradle who came from above,
The great God of mercy, of peace, and of love.
Aye and therefore, etc.

293 66.72.77.855. TRADITIONAL AI



GOOD Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice,
Give ye heed to what we say;
News! News!
Jesus Christ is born to-day:
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now.
Christ is born to-day!

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Joy! Joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is blessèd evermore.
Christ was born for this!

ood Christian men, rejoice,
ith heart and soul and voice ;
Now ye need not fear the grave :
Peace ! Peace !

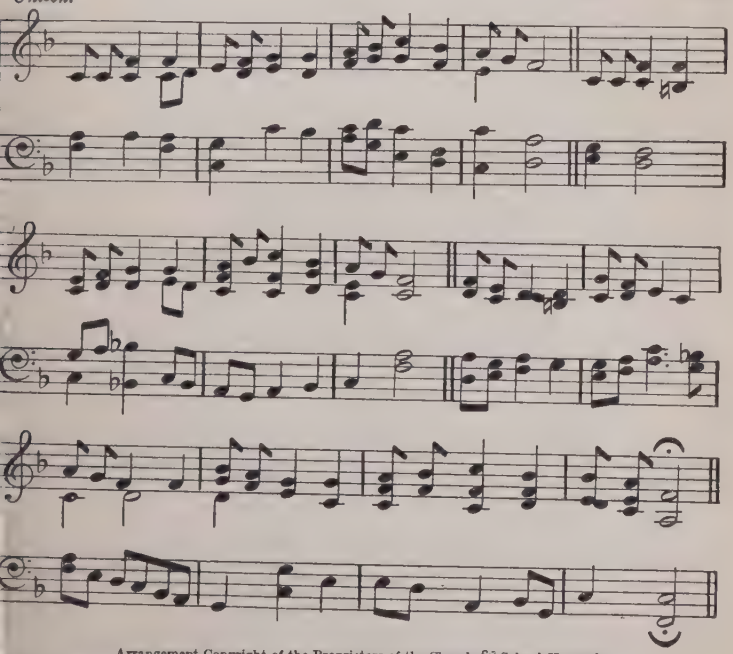
Jesus Christ was born to save !
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall :
Christ was born to save.

J. M. NEALE.

94 **LEMBERG.** 87.87.887.

POLISH CAROL.
Arr. by G. GARDNER.

Unison.



Arrangement Copyright of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal.

OLLY shepherds hear the story
As it rings the hillside o'er :
'Tis of Him the Prince of glory
ho was born in stable poor :
ose beside Him in a manger,
x and ass behold the stranger
ho doth share rude shelter there.

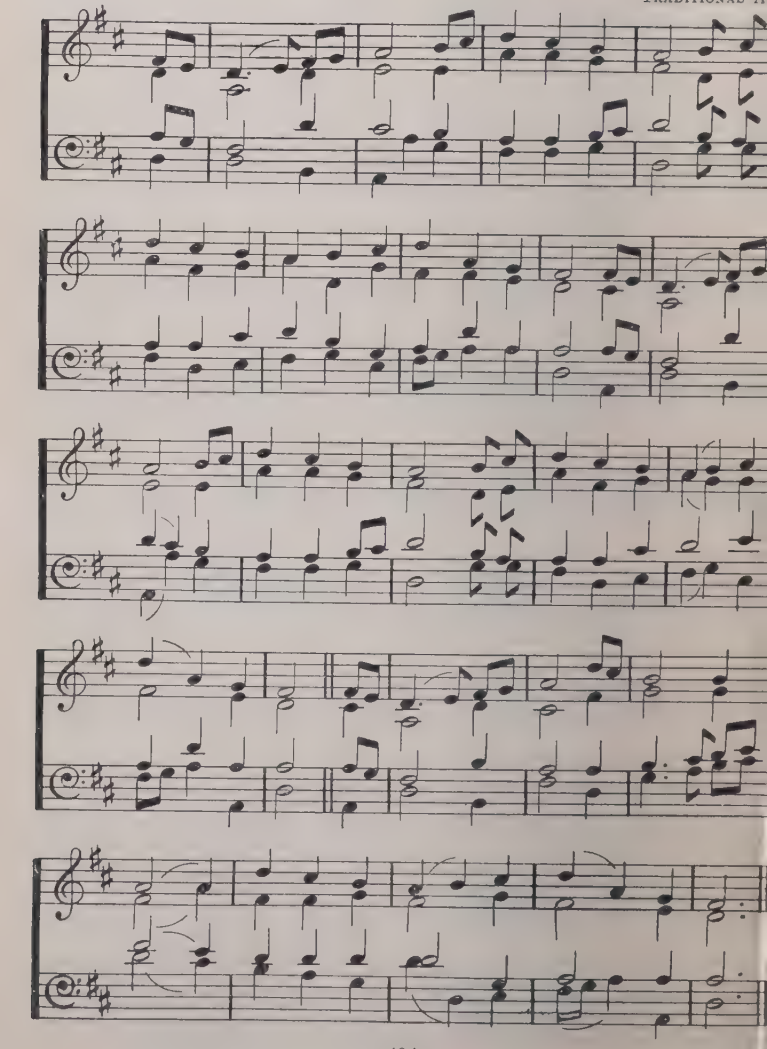
here the mother meek and lowly
ulls her child with songs so fair,
sweet strains most blithe and holy
Answering angels fill the air.
Simple shepherds, greet your Master,
Ye the sheep and He the pastor :
Safe from harm your flocks shall roam.

This the Child old prophets sang of,
Shall redeem the world of sin :
His the cross and His the triumph :
Ope your gates and let Him in.
Lift your hearts and lift your voices :
All the world this day rejoices :
Happy morn ! for Christ is born.

295

9.12.9.10.88.

TRADITIONAL A



THE first nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay:
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

They lookèd up and saw a star
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell, etc.

And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.
Nowell, etc.

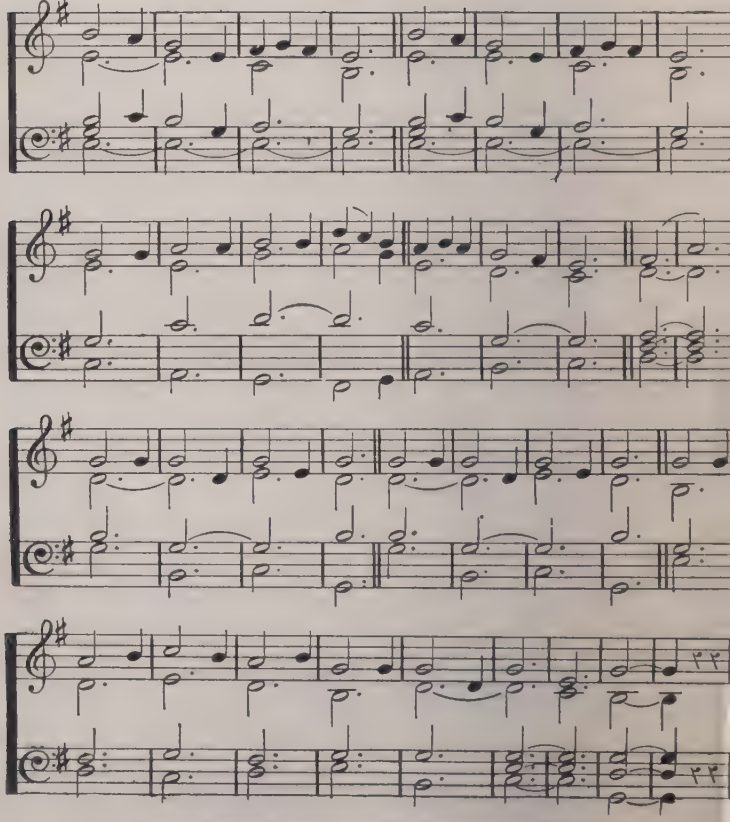
This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest;
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
Nowell, etc.

Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
Nowell, etc.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord;
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with His Blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, etc.

296 WE THREE KINGS. 88.446.

J. H. Hopkins.
Har. by C. Hylton Stewa



Harmony Copyright of the Proprietors of the Church & School Hymnal.

All—

WE three Kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain,
Moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

O star of wonder! star of night!
Star with royal beauty bright!
Westward leading,
Still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Melchior—

Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again;
King for ever,
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign. (*Chorus*)

Caspar—

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship Him, God on high.
(*Chorus*)

Balthazar—

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
(*Chorus*)

All—

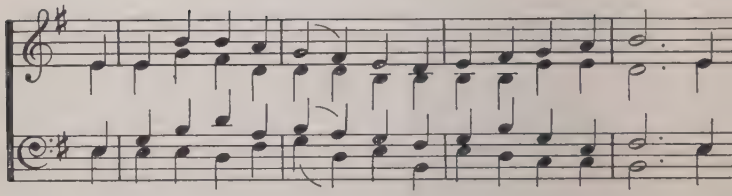
Glorious now, behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice.
Heaven sings
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah the earth replies.
(*Chorus*)

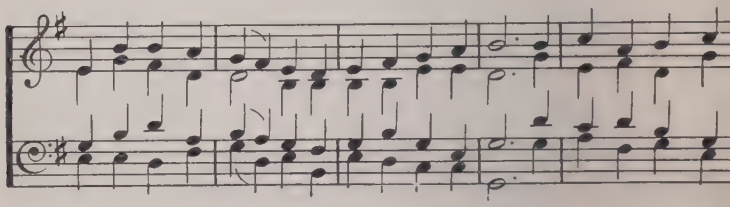
J. H. HOPKINS.

297

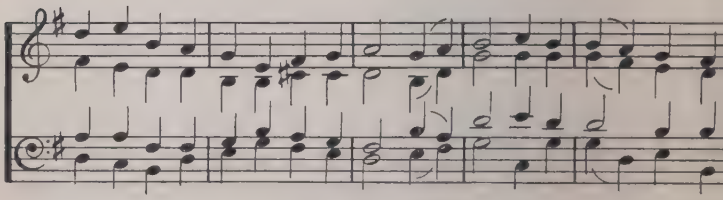
86.76.868.

TRADITIONAL AIR.
Arr. by MARTIN SHA

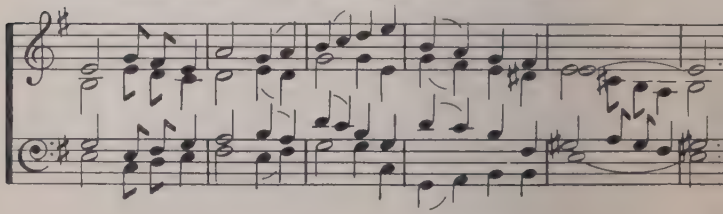




O ti - dings of com - fort an



joy, comfort and joy : O ti - dings of com - fort and joy.



By permission of Messrs. A. R. Mowbray & Co.

GOD rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray :
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy.
O tidings of comfort and joy.

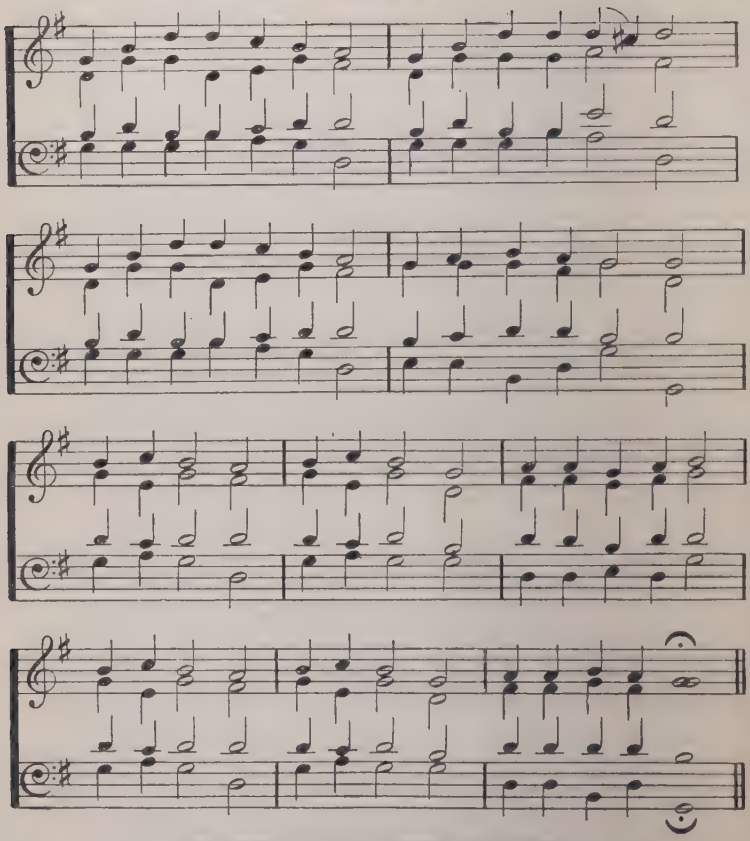
In Bethlehem in Jewry
This blessèd Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessèd morn ;
The which His Mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn :
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort, etc.

From God our heavenly Father
A blessèd angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name :
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort, etc.

" Fear not," then said the angel,
" Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour,
Of virtue, power, and might ;
So frequently to vanquish all
The fiends of Satan quite : "
O tidings of comfort and joy.
Comfort, etc.

298 ANNI NOVI NOVITAS. 76.76.85.85.

Har. by C. Wood.



By permission of Dr. G. R. Woodward and Dr. C. Wood.

TO redeem a race forlorn,
When the nights were longest,
In the sign of Capricorn,
When the frost is strongest,
'Neath the gable
Of a stable,
Early on a morn,
Of a lowly
Maiden, Holy
Jesu, Thou wert born.

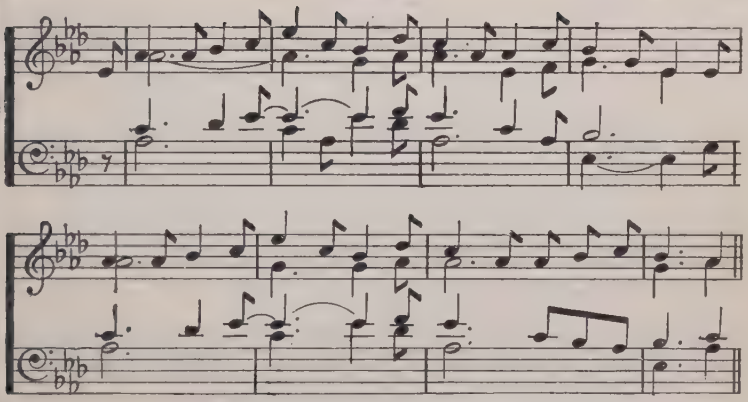
"Glory be to God on high;
And on earth be granted
Peace, Goodwill to men," hear I
O'er the welkin chanted.
Earth rejoices,
Hearing voices
Archangelick sing
Anthem sweetest,
As 'tis meetest,
To the new-born King.

G. R. Woodward.

299

Irregular.

TRADITIONAL AIR.
Arr. by MARTIN SHAW.



By permission of Messrs. A. R. Mowbray & Co.

I SAW three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Our Saviour Christ and His Ladie,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
Our Saviour Christ and His Ladie,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Pray, whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day, [three,
Pray, whither sailed those ships all
On Christmas Day in the morning?

O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day, [sing,
And all the angels in heaven shall
On Christmas Day in the morning.

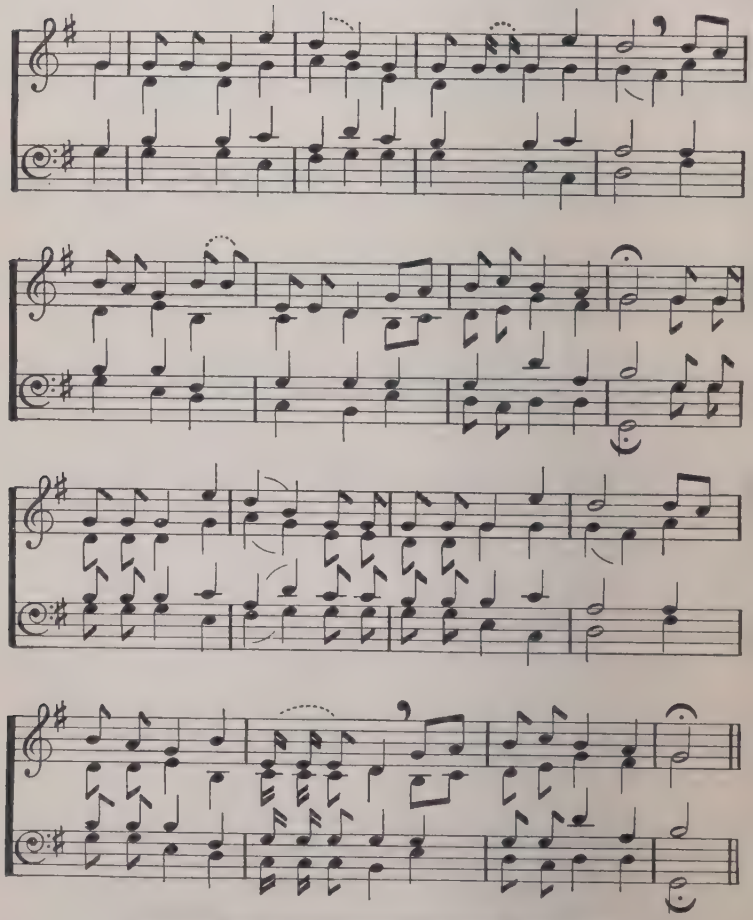
And all the souls on earth shall sing, [*Day,*
On Christmas Day, on Christmas
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain, [*Day,*
On Christmas Day, on Christmas
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

300

Irregular.

TRADITIONAL AIR.
Arr. by W. BUCKNALL.



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THE Holly and the Ivy
Now both are full well grown:
Of all the trees are in the wood
The Holly bears the crown:

O the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

The Holly bears a blossom
As white as any Flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet Saviour:

O the rising of the sun, etc.

The Holly bears a berry
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good:

O the rising of the sun, etc.

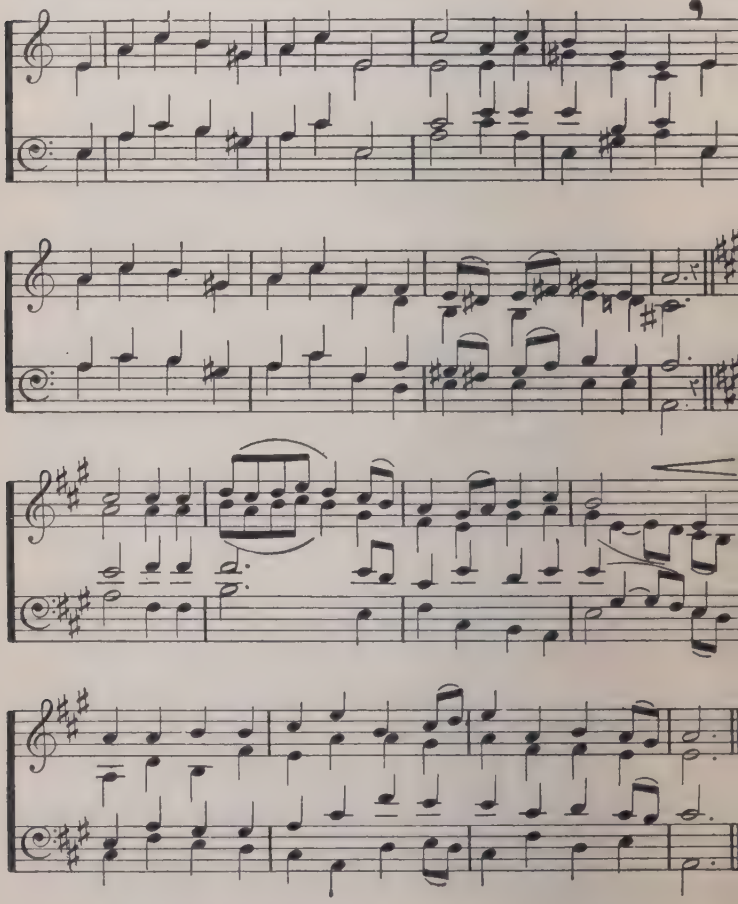
The Holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas in the morn.

O the rising of the sun, etc.

The Holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.

O the rising of the sun, etc.

301 BABE IN BETHLEHEM. 86.86. And refrain. A Kentish Caro



THE Babe in Bethlem's manger laid,
In human form so low,
By wondering angels was surveyed
Through all His scenes of woe.
Noel, noel, O sing a Saviour's birth,
All hail His coming down to earth,
Who raises us to heaven.

For not to sit on David's throne
With worldly pomp and joy,
He came for sinners to atone,
And Satan to destroy.
Noel, noel, etc.

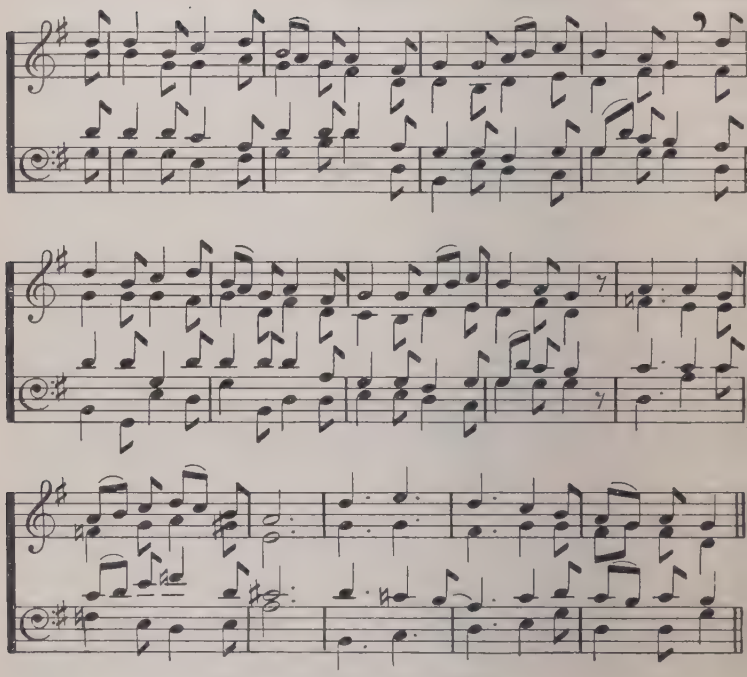
To preach the word of Life divine,
To give the living Bread,
To heal the sick with hand benign
And raise to life the dead.
Noel, noel, etc.

Well may we sing the Saviour's birth,
Who need the grace so given,
And hail His coming down to earth,
Who raises us to heaven.
Noel, noel, etc.

302

88.88.88.

TRADITIONAL AIR.
Arr. by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS



By permission of Messrs. Stainer & Bell.

ON Christmas night the joy-bells ring,
To tell what news the angels bring,
And on this day all Christians sing,
To hear what news the angels bring.
News of great gladness, news of mirth,
News that tells of a Saviour's birth.

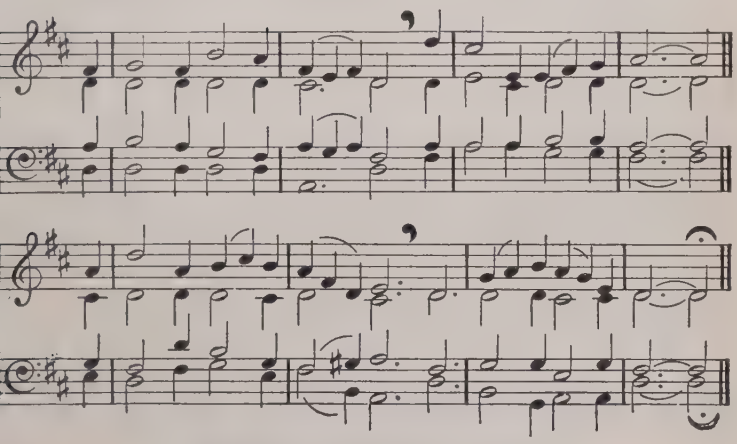
The King of kings, of earth and heaven,
The King of angels and of men :
Let men and angels shout and sing,
To-day is come our new-born King.
Angels and men sing in the air :
Christ appeareth, lo ! everywhere.

O why on earth should man be sad,
When Christ is here to make him glad ?
From out the darkness came a light
Which makes all angels sing this night :
Glory to God and peace to men :
May it be evermore, Amen !

The Hymns under the Christmas section, commencing on page 28, may also be used.

SEASONAL—ADVENT

303 **HAMBRIDGE.** In moderate time. 76.76. English Traditional Melody. *Arr. by* C. J. Sharp.



By permission of the Executors of Mr. C. J. Sharp.

HOSANNA! they were crying
When Jesus lived below,
Those little Jewish children,
Who loved the Saviour so.

Hosanna, now through Advent,
With loving hearts we sing,
For Jesus Christ is coming
To be His children's King.

Hosanna! blessed Jesu;
Come in our hearts to dwell,
And let our lives and voices
Thy praise and glory tell.

For we who sing hosanna,
Must like our Saviour be,
In gentleness and meekness,
In love and purity.

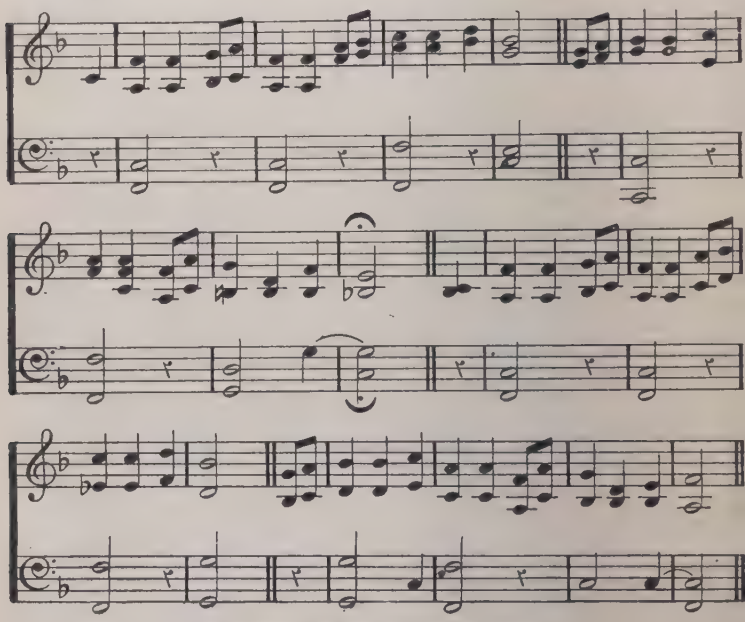
Hosanna, let this welcome
Ring out from every heart;
Draw nigh to us, O Jesu,
And never more depart.

So when we see Thee coming
With angels in the sky;
Hosanna! loud hosanna!
Shall be Thy children's cry.

C. F. Hernaman.

304 AWAY IN A MANGER. 11.11.11.11.

W. J. Kirkpatrick



By permission of the Hope Publishing Co., Chicago.

AWAY in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay—
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

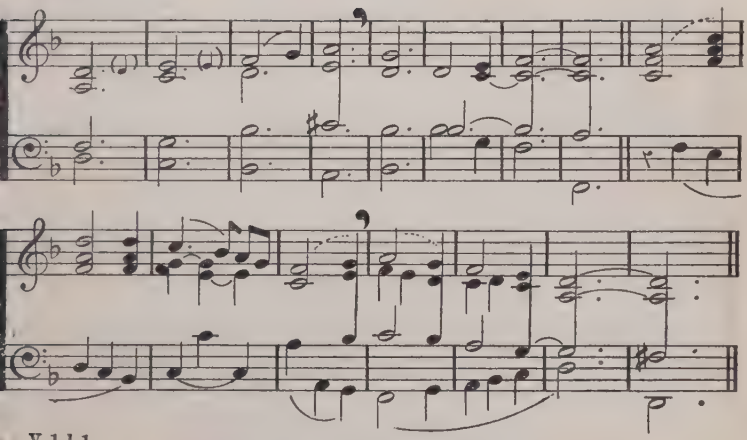
The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven to live with Thee there.

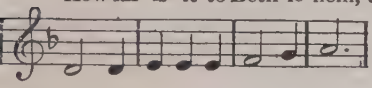
Tr. from Martin Luther.

305 MINDEN. 84.74. OLD GERMAN AIR. *Arr. by* G. GARDNER.

Unison.



V. 1, l. 1.
How far is it to Beth-le-hem, &c.



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HOW far is it to Bethlehem,
Not very far?
Shall we find the stable room
Lit by a star?

Can we see the little Child,
Is He within?
If we lift the wooden latch
May we go in?

May we stroke the creatures there,
Ox, ass, and sheep?
May we peep like them and see
Jesus asleep?

If we touch His tiny hand
Will He awake?
Will He know we'd come so far
Just for His sake?

Great Kings leave precious gifts,
And we have nought;
Little smiles and little tears
Are all we brought.

For all weary children
Mary must weep,
Here, on His bed of straw
Sleep, children, sleep!

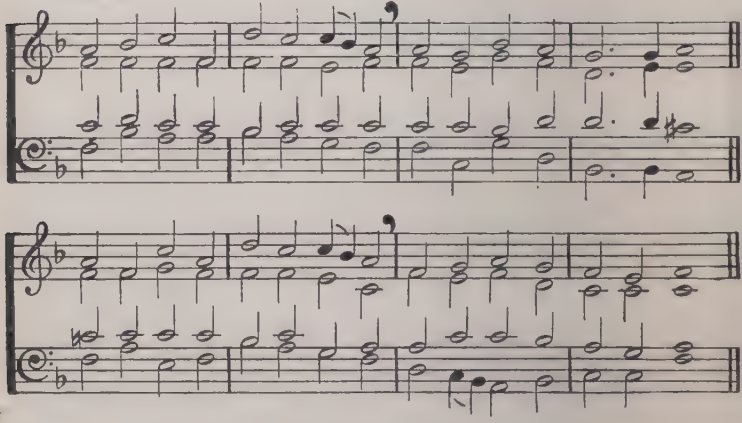
God in His mother's arms,
Babes in the byre,
Sleep as they sleep who find
Their heart's desire.

FRANCES CHESTERTON.

N.B.—*It is suggested that the first four verses are suitable for little children.*

306 **FRANKFORT.** 87.87. P. WINTER

Seriously.



This Hymn may also be sung to SHIPSTON (No. 247).

LITTLE children, Christmas teaches
One great lesson—God is Love!
That for us and our salvation
God came down from heaven above.

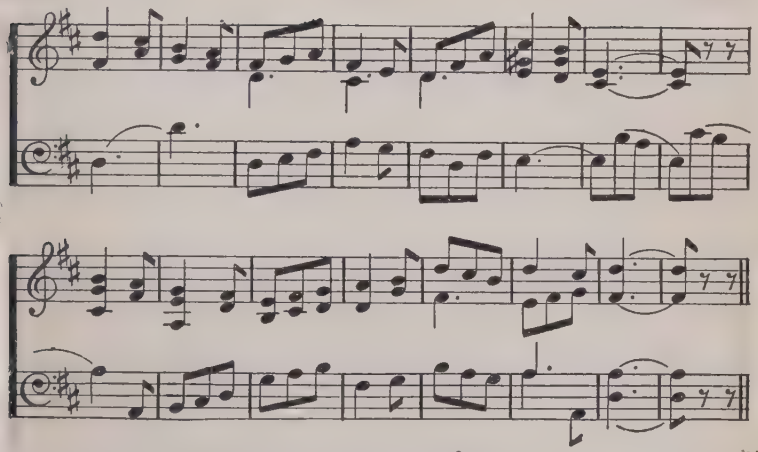
When you look for Christmas presents,
Waking ere the day's begun,
Think that God's Great Christmas Present
Was His own Belovèd Son.

When you hear the Christmas Church-bells
Chiming sweetly o'er the snow,
Think how angels sang to greet Him
In Judea long ago.

When your holy act of worship
In your children's hymns you raise,
Think how thus to God you offer
Christmas gifts of love and praise.

PHYLLIS DENT.

307 DUNKIRK. 96.96. G. GARDNER.



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RIDING, riding, who is this riding,
Clothed in a robe of white ?
Children, children, why do the children
Run out to see the sight ?

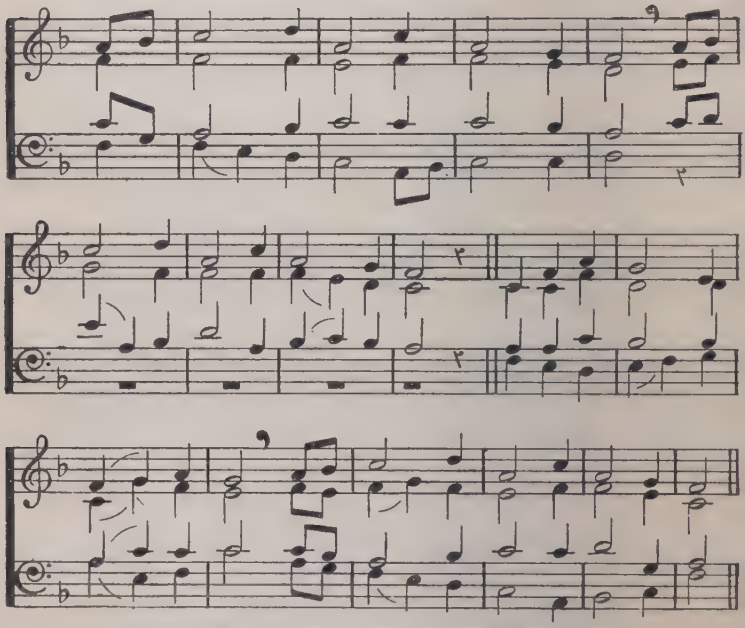
Riding, riding, Jesus is riding
Into Jerusalem ;
Children, children, all little children
Know that He loveth them.

Waving, waving, palm-branches waving,
Why do the children sing ?
Shouting, shouting, why are they shouting,
" Blessèd is Christ our King " ?

Waving, waving, children are waving
Praise to the Son of God ;
Shouting, shouting, all of them shouting,
" Welcome the children's Lord ! "

R. SOMERSET WARD.

308 **QUIMPER.** Quickly. 88.88. BRETON CAROL. *Arr. by* G. GARDNER



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AT Easter-time the lilies fair
And lovely flowers bloomed
everywhere.
At Easter-time, at Easter-time,
How glad the world at Easter-time!

At Easter-time the angels said
That Christ had risen from the dead.
FREDERICK A. JACKSON.

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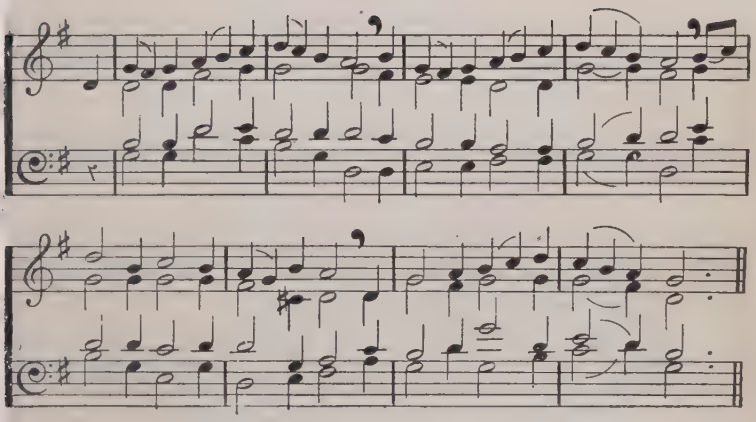
309 87.87. OLD CORNISH CAROL.

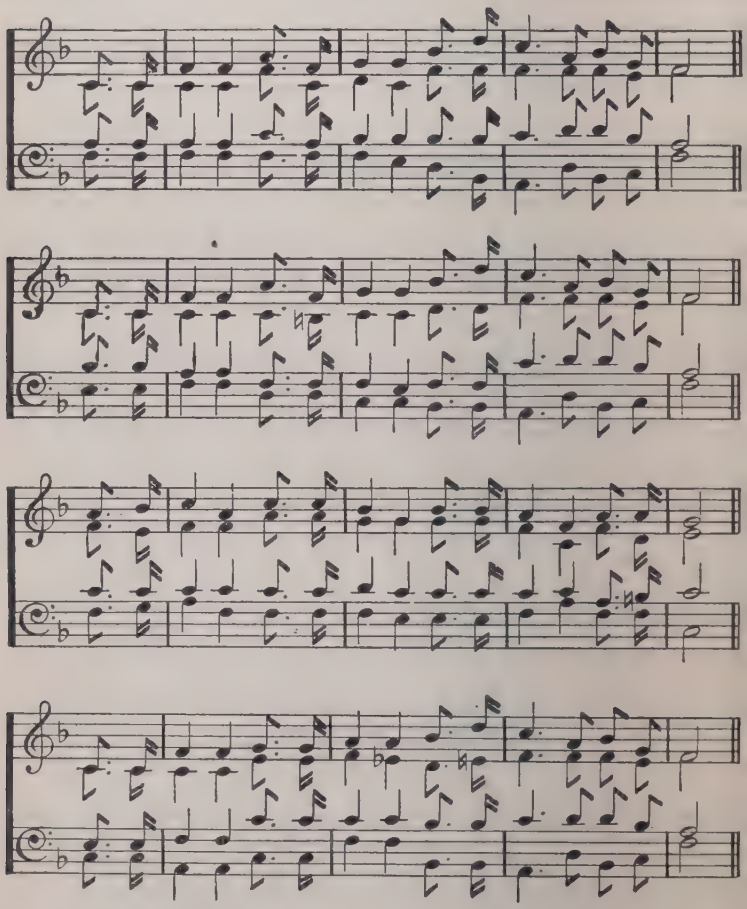


IT is the joyful Eastertime,
Let all sing Alleluia!
The merry bells ring out their chime,
They ring their Alleluia.

The church is bright with flowers gay,
And all Christ's people praise and pray,
For Jesus rose on Easter Day;
Sing joyful Alleluia!

A. M. MILNER-BARRY.

310 DAILY, DAILY. 87.87.D. FRENCH CHURCH MELODY

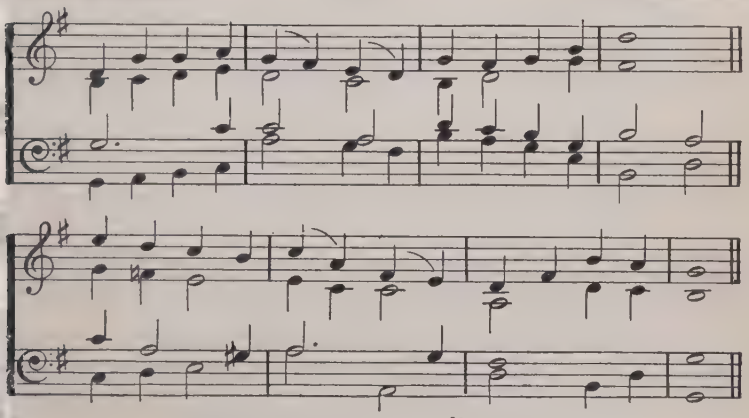


LITTLE children, sing to Jesus
On this happy Easter day,
Christ our Saviour now is risen,
Let His little children say.

All the bells are gladly ringing,
All the flowers upward springing,
All the birds with joy are singing,
Little children, praise and pray!

F. SMITH, altered.

311 **GLADNESS.** 65.65. C. HYLTON STEWART.



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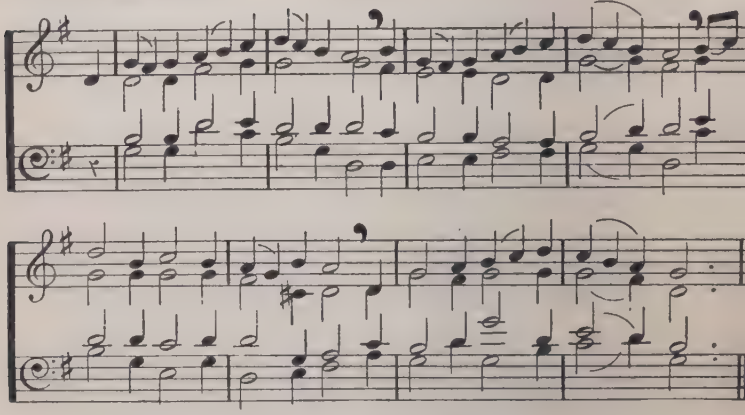
HERE we come with gladness,
Gifts of love to bring,
Praising Him who loves us;
Christ the Saviour King.

Small may be the offering,
But the Lord will use
Every gift we bring Him,
None will He refuse.

More and more for Jesus
May we gladly give;
Giving, giving, giving,
Is the way to live.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

312 (FIRST TUNE.) 87.87. OLD CORNISH CAROL



THE glad Ascensiontide is here,
And we sing Alleluia!
To Jesus Christ our Lord most dear
We sing our Alleluia!

A crown of thorns once pierced His brow,
He wears a crown of glory now,
And all the world to Him shall bow
With joyful Alleluia.

A. M. MILNER-BARRY.

313

IT is the Holy Spirit's day,
Sing joyful Alleluia!
When all Christ's people met to pray;
Sing joyful Alleluia!

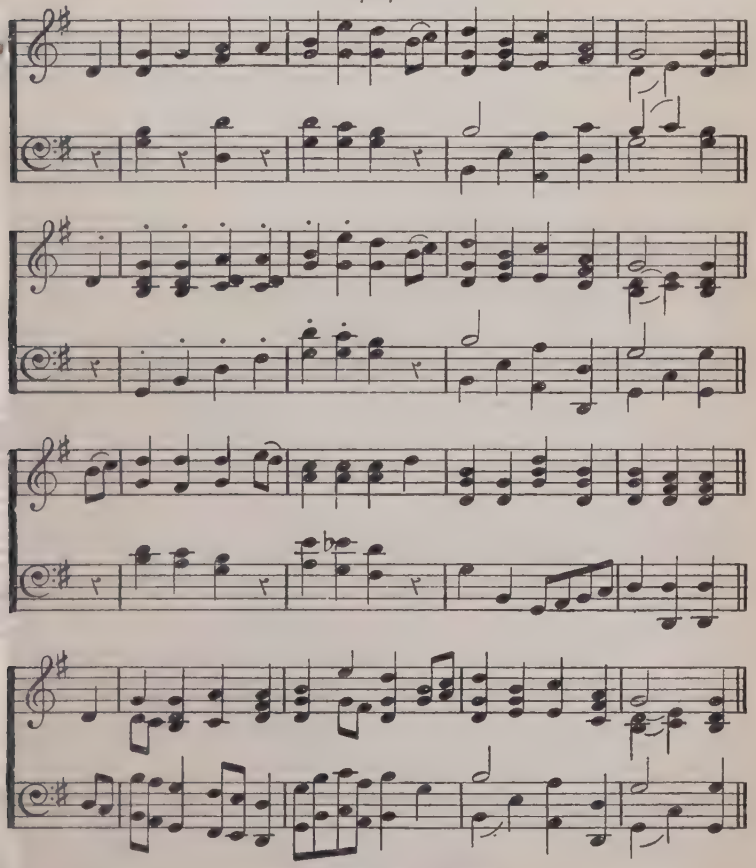
With rushing sound, with heavenly flame
On them the Holy Spirit came:
They blessed and praised God's glorious name;
Sing joyful Alleluia.

A. M. MILNER-BARRY.

ASCENSION

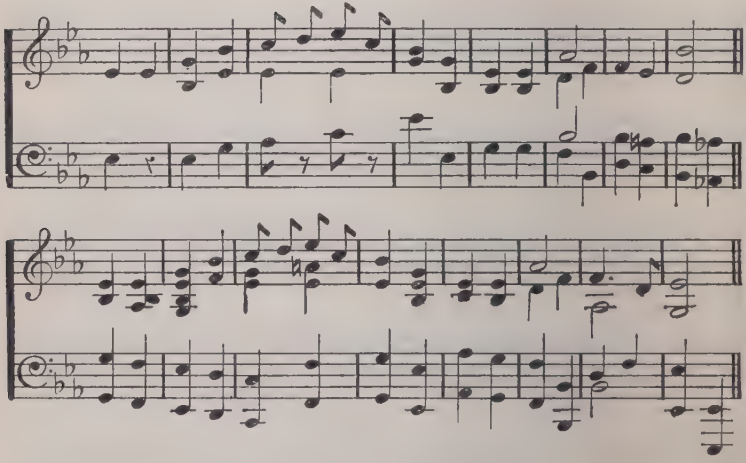
CHILD SONGS NO. 15. (SECOND TUNE.) E. RAWDON BAILEY

87.87.



By permission of Mr. E. R. Bailey.

314 PRAISE HIM. 10.6.10.6. E. RAWDON BAILEY



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PRAISE Him, praise Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love;
Praise Him, praise Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love!

Thank Him, thank Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love;
Thank Him, thank Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love!

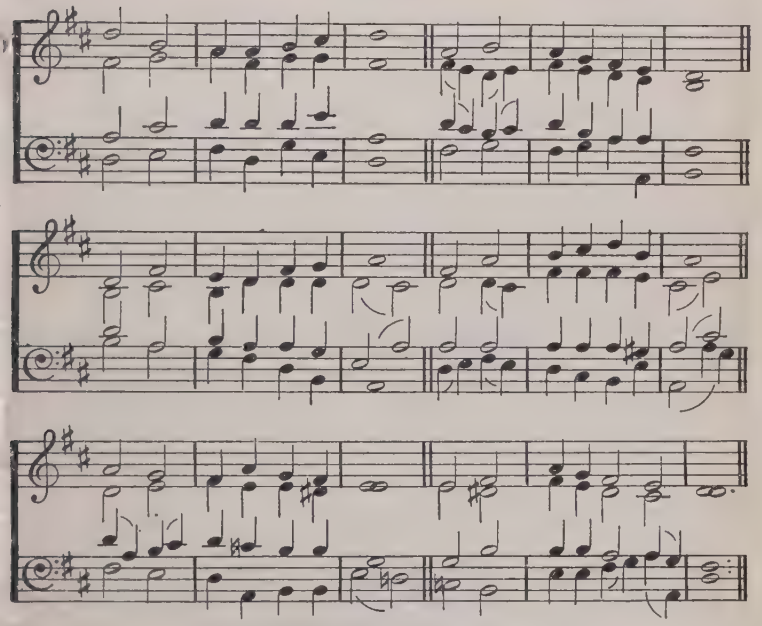
Love Him, love Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love;
Love Him, love Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love!

Crown Him, crown Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love;
Crown Him, crown Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love!

ANON.

315 MINISTRES DE L'ÉTERNEL.

77·77·77· GENEVAN PSALTER, 1562.



STANDING in the market-place,
Jesus watched the children play,
Where the Eastern sunshine fell
All the merry summer day.
Praise to Jesus while we play,
Praise Him, Praise Him all the day.

As He watched the children's games,
All His heart went out to bless;
He was glad to see them there,
And He shared their happiness.

Jesus watches children still
Laughing, shouting, in their glee;
These are they of whom He said,
"Suffer them to come to Me."

FREDERICK A. JACKSON.

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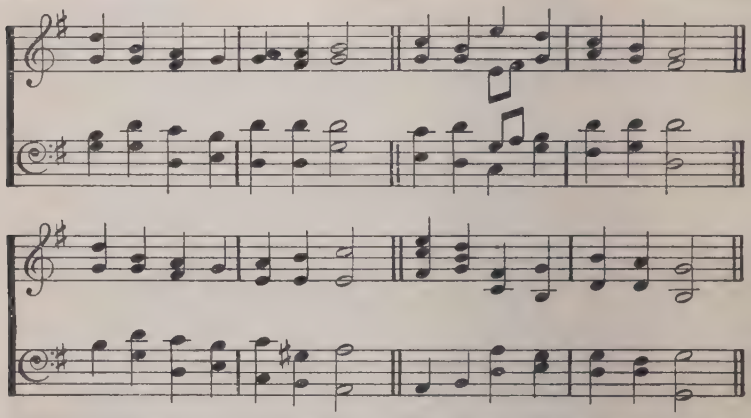
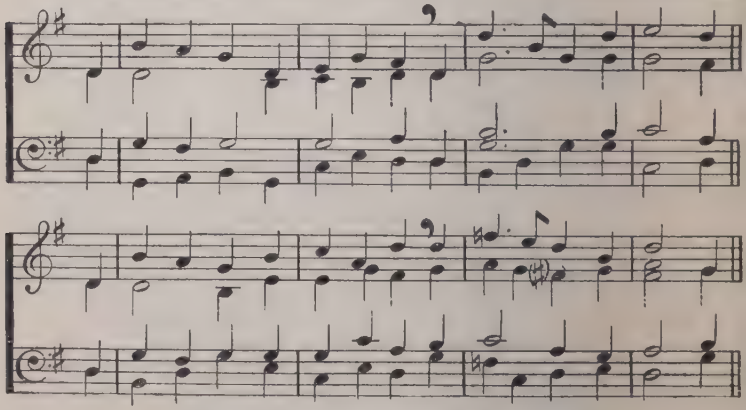
316 BATTISHILL. 77.77. J. BATTISHILL.



"THANK you!" for the world so sweet,
"Thank you!" for the food we eat;
"Thank you!" for the birds that sing,
"Thank you!" God, for everything.

ANON.

317 THE CHILDREN'S KING. 87.87. C. HYLTON STEWART.



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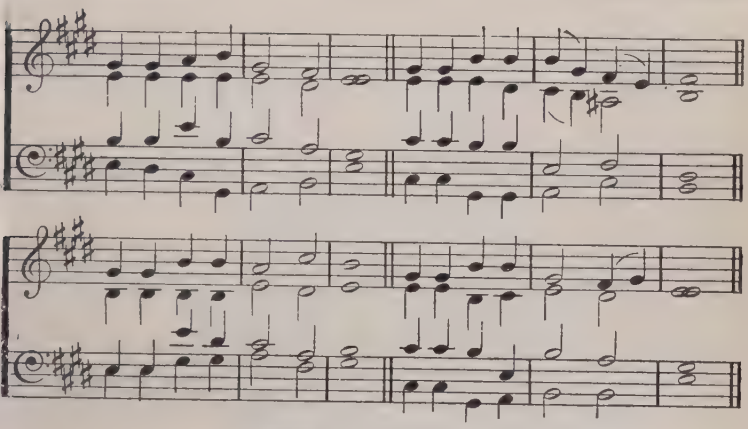
TO Jesus Christ the children sang
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna!
Through city streets their voices rang,
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna!

To Jesus Christ, the children's King,
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna!
With joyful hearts our praise we bring;
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna!

A. M. MILNER-BARRY.

318 HORSHAM.

77.77. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL MELODY.



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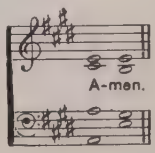
THROUGH the night Thy angels kept
Watch beside me while I slept;
Now the dark has passed away,
Thank Thee, Lord, for this new day!

North and south and east and west
May Thy holy name be blest;
Everywhere beneath the sun,
As in heaven, Thy will be done!

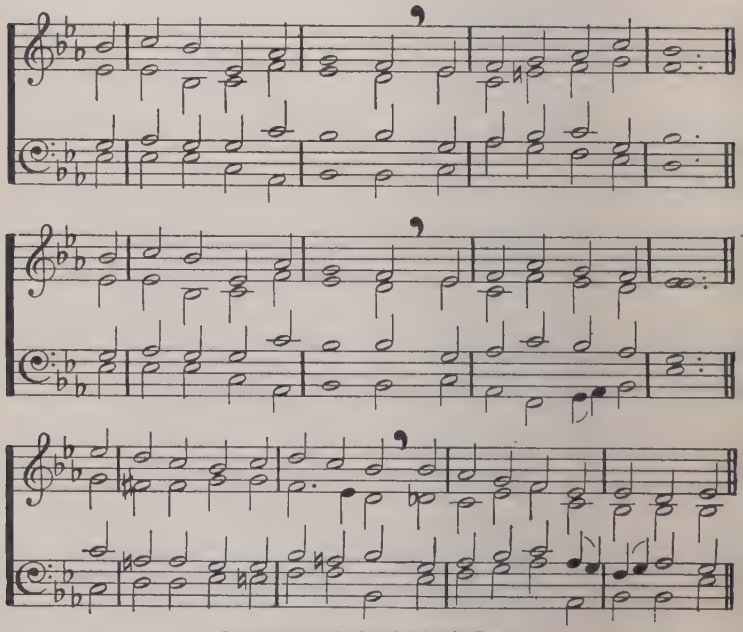
Give me food that I may live;
Every naughtiness forgive;
Keep all evil things away
From Thy little child this day.

W. CANTON.



319 **ST. ANATOLIUS.** 76.76.88. A. H. BROWN.

In moderate time.



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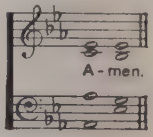
WE bring to Thee our offerings,
Receive them, Lord, we pray,
And bless the little children
In countries far away.
Lord, grant that soon Thy light may shine
Wide over all this world of Thine.
EDITH F. B. MACALISTER.



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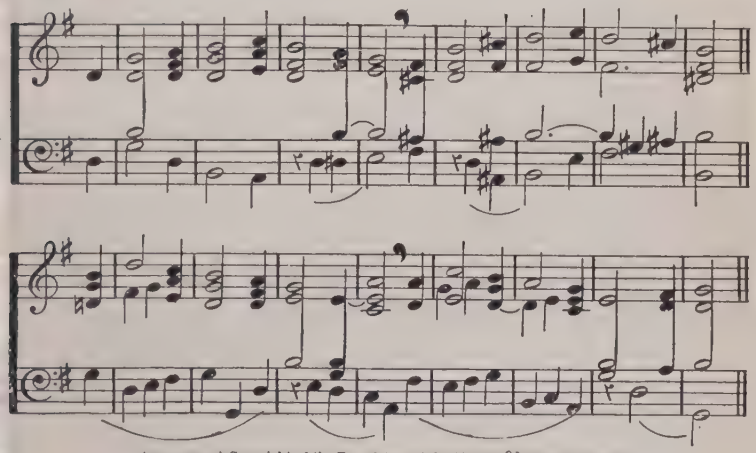
320 SALVETE FLORES. L.M. *Arr. by* G. GARDNER.

Unison.



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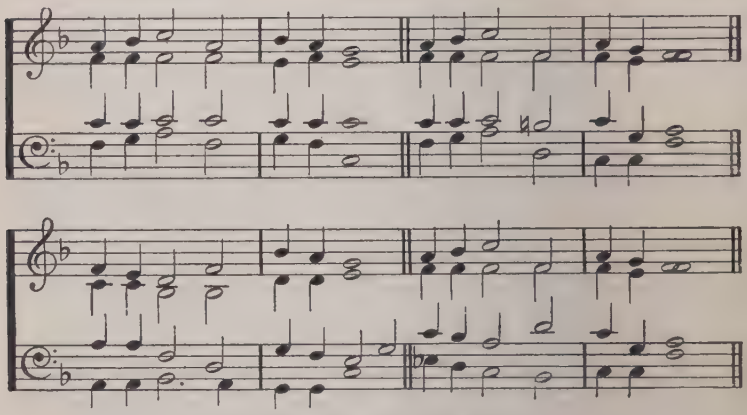
WE thank Thee that our angels bright
Stand round the throne in God's great light;
We thank Thee that they see God's face,
And sing in His most Holy Place.

We thank Thee that our angels spread
Their lovely wings around our bed;
We thank Thee that they watch by day,
And guard us in our work and play.

A. M. MILNER-BARRY.

321 GENTLE JESUS. 77·77. MARTIN SHAW.



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This Hymn may also be sung to LYNE (No. 118) or to INNOCENTS (No. 329).

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee!

Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Dearest God, forbid it not!
Give me, Blessed Lord, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace!

Part 2.

Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be:
Thou art gentle, meek and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart.
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

Let me, above all, fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

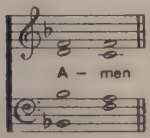
Part 3.

Thou didst live to God alone;
Thou didst never seek Thine own;
Thou Thyself didst never please:
God was all Thy happiness.

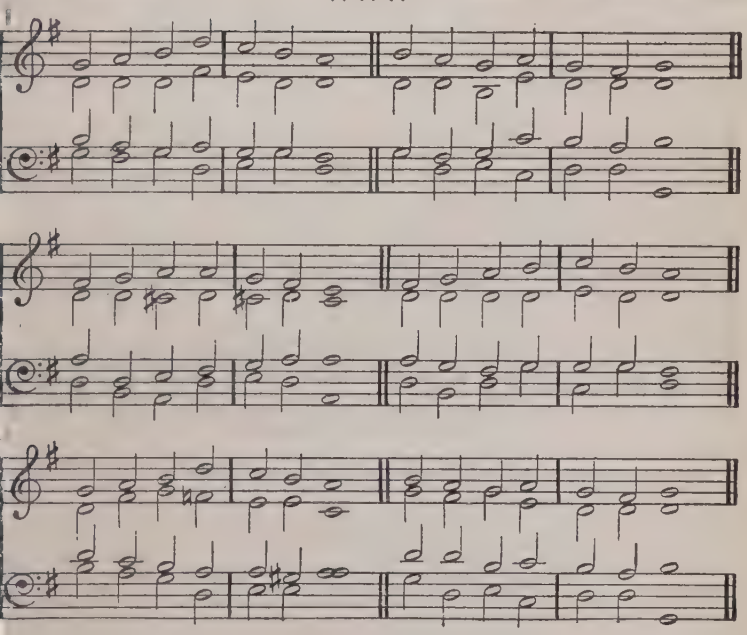
Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart!

I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

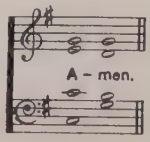
C. WESLEY (18th cent.).



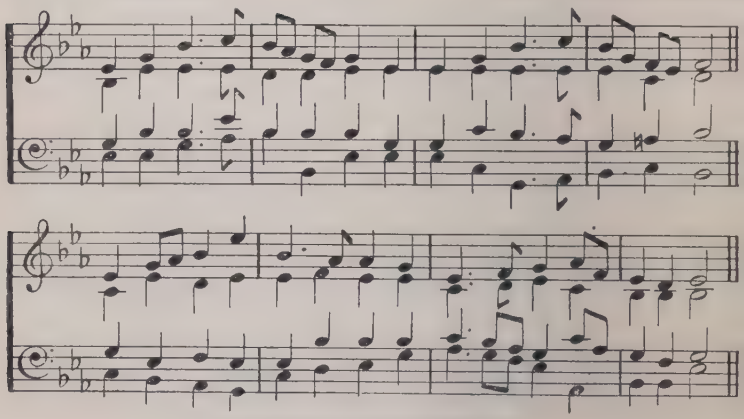
322 CASSEL. 77·77·77. TROMMEN'S "CHRISTENSCHATZ," 1745.



HEAVENLY Father, hear my prayer,
Day and night I'm in Thy care;
Look upon me from above,
Bless the home I dearly love;
Bless all those with whom I play,
Make us better every day.



323 **SHIPSTON.** In moderate time. 87.87. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL MELODY



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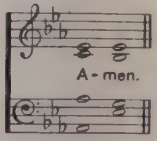
JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

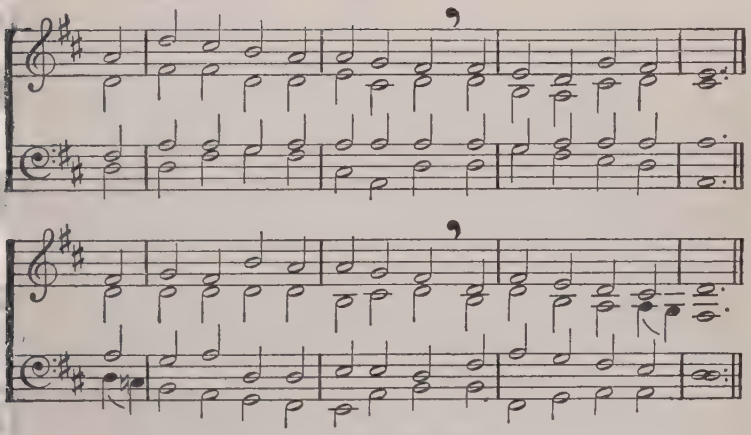
All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Grant me, Lord, a place in heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

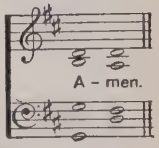
MARY L. DUNCAN.



324 ST. PETER. C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



LORD Jesus, who didst heal the sick
And take away their pain,
Look down upon Thy little {one / ones,}
And make {him / her / them} well again,
F. H.



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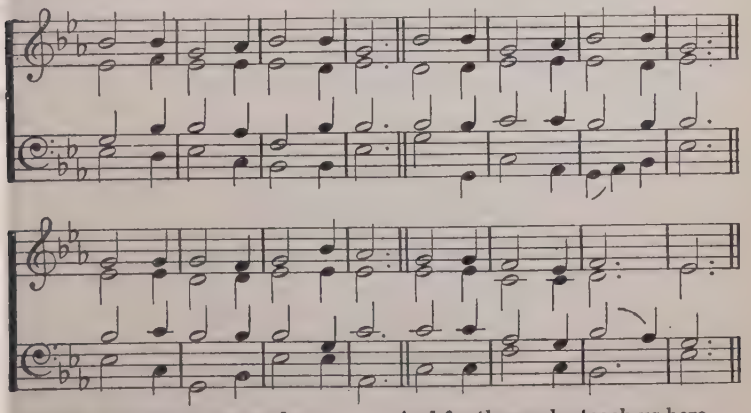
325 TRES MAGI. 77.76. ANDERNACH GESANGBUCH, 1608.



FOR our school to us so dear,
For the children far and near,
And for those who teach us here,
Lord, we ask Thy blessing.
F. H.

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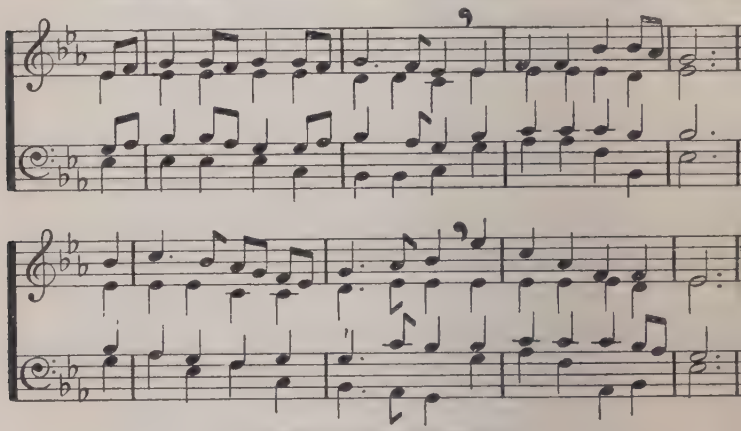
326 **CAPEL.** In moderate time. C.M. ENGLISH TRADITIONAL CAROL MELOD



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WHEN lamps are lighted in the town,
The boats sail out to sea ;
The fishers watch when night comes down,
They work for you and me.

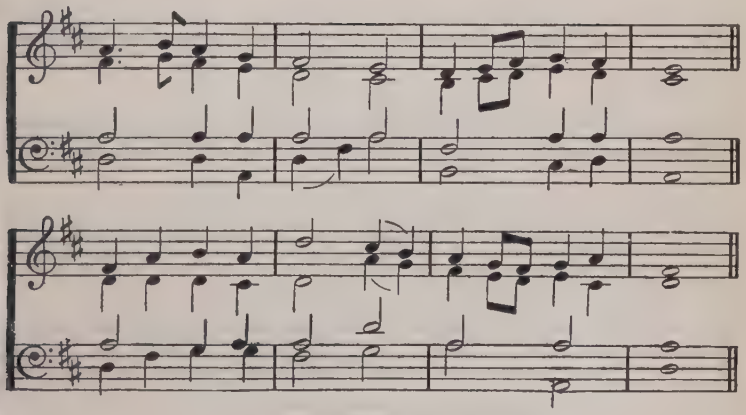
We little children go to rest,
Before we sleep we pray
That God will bless the fishermen
And bring them back at day.

The boats come in at early dawn,
When children wake in bed,
Upon the beach the boats are drawn,
And all the nets are spread.

God hath watched o'er the fishermen
Far on the deep dark sea,
And brought them safely home again,
Where they are glad to be.

M. M. PENSTONE.

327 **GOTT EIN VATER.** 65.65. F. SILCHER.
Brightly. *Arr. by* W. TSCHIRSCH.



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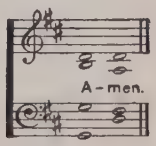
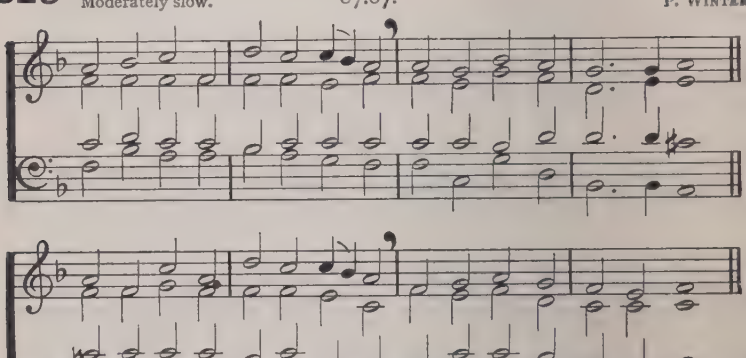
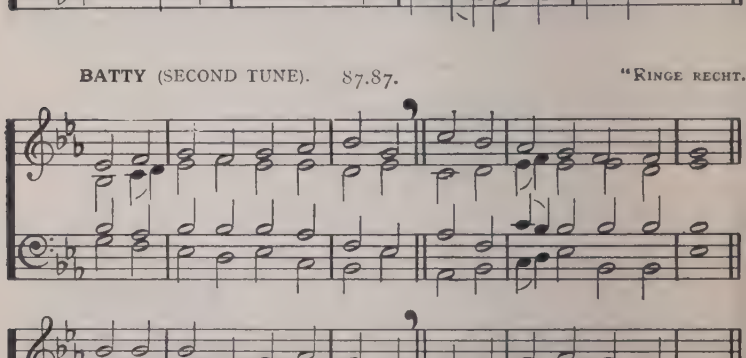
LORD, who in a manger
Found Thy cradle blest,
Keep this babe from danger
In Thine arms at rest.
R. SOMERSET WARD.



328 **FRANKFORT** (FIRST TUNE). 87.87. P. WINTER
Moderately slow.



BATTY (SECOND TUNE). 87.87. "RINGE RECHT."

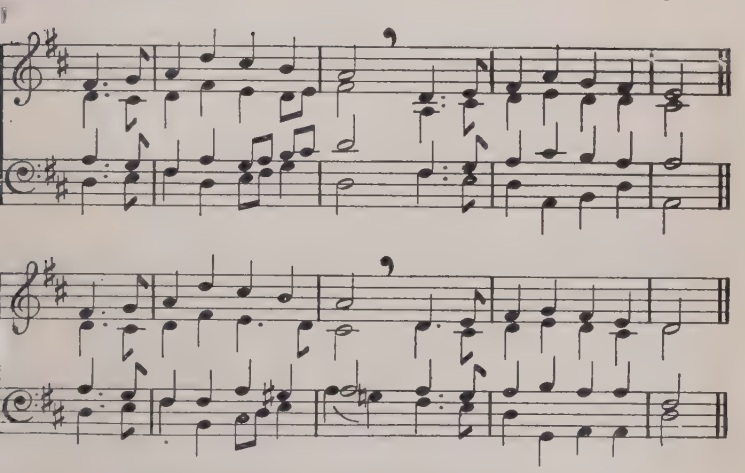


HOLY angels live in heaven,
Round the throne of God they stand,
Bow their heads and hide their faces,
As they wait for His command.

Little children in their prayer-time
Like the angels kneel to pray,
Eyes are shut and hands are folded;
God will hear the words they say.

R. SOMERSET WARD.

329 **INNOCENTS.**
Moderately fast. 77·77· J. Smith.



This Hymn may also be sung to Gentle Jesus (No. 321).

COMES a birthday once again,
Happy day, oh, happy day!
Through the sunshine, through the rain,
God has brought us on the way.

Father, let the new year be
Bright and holy, sweet and true;
Keep, oh, keep us close to Thee,
Day by day our whole life through!

Frederick A. Jackson.

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330 **WILFORD.** 87.87. G. GARDNER

Organ. *Voices.*

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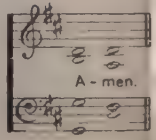
This Hymn may also be sung to ST. COLUMBA (No. 242).

WHEN Christ was in a stable born
The angel hosts were singing,
The shepherds came at early dawn,
Their Birthday greetings bringing.

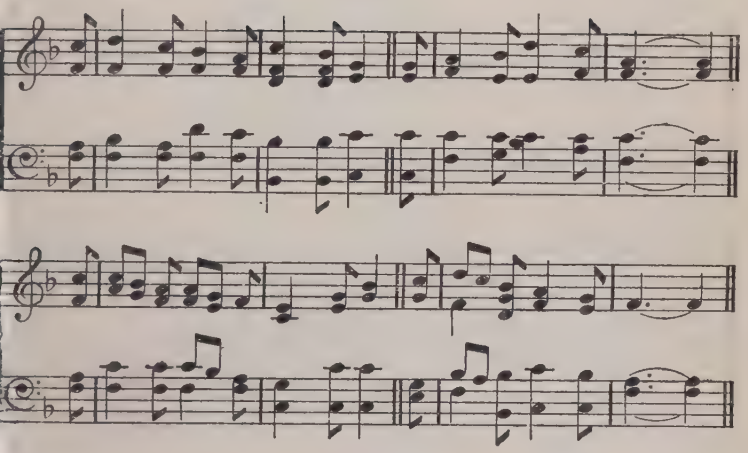
So now this Birthday-child we greet
Like Angels, with our singing,
Like Shepherds come with joyful feet,
Our Birthday wishes bringing.

"Lord Jesus Christ," we softly pray,
"Hear Thou Thy children singing.
And make this day a holy day,
All Birthday blessings bringing."

R. SOMERSET WARD.



331 THRUPP. C.M. TRADITIONAL AIR



A LITTLE ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight;
It sailed along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright.

When lo! a storm began to rise,
The wind grew loud and strong;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
It blew the waves along.

And all, but One, were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep;
His head was on a pillow laid,
And He was fast asleep.

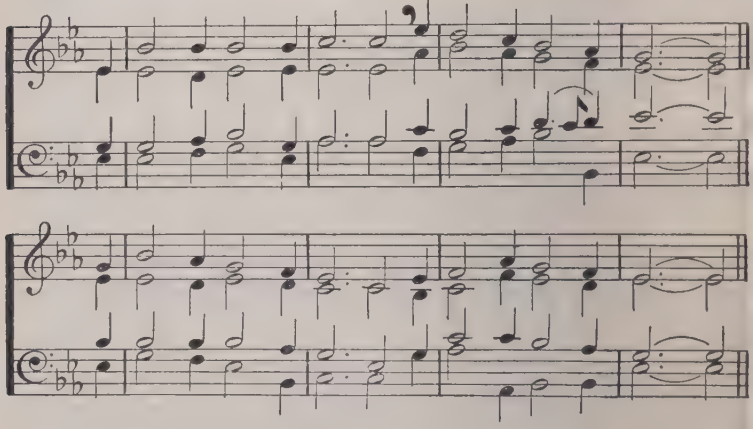
"Master we perish: Master, save!"
They cried: their Master heard;
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave
And stilled them with a word.

He to the storm says, "Peace, be still!"
The raging billows cease;
The mighty winds obey His will,
And all are hushed to peace.

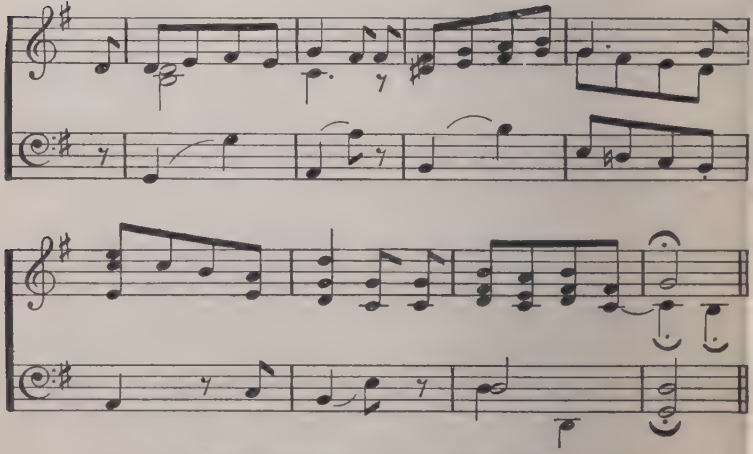
O well we know it was the Lord,
Our Saviour and our Friend;
Whose care of those who trust His word
Will never, never end.

D. A. THRUPP.

332 **MAGDALENA** (FIRST TUNE).
In moderate time. 76.76. GERMAN MEDIÆVAL MELODY



LENTON (SECOND TUNE).
Not too quickly. 76.76. G. GARDNER.



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AS Christ, our Lord, was teaching
Upon a summer's day,
He left His blessèd preaching,
And watched the children play.

But presently they found Him,
And loved His gentle face,
And soon they crowded round Him,
To share His sweet embrace.

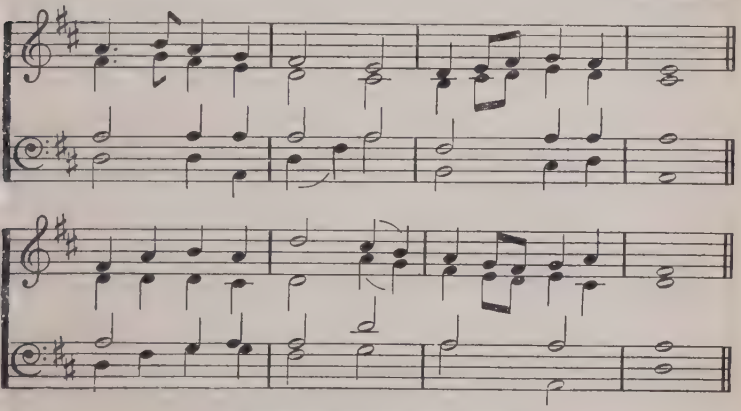
Now Christ our Lord is near us,
Here in our school to-day;
And still He loves to hear us
Each time we come to pray.

We fold our hands for praying,
Then kneel down in His sight,
Remember what we're saying,
And shut our eyes quite tight.

R. SOMERSET WARD.

333 GOTT EIN VATER. 65.65.

F. SILCHER.
Arr. by W. TSCHIRSCH.



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This Hymn may also be sung to EUDOXIA (No. 8).

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

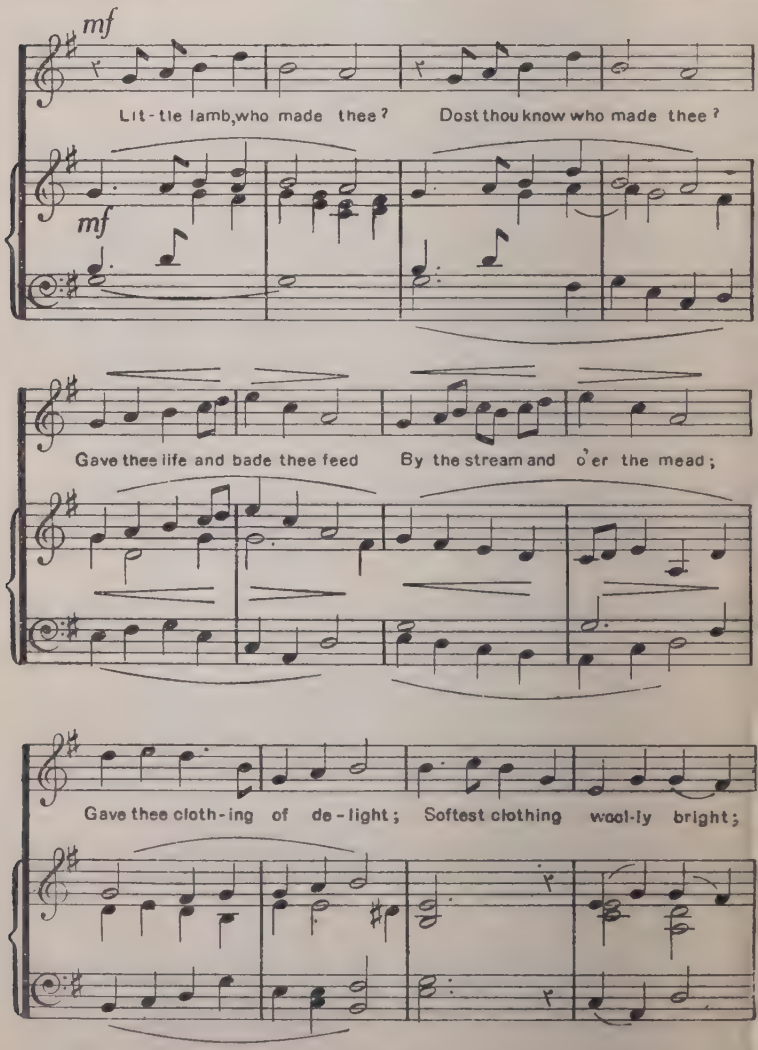
Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away,
From the paths of virtue
Into sin to stray.

Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

MRS. J. A. CARNEY.

334 THE LAMB. Irregular. GEOFFREY SHAW.



Gave thee such a ten-der voice, Ma-king all the vales rejoice:

mp

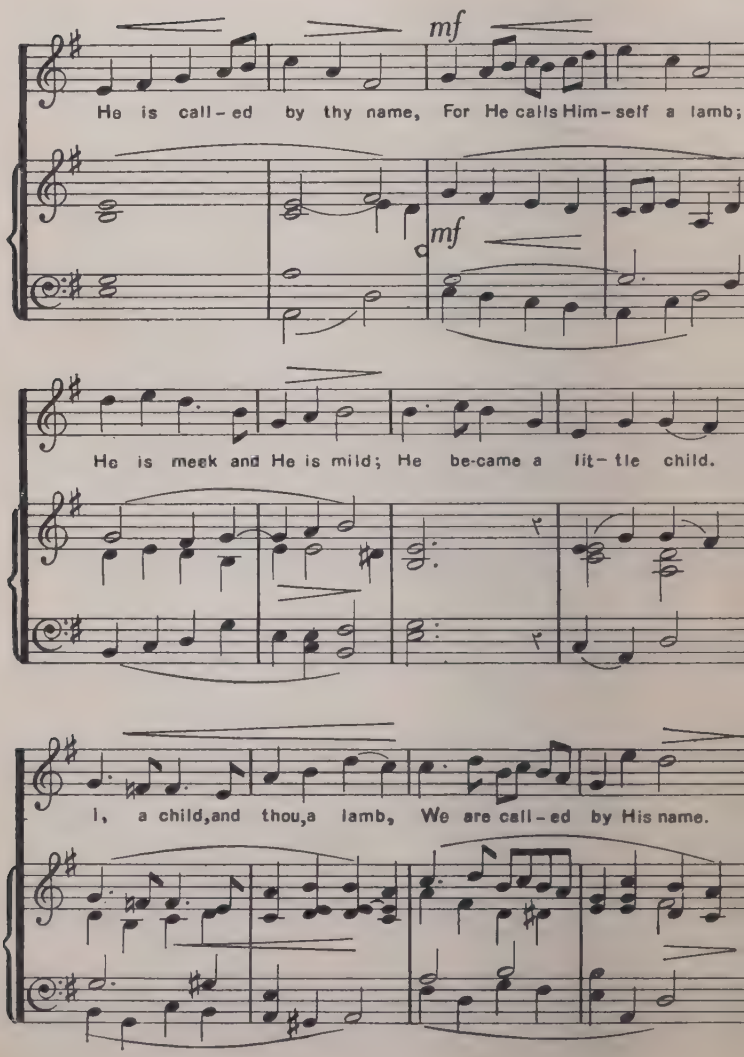
Lit-tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?

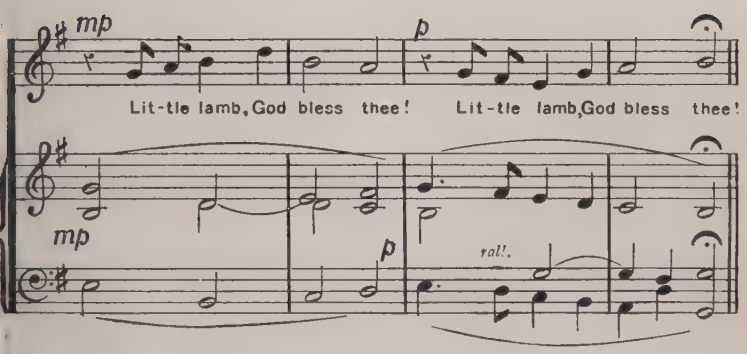
mp

p

Lit-tle lamb, I'll tell thee; Lit-tle lamb, I'll tell thee

p


mf
He is call-ed by thy name, For He calls Him-self a lamb;
mf
He is meek and He is mild; He be-came a lit-tle child.
I, a child, and thou, a lamb, We are call-ed by His name.



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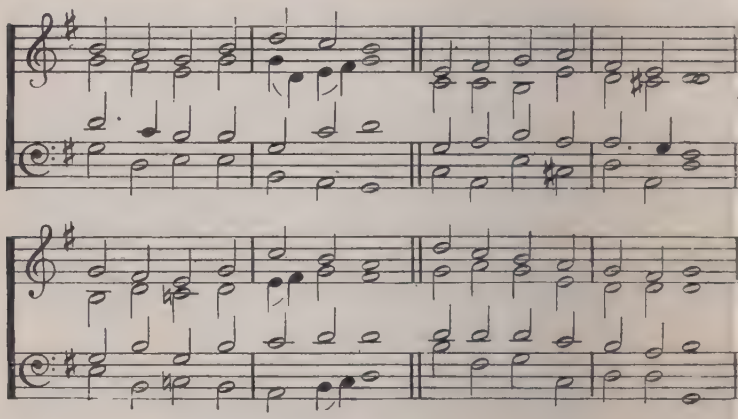
LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice;
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

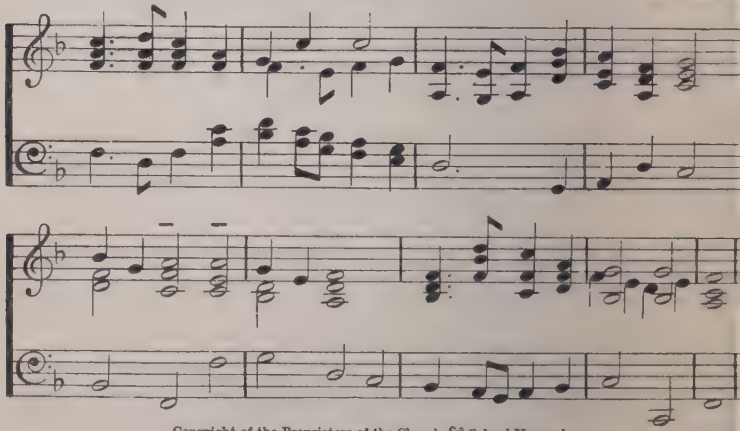
Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb;
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

WM. BLAKE.

335 **OHNE RAST** (FIRST TUNE). 77·77. J. H. KNECHT



GEDLING (SECOND TUNE). 77·77. G. GARDNER



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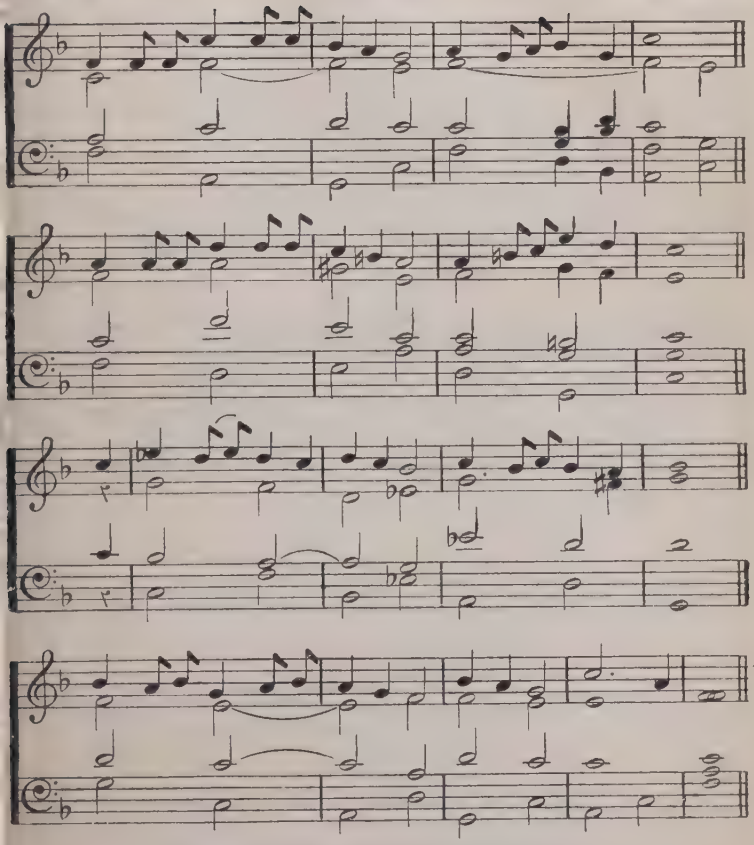
GOD be with you, "Good-bye" means:
So we sing, when School is done:
Good-bye, Teacher! Good-bye,
School!
God be with us every one!

R. SOMERSET WARD.

336 **BLESSING.** 96.96.86.96. C. HYLTON STEWART.



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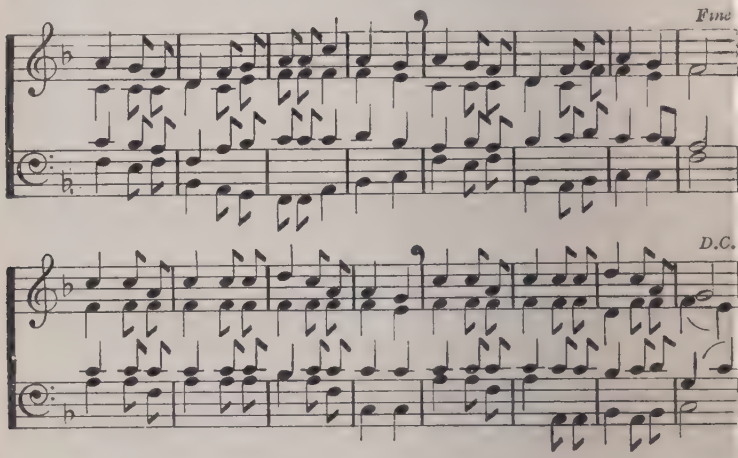
OVER the earth is a mat of green,
Over the green is dew,
Over the dew are the arching trees,
Over the trees the blue,
Across the blue are scudding clouds,
Over the clouds the sun;
Over it all is the Love of God,
Blessing us every one.

337 PLEADING SAVIOUR. 11.9.11.9.D. PLYMOUTH COLLECTION (U.S.A.)



OVER the sea there are little brown children,
Fathers and mothers and babies dear;
They have not heard of the Father in heaven,
No one has told them that God is near.
Swift let the message go over the water,
Telling the children God is near.

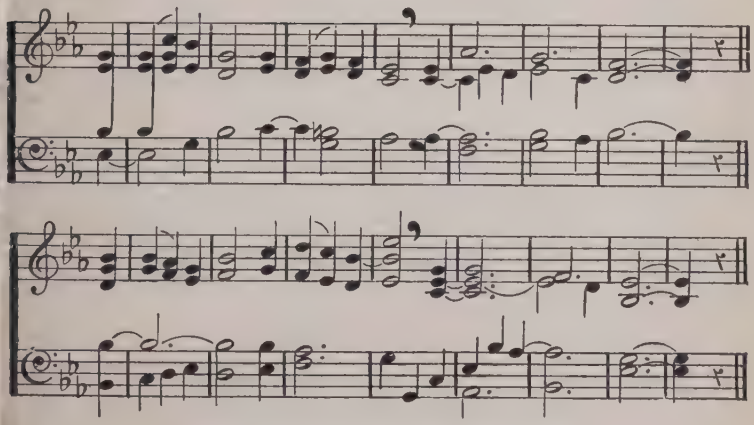
Sometimes at night when the darkness gathers,
Little brown children begin to fear;
They have not heard of the dear Lord Jesus,
No one has told them that He is near.
Swift let the message go over the water, etc.

Little brown children, the teachers
are coming
Speeding to love you, and help,
and cheer;
Soon you shall hear of the dear
Lord Jesus,
Soon they will tell you that God
is near.
*Swift let the message go over
the water, etc.*

HETTY LEE.

338 **DIDBROOK.** 84.84. G. GARDNER.

Unison.



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THE sky looks down into our
street
And God looks too,
He likes to see us dance and skip;
O that's quite true.

God says, "I hope they're kind and
good—
To babies wee
And puppies, kittens, little birds,
Remembering Me.

"For I love all these tiny things,
All children too—
They are the flowers I plant in
towns
Where flowers are few."

One day when we have grown quite
big
Jesus will say:
"Come, children, to My blue sky-
fields;
Come here to play."

MURIEL DAYRELL.

GENERAL INDEX

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First Line.	Author or Source.	No.	Tune.	Metre.	Composer, Arranger, or Source.
A Child this day is born	Traditional	291	Sandys	S.M. and refrain	English Traditional (?) Carol
A little ship was on the sea	D. A. Thrupp	331	Thrupp	C.M.	Traditional Air
A Virgin most pure	Traditional	292	†A Virgin most pure	11.11.11.11	*The English Carol Book*, Martin Shaw
†Advent tells us, Christ is near	K. Hankey	153	Keine Schönheit hat die Welt	77.77	Scheffler's *Heilige Seelenlust*, 1657
Again the Lord's own day is here	Tr. J. M. Neale	16	†Church Triumphant	L.M.	J. W. Elliott
†All creatures of our God and King	W. H. Draper	221	Lasst uns erfreuen	88.44.88	*Geistliche Kirchengesang*, 1623
All glory, laud and honour	Tr. J. M. Neale	50	St. Theodulph	76.76.D.	M. Teschner
All hail the power of Jesus'	E. Perronet	168	Miles Lane	C.M.	W. Shrubsole
All people that on earth do	W. Kethe	206	Old 100th	L.M.	*Genevan Psalter*, 1551
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†And now, O Father, mindful of the love	W. Bright	94	(1) Song 1 (2) †Unde et Memores	10.10.10.10.10.10	(1) O. Gibbons (2) W. H. Monk
†Angel voices ever singing	F. Pott	223	†Angel Voices	85.85.843	E. G. Monk
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†As Christ, our Lord, was teaching	R. Somerset Ward	332	(1) Magdalena (2) *Lenton	76.76	(1) German Mediæval Melody (2) G. Gardner
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First Line.	Author or Source.	No.	Tune.	Metre.	Composer, Arranger, or Source.
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†At Easter-time the lilies fair	F. A. Jackson	308	*Quimper	88.88	Breton Carol, arr. by G. Gardner
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†Behold, a little Child	Bp. W. W. How	192	Wesley	66.66.88	Anon.
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†By the Holy Spirit sent	G. Hollis	45	(1) †Lew Trenchard (2) *Strasbourg	77.77	(1) S. Baring-Gould (2) Arr. by G. Gardner
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†Christ, who once amongst us	W. St. Hill Bourne	244	†Pastor bonus	65.65.D.	Sir J. Stainer
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First Line.	Author or Source.	No.	Tune.	Metre.	Composer, Arranger, or Source.
Christian, seek not yet repose	C. Elliott . .	42	(1) Morgenglanz .	77.73 . . .	(1) *Geistreiches Gesangbuch*, 1704
			(2) Vigilate . .		(2) W. H. Monk
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†Come, keep high festival .	A. C. Benson .	53	*Old 25th . .	D.S.M. . . .	Arr. by G. Gardner
Come, let us join our cheerful	I. Watts . .	191	†Nativity . . .	C.M. . . .	H. Lahee
†Come, see this little Stranger	J. S. Wilson .	29	†Sacred Lullaby .	76.766. . . .	D. Corner, har. by J. D. Chandler
Come, sing with holy glad-	J. J. Daniell .	219	Ellacombe . .	76.76.D. . .	*Mainz Gesangbuch*, 1833
Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come	Tr. E. Caswall and others	195	Veni, Sancte Spiritus	77.77.77 . . .	S. Webbe the Elder
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus	C. Wesley . . .	19	(1) Gott will's machen	87.87 . . .	(1) J. L. Steiner
			(2) Stuttgart . .		(2) *Psalmodia Sacra*, 1715
Come, ye thankful people,	H. Alford . .	140	St. George . .	77.77.D. . .	Sir G. J. Elvey
†Comes a birthday once .	F. A. Jackson .	329	Innocents . . .	77.77 . . .	J. Smith
Conquering kings their titles take	Tr. J. Chandler	185	*St. Polycarp .	77.77 . . .	Eng. eighteenth cent., arr. by G. Gardner
†Crown Him with many crowns	M. Bridges and G. Thring	169	†Oliva speciosa .	D.S.M. . . .	Italian Melody, arr. by C. T. Gatty. *Arundel Hymns*, No. 141
†Daily, daily sing the praises	S. Baring-Gould	204	Daily, Daily . .	87.87.D. . .	Melody from a French Paroissien
†Dear heavenly Father, pity those	M. M. Penstone	143	Stracathro . .	C.M. . . .	Scottish Hymn Melody in *Public School Hymnbook*
Dear Jesus, ever at my side	F. W. Faber .	173	†Mendip . . .	C.M. . . .	English Traditional Melody, arr. by C. J. Sharp
Dear Lord, of Thee three .	Anon. . . .	250	†Day by Day .	86.663 . . .	Carey Bonner
Do no sinful action . . .	C. F. Alexander	265	(1) †Glenfinlas .	65.65 . . .	(1) K. G. Finlay
			(2) †Newland .		(2) T. Armstrong
†England, arise! . . .	E. Carpenter .	126	†Southport . .	11.10.11.10.55.10	C. Hylton Stewart
†Ere we leave Thine Altar .	T. I. Ball . .	95	Song 13 . . .	77.77 . . .	O. Gibbons
Eternal Father, strong to save	W. Whiting	282	Melita	88.88.88	J. B. Dykes

First Line.	Author or Source.	No.	Tune.	Metre.	Composer, Arranger, or Source.
†Eternal rest, grant them, O Lord	Anon. from *The House of my Pilgrimage*	273	†Oldbridge	88. 84	R. N. Quaile
Every morning the red sun	C. F. Alexander	202	(1) *Northleach (2) †Langdale	75.75.77	(1) G. Gardner (2) A. Somervell
Fair waved the golden corn	J. H. Gurney	271	(1)†Camberwell (2) Holyrood	S.M.	(1) S. S. Wesley (2) J. Watson
†Far round the world Thy	Basil Mathews	111	Farley Castle	10.10.10.10	H. Lawes
Father, hear our supplication	Anon.	96	St. Thomas	87.87.87	S. Webbe
Father, hear the prayer we	L. M. Willis	161	†Sussex	87.87	English Traditional Melody
†Father, see Thy children bending	W. H. H. Jervois and W. B. Trevelyan	101	Adoro Te	65.65.D.	Belgian Melody, arr. by Canon van Damme
†Father, we praise Thee	Tr. P. Dearmer	1	Iste Confessor	11.11.11.5	Angers Church Melody
†Father, who on man dost shower	P. Dearmer	162	Quem pastores laudavere	88.87	Fifteenth cent. German MS.
Fight the good fight	J. S. B. Monsell	236	(1) †Pentecost (2) †Shepton Beauchamp	L.M.	(1) W. Boyd (2) Eng. Traditional Melody
Firmly I believe and truly	J. H. Newman	247	†Shipston	87.87	English Traditional Melody
Fling out the banner, let it float	Bp. G. W. Doane	110	(1) Duke St. (2) †Gonfalon Royal	L.M.	(1) J. Hatton (2) P. C. Buck
†For all the Saints who from	Bp. W. W. How	71	†Sine nomine	10.10.10.4	R. Vaughan Williams
†For our school to us so dear	F.H.	325	Tres Magi	77.76	*Andernach Gesangbuch*, 1608
For the beauty of the earth	F. S. Pierpoint	218	Goodfellow	77.77.77	Ad. from an English Melody, *Public School Hymnbook*
Forty days and forty nights	G. H. Smyttan and F. Pott	40	Heinlein	77.77	M. Herbst (?)
From all that dwell below the	I. Watts	207	Old 100th	L.M.	*Genevan Psalter*, 1551
From glory to glory advancing	C. W. Humphreys	97	†Sheen	14.14.14.15	G. T. Holst
From Greenland's icy	Bp. R. Heber	113	Calcutta	76.76.D.	Bp. R. Heber
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	C. Wesley	321	†Gentle Jesus	77.77	Martin Shaw

First Line.	Author or Source.	No.	Tune.	Metre.	Composer, Arranger, or Source.
Glory be to Jesus	Tr. E. Caswall	56	Caswall	65.65	F. Filitz
Glory to Thee, my God, this	Bp. Ken	5	Canon	L.M.	T. Tallis
God be in my head	Sarum Primer	156	†God be in my head	12.10.10.10.11	Sir H. Walford Davies
God be with you "Good-bye" means	R. Somerset Ward	335	(1) Ohne Rast (2) *Gedling	77.77.	(1) J. H. Knecht (2) G. Gardner
†God be with you, till we	J. E. Rankin	249	†Randolph	98.89	R. Vaughan Williams
God became Man that we	Anon.	189	*Prestbury	77.77	G. Gardner
†God bless all the workers	M. M. Penstone	251	Zundel	65.65.D.	J. Zundel
God bless our native land	W. E. Hickson	127	Moscow	664.66.64	F. de Giardini
†God Eternal, Mighty King	J. E. Millard	210	Savannah	77.77	Foundery Collection
†God has given us a book full of stories	M. M. Penstone	252	*Gisors	Irregular	Old French Air, arr. by G. Gardner
†God is working His purpose	A. C. Ainger	112	†Benson	Irregular	M. D. Kingham
God rest you merry, gentlemen	Traditional	297	†Traditional	86.76.868	*The English Carol Book*, arr. by Martin Shaw
God save our gracious King	Anon.	124	National Anthem	664.66.64	Anon.
God the Father, God the Son	Anon.	147	†St. Mark	77.77. and 77.76	M. F. Bell
*God, who conceals His glory	R. F. Pechey	131	Meirionydd	76.76.D.	Welsh Hymn Melody
†God, who hast made the	J. M. C. Crum	134	*Kent	Irregular	C. Hylton Stewart
†God, who me in love didst	R. W. Barber	262	Supplication	777	*Geistliche Lieder*, 1639
†God, who sees us everywhere	R. W. Barber	107	†Tyholland	777	Arr. by D. R. Wilson
Good Christian men, rejoice	Traditional	293	Traditional	Irregular	
*Good Christians awake	M. Snow	72	†A virgin most pure	Irregular	*The English Carol Book*, arr. by Martin Shaw
†Good Joseph had a garden	A. M. Milner-Barry	64	†Hambridge	76.76	English Traditional Melody, arr. by C. J. Sharp
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	Bp. C. Wordsworth	196	Capetown	77.75	F. Filitz
†Great God, who knowest each man's need	Emily Lady Tennyson	7	*O Luce qui Mortalibus	L.M.	Angers Church Melody, arr. by G. Gardner
Hail! gladdening Light	Tr. J. Keble	6	†Sebaste	Irregular	Sir J. Stainer
Hail the day that sees Him	C. Wesley	68	†Llanfair	74.74.D.	Welsh Hymn Melody
†Hail the Sign, the Sign of	S. Baring-Gould	257	†Vectis	85.85.88.85	K. G. Finlay
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	J. Montgomery	170	Crüger	76.76.D.	J. Crüger, arr. by W. H. Monk
†Hail to the Lord who comes	J. Ellerton	29	Old 120th	66.66.66	Este's *Psalms* 1592

First Line.	Author or Source.	No.	Tune.	Metre.	Composer, Arranger, or Source.
Hark ! a herald voice is	Tr. E. Caswall	20	Merton	87.87	W. H. Monk
Hark, the glad sound ! the	P. Doddridge	23	Bristol	C.M.	Ravenscroft's *Psalter*, 1621
Hark ! the herald-angels sing	C. Wesley	26	†Mendelssohn	7777.7777.77	F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
Hark, the sound of holy voices	Bp. C. Wordsworth	73	†Deerhurst	87.87.D.	J. Langran
He prayeth well who loveth	S. T. Coleridge	229	St. Magnus	86.86.86	H. J. Gauntlett
Heavenly Father, from Thy	R. F. Littledale	149	Richmond	77.76	F. A. J. Hervey
Heavenly Father, hear my prayer	Anon.	322	Cassel	77.77.77	Thommen's *Christenschatz*, 1745
Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing	Bp. C. Wordsworth	270	Pleading Saviour. [schwebet	87.87.D.	*Plymouth Collection* (U.S.A.), 1855
†Here, Lord, we offer Thee	G. Blunt	138	(1) Was lebet, was (2) Springfield	11 10.11.10	(1) German 18th cent. (2) P. Maurice
†Here we come with gladness	Julia H. Johnston	311	*Gladness	65.65	C. Hylton Stewart
Hills of the North, rejoice	C. E. Oakley	115	†Little Cornard	66.66.88	Martin Shaw
Ho ! steward, bid my	Anon.	289	Cluny	76.76.D.	Welsh Melody
†Holy angels live in heaven	R. Somerset Ward	328	(1) Frankfort (2) Batty	87.87	(1) P. Winter (2) *Ringe Recht*
†Holy Father, in Thy mercy	I. S. Stevenson	248	(1) †Warton (2) †Cairnbrook	85.83	(1) J. A. Fuller Maitland (2) E. Prout
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God	Bp. R. Heber	159	Nicæa	11.12.12.10	J. B. Dykes
†Holy Jesu, Child divine	Children's Service Book	148	Helfer meiner armen Seele	77.76	Scheffler's *Heilige Seelenlust*, 1657
Hosanna they were crying	C. F. Hernaman	303	†Hambridge	76.76	English Traditional Melody, arr. by C. J. Sharp
How bright those glorious spirits shine	I. Watts and others	74	(1) University (2)*The Flight of the Earls	C.M.	(1) J. Randall (?) (2) Irish Air, har. by G. Gardner
†How far is it to Bethlehem ?	Frances Chesterton	305	*Minden	84.74	Old German Air, arr. by G. Gardner
*How kind a welcome Jesus	R. F. Pechey	57	*Welcome	87.87.88	C. Hylton Stewart
How sweet the name of Jesus	J. Newton	174	St. Peter	C.M.	A. R. Reinagle
Hush, my dear, lie still and	I. Watts	88	†Glück zu Kreuz	87.87	German 1698, har. by C. Wood
Hushed was the evening	J. D. Burns	272	†Samuel	66.66.88	W. H. Monk
†I believe that God the	R. F. Pechey	246	*Guiting	99.99.99	G. Gardner

First Line.	Author or Source.	No.	Tune.	Metre.	Composer, Arranger, or Source.
†I bind unto myself to-day	Tr. C. F. Alexander	158	†St. Patrick . .	D.L.M. . .	Ancient Irish Melody, arr. by C. V. Stanford
†I have Thee now, O Jesu	F. G. Scott .	99	Hodnet . . .	76.76.D. . .	*Union Tune Book*, 1842
I love to hear the story . .	E. H. Miller .	172	†I love to hear .	76.76.D. with refrain	H. J. Gauntlett
I saw three ships . . .	Traditional .	299	†Traditional . .	Irregular . .	Arr. by Martin Shaw
†I think when I read . .	J. Luke . .	167	†East Horndon .	Irregular . .	English Traditional Melody
I was made a Christian . .	J. S. Jones . .	261	Goshen . . .	65.65.D. . .	*The Bible Class Magazine*, 1860
†I worship Thee, Lord Jesu	R. F. Littledale	98	Christus der ist mein Leben	76.76 . . .	M. Vulpius
†Immortal, invisible, God only wise	W. Chalmers Smith	154	St. Denio . . .	11.11.11.11 . .	Welsh Hymn Melody
In our work and in our play	W. C. Dix . .	177	Lyne	77.77. . . .	*Magdalen Hymns*, 1760
†In the bleak midwinter .	Christina G. Rossetti	31	†Cranham . .	Irregular . .	G. T. Holst
†In the silent midnight . .	A. C. Benson .	199	†Cranham . .	65.65.D. . .	G. T. Holst
†In Thy kind arms, Lord	E. A. Douglas .	87	Jerusalem . .	76.76 . . .	J. B. Dykes
In token that thou shalt not	H. Alford . .	86	St. Stephen . .	C.M. . . .	W. Jones
†It fell upon a summer's day	Stopford A. Brooke	287	†Childhood . .	88.86 . . .	University of Wales
†It is a thing most wonderful	Bp. W. W. How	165	†Herongate . .	L.M. . . .	English Traditional Melody
†It is finished ! Blessed Jesus	Abp. W. D. Maclagan	58	†Ad inferos . .	87.87 . . .	W. H. Sangster
†It is the Holy Spirit's day	A. M. Milner-Barry	313	(1) Old Cornish Carol (2) †Child Songs, No. 15	87.87 . . .	(1) Anon. (2) E. R. Bailey
†It is the joyful Easter-time	A. M. Milner-Barry	307	*Old Cornish Carol	87.87 . . .	Anon.
Jerusalem, my happy home (*see* No. 78)					
Jesu, gentlest Saviour . .	F. W. Faber	100	†St. Lambert .	65.65 . .	R. R. Chope
†Jesu, good above all other .	P. Dearmer . .	166	Quem pastores laudavere	88.87 . . .	15th cent. German MS.
Jesu, Lover of my soul . .	C. Wesley . .	175	(1) †Aberystwyth (2) Hollingside	77.77.D. . .	(1) J. Parry (2) J. B. Dykes

First Line.	Author or Source.	No.	Tune.	Metre.	Composer, Arranger, or Source.
Jesus bids us shine	Anon.	109	†Caldecott	55.65.64.64	M. Saumarez Smith
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	*Lyra Davidica*	62	Easter Hymn	74.74.D.	*Lyra Davidica*, 1708
Jesus lives! thy terrors now	Tr. F. E. Cox	61	St. Albinus	78.784	H. J. Gauntlett
†Jesus! name of wondrous	Bp. W. W. How	188	Posen	77.77	*Geistreiches Gesangbuch*, 1725
Jesus shall reign where'er the	I. Watts	114	Truro	L.M.	*Psalmodia Evangelica*, 1790
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear	Mary L. Duncan	323	†Shipston	87.87	English Traditional Melody
Jolly shepherds hear the story	Traditional	294	*Lemberg	87.87.887	Polish Carol, arr. by G. Gardner
†Land of our birth, we pledge to thee	Rudyard Kipling, from *Puck o' Pook's Hill*	128	Truro	L.M.	*Psalmodia Evangelica*, 1790
Let all mortal flesh keep	Tr. G. Moultrie	102	†Picardy	87.87.87	French Traditional Carol
Let all the world in every	G. Herbert	209	†High Road	10.4.66.66.10.4.	Martin Shaw
†Let me receive my comrade	A. Poyser	13	†Night Song	L.M.	A. Poyser
Let our choir new anthems raise	Tr. J. M. Neale	76	Tempus adest floridum	76.76.D.	German Traditional Air
Let saints on earth in	C. Wesley	284	Dundee	C.M.	*Scottish Psalter*, 1615
†Let the whole creation cry	Stopford A. Brooke	231	†Francis	77.77	University of Wales
†Let us sing to Him who gave us	J. M. C. Crum	288	†God is Light	12.99.86	English 18th Cent. Air, arr. by J. D. Chandler
†Let us thank the Christ	J. M. C. Crum	135	†French Traditional Air	12.11.10.77.11	Arr. by J. D. Chandler
Let us with a gladsome mind	J. Milton	213	Monkland	77.77	Arr. by J. Wilkes
†Little children, Christmas	P. Dent	306	Frankfort	87.87	P. Winter
Little children, sing to Jesus	F. Smith	310	Daily Daily	87.87.D.	French Church Melody
Little drops of water	Mrs. J. A. Carney	333	†Gott ein Vater	65.65	J. Silcher, arr. by W. Tschirsch
Little lamb, who made thee	W. Blake	334	†The Lamb	Irregular	Geoffrey Shaw
Lo! He comes with clouds descending	C. Wesley	21	Helmsley	87.87.87	English 18th Cent. Melody
†Lord, accept the alms we offer	S. N. Sedgwick	103	(1) Gott des Himmels (2) Dismissal	87.87.77	(1) H. Albert (2) W. L. Viner
†Lord God, from whom all life	Bp. E. A. Burroughs	222	*Pathway	D.S.M.	C. Hylton Stewart

First Line.	Author or Source.	No.	Tune.	Metre.	Composer, Arranger, or Source.
†Lord God of hosts, within	L. Housman	75	†Dartmouth	88.88.88	A. Somervell
Lord, I would own Thy	Jane Taylor	267	†Eardisley	C.M.	English Traditional Melody
†Lord Jesu, we adore Thee now	W. H. H. Jervois	104	*Alsatian	88.88.88	Alsatian Air, har. by G. Gardner
†Lord Jesus, on our forehead	R. H. Baynes	89	Christus der ist mein Leben	76.76	M. Vulpius
†Lord Jesus, who didst heal	F.H.	324	St. Peter	C.M.	A. R. Reinagle
Lord, keep us safe this night	J. Leland	10	†Combe Martin	S.M.	Basil Harwood
†Lord of the weak	Donald Hankey	176	†Dominus Vitae	Irregular	S. W. Toms
†Lord, speak to me	F. R. Havergal	145	Brockham	L.M.	J. Clark
Lord, Thy word abideth	H. W. Baker	254	Ravenshaw	66.66	*Ave hierarchia*, 1567
†Lord, who in a manger	R. Somerset Ward	327	†Gott ein Vater	65.65	F. Silcher, arr. by W. Tschirsch
†Love is our Shepherd, all is well	J. M. C. Crum	245	*Altona	L.M.	Old German Air, arr. by G. Gardner
Loving Saviour, Thou didst	R. K. Tuck	116	†Swiss Cottage	77.77	M. Shaw
Loving Shepherd of Thy	Jane E. Leeson	241	Buckland	77.77	L. G. Hayne
†Make what is true more	V. S. S. Coles	276	*Covenanters	C.M.	Arr. by G. Gardner
†Maker of morning light	J. M. C. Crum	160	Russian National Anthem	11.10.11.10	A. Lwoff
†May the gospel of the Lord	S. N. Sedgwick	253	Song 13	77.77	O. Gibbons
May the grace of Christ our	J. Newton	157	Thirsk	87.87	W. Boyce
Members of Christ are we	I. Williams	266	†Oliva Speciosa	D.S.M.	Italian Melody, arr. by C. T. Gatty, *Arundel Hymns*, No. 141
Mine eyes have seen the glory	Julia W. Howe	274	(1) † Vision (2) †American	15.15.15.6	(1) Sir H. Walford Davies (2) Anon., arr. by G. Gardner
†My Father, for another night	H. W. Baker	4	†St. Timothy	C.M.	Sir H. W. Baker and W. H. Monk
My God, accept my heart this	M. Bridges	90	St. Peter	C.M.	A. R. Reinagle
My God, I love Thee, not	Tr. E. Caswall	55	Farrant	C.M.	R. Farrant
New every morning is the love	J. Keble	2	(1) Melcombe (2) *St. Finian	L.M.	(1) S. Webbe (2) Arr. by G. Gardner

First Line.	Author or Source.	No.	Tune.	Metre.	Composer, Arranger, or Source.
†Not here for high and holy things	G. A. Studdert-Kennedy	227	(1) †Tolvadden (2) †Tua reddimus, Domine	86.86.86	(1) K. G. Finlay (2) F. G. Russell
Not ours to mourn and weep	A. C. Ainger	43	Selma	S.M.	Arr. by R. A. Smith
Now thank we all our God	Tr. C. Winkworth	220	Nun danket	67.67.66.66	J. Crüger
†Now the day is over	S. Baring-Gould	8	†Eudoxia	65.65	S. Baring-Gould
†O Christ, whom even we may love	Margaret Cropper	290	Stockton	C.M.	T. Wright
O come, all ye faithful	Tr. F. Oakeley and others	30	Adeste fideles	Irregular	Anon. (? 18th cent.)
O come, O come, Emmanuel	Tr. J. M. Neale	24	Veni Emmanuel	88.88.88	Arr. by T. Helmore
*O, David was a shepherd lad	C. Erskine Clarke	243	†David	D.C.M.	D. W. Dearle
†O dearest Lord, by all	M. F. Bell	179	*Mit Freuden zart	87.87.887	Har. by G. Gardner
†O dearest Lord, Thy sacred head	Father Andrew, S.D.C.	52	*Stanley Pontlarge	C.M.	English Air, arr. by G. Gardner
†O Faith of England, taught	T. A. Lacey	258	Psalm 68	887.887.D.	M. Greiter
†O Father, we Thy little things	Stuart Hodgson	232	(1) †Pebmarsh (2) *Rosy Sequence	L.M.	(1) A. H. Brown (2) Arr. by G. Gardner
†O God, in this Thine hour of grace	Bp. C. Boutflower	91	Lledrod	L.M.	Old Welsh Melody
O God of truth, whose living	T. Hughes	275	Salisbury	C.M.	Ravenscroft's *Psalter*
O God, our help in ages past	I. Watts	155	St. Anne	C.M.	W. Croft (?)
O God unseen, yet ever near	E. Osler	105	Tallis' Ordinal	C.M.	T. Tallis
† O God, whose mighty works of old	J. M. C. Crum	132	Deus tuorum militum	L.M.	Grenoble Church Melody
O happy band of pilgrims	J. M. Neale	240	Kocher	76.76	J. H. Knecht
O, it is hard to work for God	F. W. Faber	146	*The Western Wynde	C.M.	Arr. by G. Gardner
O Jesus, I have promised	J. E. Bode	263	†Wolvercote	76.76.D.	Anon.
†O Lamb of God, O Saviour	R. W. Barber	108	Wareham	L.M.	W. Knapp
O little town of Bethlehem	Bp. P. Brooks	32	†Forest Green	D.C.M.	English Traditional Melody
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea	Bp. C. Wordsworth	123	(1) Almsgiving (2) Es ist kein Tag	88.84	(1) J. B. Dykes (2) Meyer's *Seelenfreud*, 1692
†O man, what troubled	J. M. C. Crum	228	*Donegal	Irregular	Irish Air, arr. by G. Gardner

First Line.	Author or Source.	No.	Tune.	Metre.	Composer, Arranger, or Source.
†O, once in a while	J. M. C. Crum	277	*Campden	Irregular	G. Gardner
†O praise ye the Lord	H. W. Baker	212	†Laudate Dominum	55.55.65.65	H. J. Gauntlett
†O Son of Man, our hero	F. Fletcher	178	†Forest Hill	11.10.11.10	University of Wales
O Word of God, above	Tr. I. Williams	259	Dedication	S.M.	E. Gilding
O worship the King	Sir R. Grant	211	Hanover	55.55.65.65	W. Croft (?)
†O'er Bethlehem's hill in time of old	M. G. Pearse	35	*O soeten Jesu	86.86.88	Flemish Carol, arr. by G. Gardner
Oft in danger, oft in woe	H. Kirke White and others	239	University College	77.77	H. J. Gauntlett
On Christmas night	Anon.	302	†Traditional Sussex Carol	88.88.88	Arr. by R. Vaughan William
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry	Tr. J. Chandler	22	Winchester New	L.M.	*Musikalisches Handbuch*, 1690
†On the Resurrection morn-	S. Baring-Gould	59	†Hornsey	87.83	S. S. Wesley
On this day, the first of days	H. W. Baker	17	Lübeck	77.77	*Geistreiches Gesangbuch*
Once again, dear Lord, we	M. J. Willcox	118	Lyne	77.77	*Magdalen Hymns*, 1760
Once in royal David's city	C. F. Alexander	180	Irby	87.87.77	H. J. Gauntlett
†Onward, Christian soldiers.	S. Baring-Gould	255	Haydn	65.65. Ter. Refrain	F. J. Haydn
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	H. Auber	197	(1) †Essex. (2) St. Cuthbert	86.84	(1) G. T. Holst (2) J. B. Dykes
†Our Father, ere we part	Carey Bonner	163	†St. Issey	64.64.D.	English Traditional Melody
†Our Lord, His Passion ended	F. C. Burkitt	69	†Fortem virili pectore	77.77.D.	Har. by F. C. Burkitt
Over the earth is a mat of		336	*Blessing	96.96.86.96	C. Hylton Stewart
†Over the sea there are little	Hetty Lee	337	Pleading Saviour	11.9.11.9.D.	Plymouth Collection, U.S.A.
†Pansies, lilies, roses	C. Griffith	139	†Grosvenor	65.65.D.	C. Steggall
Praise Him, praise Him, all	Anon.	314	†Praise Him	10.6.10.6.	E. Rawdon Bailey
Praise, my soul, the King of	H. F. Lyte	214	†Praise my Soul	87.87.87	Sir J. Goss
Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him	Foundling Collection and E. Osler	217	Austria	87.87.D.	F. J. Haydn
Praise to the Holiest in the height	J. H. Newman	184	(1) Richmond (2) Gerontius	C.M. C.M.	(1) T. Haweis and S. Webbe, jr. (2) J. B. Dykes
Rejoice, the Lord is King	C. Wesley	190	Gopsal	66.66.88	G. F. Handel

First Line.	Author or Source.	No.	Tune.	Metre.	Composer, Arranger, or Source.
†Rejoice, ye pure in heart .	E. H. Plumptre	216	(1) Ich halte treulich still . .	D.S.M. . . .	(1) J. S. Bach (?)
			(2) Carlisle . .	S.M. . . .	(2) C. Lockhart
Ride on, ride on, in majesty	H. H. Milman .	51	Winchester New .	L.M. . . .	*Musikalisches Handbuch*, 1690
†Riding, riding, who is this riding	R. Somerset Ward	307	*Dunkirk . .	96.96 . . .	G. Gardner
Rock of ages, cleft for me .	A. M. Toplady	48	Redhead, No. 76 .	77.77.77 . .	R. Redhead
Saviour, again to Thy dear	J. Ellerton . .	18	†Ellers . . .	10.10.10.10 .	E. J. Hopkins
†Shall we not love thee,	H. W. Baker .	81	†Metzler's Redhead	C.M. . . .	R. Redhead
Soldiers of Christ, arise . .	C. Wesley . .	235	St. Ethelwald .	S.M. . . .	W.H. Monk
Stand up and bless the Lord	J. Montgomery	215	Carlisle . . .	S.M. . . .	C. Lockhart
Stand up, stand up for Jesus	G. Duffield . .	238	Morning Light .	76.76.D. . .	G. J. Webb
†Standing in the market-place	F. A. Jackson .	315	Ministres de l'Eternel	77.77.77 . .	*Genevan Psalter*
Stars of the morning .	Tr. J. M. Neale	201	Trisagion . . .	10.10.10.10 . .	H. Smart
†Strong Captain, in Thy holy	J. M. C. Crum .	92	Crediton . . .	C.M. . . .	T. Clark
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	J. Keble . .	9	(1) Hursley . .	L.M. . . .	(1) *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, 1775
			(2) Hilderstone .		(2) P. Hart
Take up thy cross, the . .	C. W. Everest .	44	Breslau . . .	L.M. . . .	*As hymnodus sacer*, 1625
Teach me, my God and King	G. Herbert . .	278	Sandys . . .	S.M. . . .	English Traditional (?) Carol
Thank you for the world so	Anon. . . .	316	Battishill. . .	77.77 . . .	J. Battishill
The Babe in Bethlehem's .	Anon. . . .	301	Kentish Carol .	86.86 and refrain	Anon.
The Church's one foundation	S. J. Stone .	285	Aurelia . . .	76.76.D. . .	S. S. Wesley
The day is past and over . .	Tr. J. M. Neale	12	†Hominum Amator	76.76.88 . .	Anon.
†The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended	J. Ellerton . .	11	Les Commandemens de Dieu .	98.98 . . .	*Genevan Psalter*, 1543
The earth, O Lord, is one great	J. M. Neale .	84	†Rodmell . .	C.M. . . .	English Traditional Melody
†The ever-changing seasons	Bp. W. W. How	142	†Devonshire . .	76.76 . . .	English Traditional Melody
The first nowell the angel did	Traditional .	295	Traditional . .	9.12.9.10.88 .	Anon.
†The glad Ascension-tide is here	A. M. Milner-Barry	312	(1) Old Cornish Carol	87.87 . . .	(1) Anon.
			(2) †Child Songs, No. 15		(2) E. Rawdon Bailey

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The head that once was crowned	T. Kelly	67	St. Magnus (Nottingham)	C.M.	J. Clark
The holly and the ivy	Traditional	300	*Traditional		Arr. by W. Bucknall
†The King of love my Shepherd is	H. W. Baker	242	(1) †St. Columba (2) Dominus regit me	87.87	(1) Ancient Irish Hymn Melody (2) J. B. Dykes
The royal banners forward	Tr. J. M. Neale	49	Lucis Creator	L.M.	Angers Church Melody
The Saints are crowned with glory	F.B.P.	78	(1) Wetherby (2) †Jerusalem	C.M.	(1) S. S. Wesley (2) T. W. Staniforth
†The Saints of God went	F. C. Bond	80	Meirionydd	76.76.D.	Welsh Hymn Melody
The shepherds had an angel	Christina G. Rossetti	38	Nürnberg	76.86.76	J. Crüger
*The sky looks down into	M. Dayrell	338	*Didbrook	84.84	G. Gardner
The Son of God goes forth to war	Bp. R. Heber	79	(1) †Old 81st (2) St. Anne	D.C.M. C.M.	(1) Har. by Basil Harwood (2) W. Croft (?)
The star of morn has risen	Tr. G. Phillimore	3	†Temple	66.84	Sir H. Walford Davies
†The strife is o'er, the battle done	Tr. F. Pott and others	60	Victory	88.84	G. P. da Palestrina and W. H. Monk
†The whole wide world for	J. D. Hammond	117	Cluny	76.76.D.	Welsh Melody
The wise may bring their learning	Anon.	37	St. Theodulph	76.76.D.	M. Teschner, har. by J. S. Bach
There is a book, who runs	J. Keble	230	St. Flavian	C.M.	Day's *Psalter*, 1563
There is a green hill far away	C. F. Alexander	186	Horsley	C.M.	W. Horsley
There is a happy land	A. Young	205	Happy Land	64.64.67.64	Indian Air
†There's a Friend for little	A. Midlane	203	†In Memoriam	86.76.76.76	J. Stainer
There were ninety and nine	E. C. Clephane	279	(1) *Arras (2) †The Ninety and Nine	Irregular	(1) Old French Air, arr. by G. Gardner (2) I. D. Sankey
†These things shall be	J. A. Symonds	133	†These things	L.M.	Martin Shaw
†Thine arm, O Lord, in days	E. H. Plumptre	144	St. Matthew	D.C.M.	W. Croft
†Thine for ever! God of love	M. F. Maude	264	(1) † Horsham (2) †Newington	77.77	(1) English Traditional Melody (2) Abp. W. D. Maclagan
Thou art the Way: to Thee	Bp. G. W. Doane	181	St. James	C.M.	R. Courtville
†Thou didst leave Thy throne	E. E. S. Elliott	182	†Margaret	Irregular	T. R. Matthews
†Thou the Cross didst bear	L. Housman	54	*Challenge	53.53.	A. Ramsbotham
Thou, whose almighty word	J. Marriott	121	Moscow	664.66.64	F. de Giardini
†Thou Wind of God, whose	J. M. C. Crum	194	Walsall	C.M.	H. Purcell (?)

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†Through the night of doubt and sorrow	S. Baring-Gould	233	(1) †Marching (2) St. Oswald	87.87	(1) Martin Shaw (2) J. B. Dykes
†Through the night Thy	W. Canton	318	†Horsham	77.77	English Traditional Melody
†Thy kingdom come, O God	L. Hensley	280	(1) St. Cecilia (2) Kilsby	66.66	(1) L. G. Hayne (2) — Jones
To God who gives our daily bread	M. Rumsey	14	Epsom	C.M.	Arnold's *Compleat Psalter*, 1756
†To Jesus Christ the children sang	A. M. Milner-Barry	317	* The Children's King	87.87	C. Hylton Stewart
†To redeem a race forlorn	G. R. Woodward	298	†Anninovinovitas	76.76.85.85	German Carol, har. by C. Wood
†To Thee, our God, we fly	Bp. W. W. How	66	Croft's 136th	66.66.88	W. Croft
†To those who in deep forests	V. Dayrell	150	*Litany of the Children		Ad. fr. Plain Chant by G. Gardner
†Trumpet of God, sound high	A. Brooks	119	†Rangoon	Irregular	C. Wood
†We bring to Thee our offerings	E. F. B. Mac-Alister	319	†St. Anatolius	76.76.88	A. H. Brown
We children, Lord, have come	W. C. Dix	136	St. Martin's New	D.S.M.	R. Cooke
†We give Thee but Thine	Bp. W. W. How	122	†Windermere	S.M.	A. Somervell
†We hail Thee now, O Jesus	F. G. Scott	106	Talyllyn	76.76.D.	Traditional Welsh Melody, *Public School Hymnbook*
†We have a King who came	M. Cropper	47	†Mendip	C.M.	English Traditional Melody
We love the place, O God	W. Bullock and H. W. Baker	260	Quam dilecta	66.66	Bp. Jenner
We plough the fields and scatter	Tr. J. M. Campbell	141	Wir pflügen	76.76.76.76.66.84	J. A. P. Schulz (?)
We sing the praise of Him	T. Kelly	46	†Devonshire	L.M.	J. F. Lampe and S. S. Wesley
†We thank Thee, O our	C. M. MacSorley	137	†Gosterwood	76.76.D.	English Traditional Melody
†We thank Thee that our	A. M. Milner-Barry	320	*Salvete Flores	L.M.	Arr. by G. Gardner
We three Kings of Orient are	J. H. Hopkins	296	*We three Kings	88.446	J. H. Hopkins, arr. by C. H. Stewart
†We've a story to tell to the	Colin Sterne	120	†Message	Irregular	H. E. Nichol
†What heroes thou hast bred	G. K. Menzies	129	†O England	66.63.66.64	G. T. Holst
†What is Holy Trinity ?	R. W. Barber	151	†Tyholland	777.	Arr. by D. R. Wilson
†When Christ was in a stable born	R. Somerset Ward	330	*Wilford	87.87	G. Gardner

First Line.	Author or Source.	No.	Tune.	Metre.	Composer, Arranger, or Source.
When God of old came down	J. Keble	70	Winchester Old	C.M.	Este's *Psalter*, 1592
When I survey the wondrous	I. Watts	187	Rockingham	L.M.	Arr. by E. Miller
†When lamps are lighted in	M. M. Penstone	326	†Capel	C.M.	English Traditional Melody
†When of old in lowly state	M. F. Maude	281	*St. Asaph	77.77.77	18th Cent. Air, arr. by G. Gardner
When wilt Thou save the	Ebenezer Elliott	130	†Kendal	76.76.88.85	A. Somervell
While shepherds watched	N. Tate	28	Winchester Old	C.M.	Este's *Psalter*, 1592
Whiteness of winter snows	M. Butler	225	Joy, joy	76.66.66	*New Office Hymn Book*
Who are these like stars	Tr. F. E. Cox	83	All Saints	87.87.77	*Darmstadt Gesangbuch*, 1698
Who is He in yonder stall	B. R. Hanby	164	Resonet in laudibus	77.88	German Carol Melody
†Who is on the Lord's side ?	F. R. Havergal	237	†Hermas	65.65 12 lines	F. R. Havergal
Who would true valour see	J. Bunyan	234	†Monks Gate	11.11.12.11	English Traditional Melody
†Ye holy angels bright	R. Baxter and R. R. Chope	224	Darwall's 148th	66.66.44.44	J. Darwall
Ye servants of the Lord	P. Doddridge	282	Narenza	S.M.	W. H. Havergal, from *Kölner Gesangbuch*, 1619
†Ye watchers and ye holy	A. Riley	208	Lasst uns erfreuen	88.44.88	*Geistliche Kirchengesang*

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